WE WASTE A MILLION KIDS A YEAR

A Disturbing Close-Up of a National Disgrace

POST

The Saturday Evening

Mar. 10, 1962

20¢

After High School–What?

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See the boy. His name is Teddy.

See the turtle. Its name is Turtle.

See the floor. Its name is Tessera.

Teddy likes to play on the Tessera floor. He likes the Tessera's little chips, everywhere. He likes to push his finger along the Tessera. He says it feels knobby like Turtle's back. Teddy likes to look down between the little chips of the Tessera. Teddy looks into everything. Why don't you look into Tessera? Send for a free sample of Tessera Vinyl Corlon. Write Armstrong, 6203 Madison St., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 32-J, Box 919, Montreal, P.Q.

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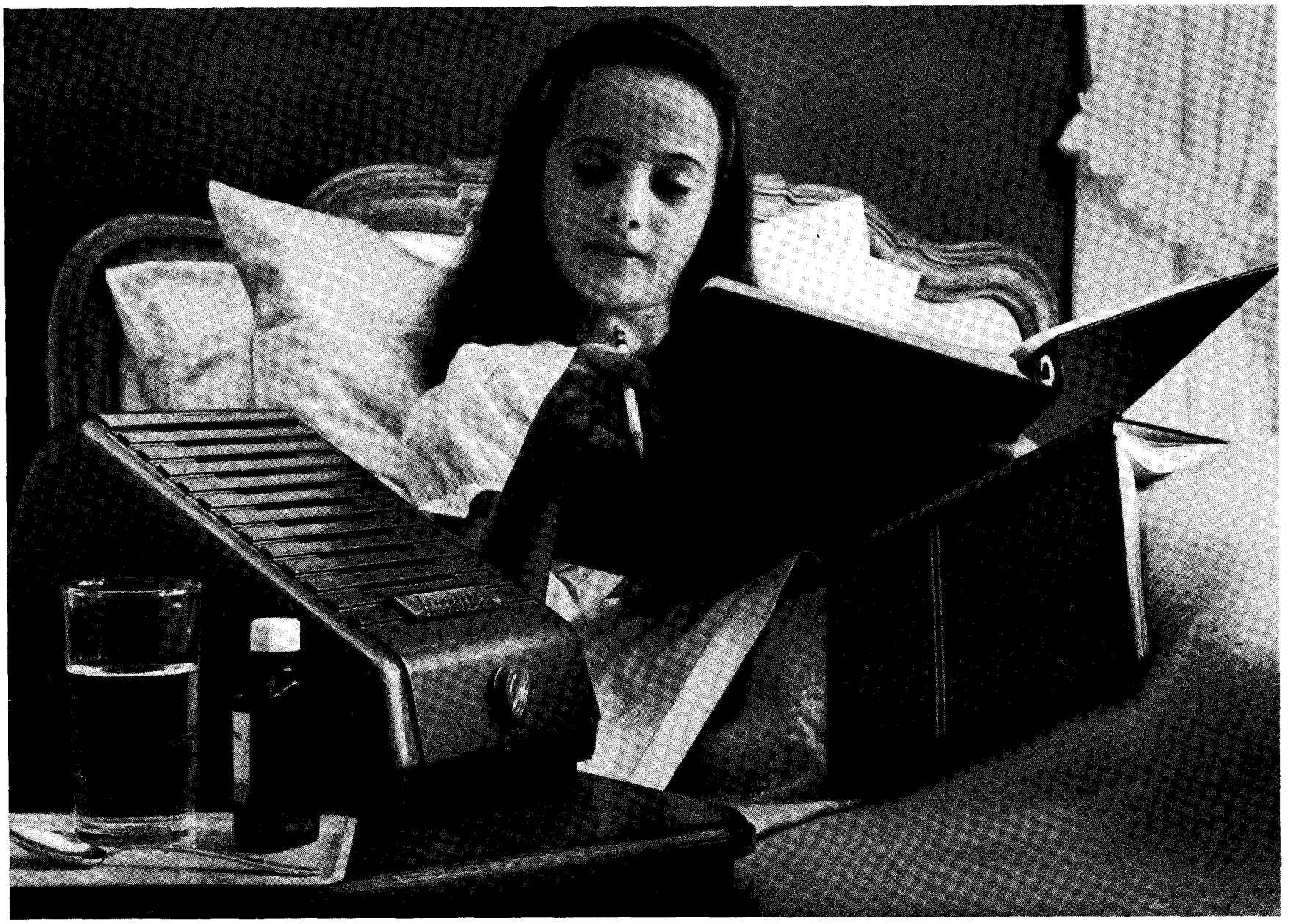
Telephone Teaching for Shut-ins

How a Bell System service helps hundreds of students go to school from home or hospital



THE days don't *have* to drag when you're young and confined by illness or accident. Not with School-to-Home Telephone Service. It brings lessons, classmates and school activities almost as close as before—and promotes recovery.

A portable speaker-microphone in the classroom carries every word over telephone lines to a similar unit beside the student's bed. The child can hear and be heard, recite and discuss, just as if present in person.

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A few facts for parents

Some 5000 School-to-Home telephone systems are now operating in the U.S. But there are an estimated 125,000 potential users! If local educators approve—and if your child can read, hear, hold a pencil and press a switch, he can probably benefit by this service.

School authorities usually underwrite all or part of the modest cost and arrange for supplementary visits by home teachers. School-to-Home systems are installed and serviced by Bell Telephone specialists. This is another example of our constant effort to bring you the most *complete* and the finest telephone service in the world.

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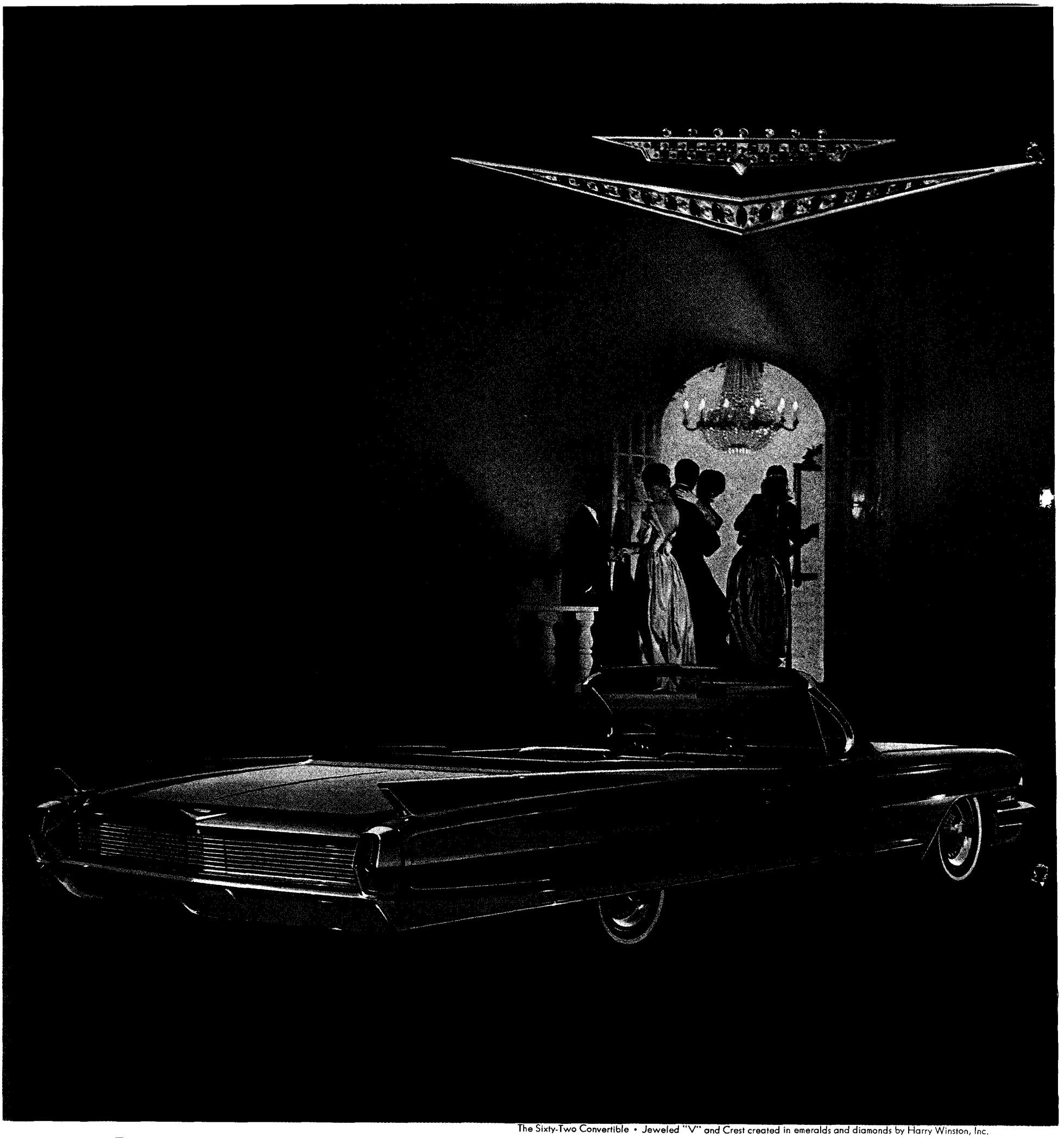

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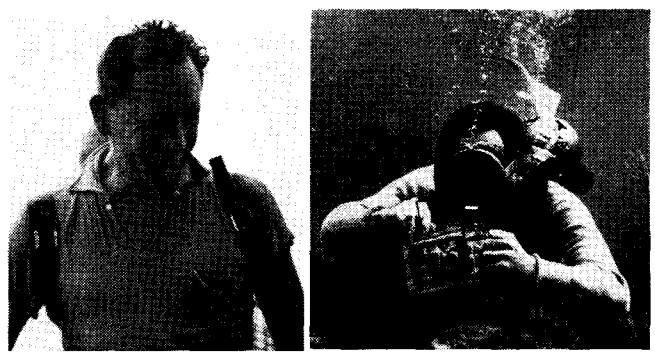
Comedienne Burnett, a cat named Ralph, and Carol's younger sister Christine.

Carol Burnett, award-winning comedienne of the Garry Moore show, stops mugging to tell Pete Martin about herself (BACKSTAGE WITH CAROL BURNETT, page 36).

The Face On Our Cover belongs to one of the million kids we're wasting every year. He is Donald Aurel Langsfeld of Moraga, California, who wants to be an automobile mechanic but can get almost no training at his high school. "We have just a wood shop and auto shop," Don says, "and even those were started only last September. So for three years I've had absolutely no vocational training." A tall, slender, deep-voiced boy who will be nineteen in April, Don is learning what he can about mechanics by tearing apart and reassembling the motor of the 1940 Ford he bought last fall for $75. "An older car is harder to work on and I guess I learn more about cars from it." Don's father is an electrician with the Shell Development Company, and his mother works too. The family—Don has no brothers or sisters—lives in a new house in Moraga, which was populated exclusively by executive and professional families until recently-built housing developments attracted well-established craftsmen and tradesmen. It was such parents as these—including Don's father—who asked the high school to offer the two shop courses Don mentioned. After Don has been graduated this spring, he plans to work in a Moraga service station. If the job becomes permanent, he will learn auto mechanics as he works. Otherwise he'll do his military service and perhaps go on to a trade school. "Then I use up two to four more years learning something I could just as well have learned in high school." In spite of the delay in learning his trade, Don Langsfeld is a well-adjusted boy who is confident that he can live in the world without a college degree. But what of other boys—boys who may be permanently wasted? The reasons behind the fact that WE WASTE A MILLION KIDS A YEAR are explored by Mary Conway Kohler and André Fontaine in a series of articles beginning in this issue on page 15. In the course of their extensive research, the authors tell us, they kept finding that "everybody's got a lobby but the normal kids."

Daredevil Cameraman. If you were looking for free-lance photographer PETER STACKPOLE, chances are that you'd do best to peer up over your head or plunge into the ocean over your head. Stackpole photographs accompany the three-part serial in which adventurer Teddy Tucker has been telling about his life diving for treasure. (The concluding part begins on page 64.) Stackpole began taking pictures in high places back in 1934 or so, when he was about 21 years old and clambered all over the Golden Gate Bridge while it was still under construction. More recently, while treasure hunting with Tucker, he didn't turn a hair when wafting some 200 feet over the ocean in a balloon, getting shots of treasure-laden hulks lying beneath the water's surface. Stackpole is most famous, however, for his underwater pictures, and among his awards is one he received in 1959 at the Underwater Film Festival in Los Angeles. He's been diving with Tucker for the last seven summers, making a documentary color movie. Underwater photography is tricky, he says, but there's one thing about it he particularly likes: "The water below the surface is one place you're not always bumping into another photographer." Stackpole has developed special underwater camera equipment and has designed and built underwater propulsion units that pull a diver around on batteries for as long as an hour. He sees sharks occasionally and sometimes they act hungry. But a worse danger seems to be that editors forget he can take pictures above the surface. *The Post*'s editors, though, didn't forget that Stackpole can use his camera on the level when they assigned him to photograph film actress Shirley Jones for our January 13 issue.



Cameraman Peter Stackpole as he looks out of water (left) and in it (right).

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LETTERS

INHUMAN CHILDREN

Dear Sirs:

It is discouraging and very disgusting for a reputable *family* magazine as *The Post* to print such literary trash as Fred Sparks's SPEAKING OUT: WHO SAYS CHILDREN ARE HUMAN? [Jan. 27] It was a tasteless, utterly useless, one-sided article.

MRS. JAMES EARL ASHFORD
Lebanon, Mo.

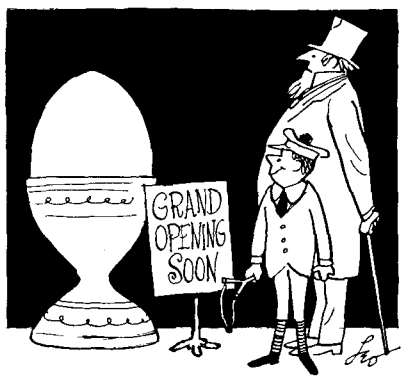
Dear Sirs:

It's a shame Mr. Sparks's parents did not share his views, or are we to assume he crawled fully grown from beneath a rock?

LEITA A. MC CURRY
Sarasota, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I have come to the conclusion that he



was hatched from a hard-boiled egg a hundred years ago.

RAYMOND A. JONES
Wichita, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

Obviously the reason this man is a "bachelor" is because no woman could stand his egotistical, inhuman personality.

MRS. LARRY G. NOBLE
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I say "Bravo!" for the eight-year-old who went under the table and tied his shoe laces together!

MRS. JACK BRASHEAR
Crosbyton, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

As children possess a wonderful radarlike instinct for finding grown-ups who dislike them, it is natural that Fred Sparks has suffered. I am not very sorry for him. Youngsters *are* human enough to strike back at enemies.

MRS. S. M. HENRI
Redwood City, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

How many venomous missives did you get from the doting mothers?

CAMILLE ASHLOCK
Alton, Ill.

• *At press time we had received 357 blasts against Sparks and 213 letters in favor of his stand. Some of the latter appear below.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

In his campaign against grown-ups meekly turning the whole country over to the kids, spinelessly relinquishing all our adult rights and privileges, Mr. Sparks is fighting a losing battle, but more of us are on his side than is commonly supposed.

W. K. BACH
Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the best and funniest article on the "war of the ages." I can hardly write because I keep breaking out in fits of laughter!

MRS. WILLIAM WIAND
Noblesville, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Sparky, old kid, if you think you got troubles, you should live with 'em! . . . Surely you and I weren't ever like that—were we?

EUGENE AUSTIN
Oakdale, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

Here's to the success of Mr. Sparks's program to return our country's leadership to adults.

FRED SCHANTZ
Hastings, Mich.

DOCTORS TALK BACK

Dear Sirs:

You ended your scathing, sarcastic and uninformed editorial [THE DOCTORS AND THE A.M.A., Feb. 3] with the question, "How about it, doc?", so I thought I would try to tell you about it. . . . Most doctors have each and every one of their patients' welfare and health as their primary objective in life. We are also very much concerned about the care for the needy elderly. The doctors of the United States supported the Kerr-Mills Bill, which was passed in the [86th] Congress, but proponents of socialized medicine do not seem to like this, and they are adamant in their desires to push this country more and more into a welfare state than we have at the present time. It is time for the rest of America to wake up, before we have all of our magazines, railroads, insurance companies and everything else socialized.

JOHN W. SMITH, M.D.
Little Rock, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

"How about it, doc?"
Cancel my subscription.

W. E. SCOTT, M.D.
Amarillo, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

You may question my intelligence and impugn my motives, but *don't call me doc!* How about it, ed?

PAUL W. KNISKERN, M.D.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I was warned to expect a vitriolic attack on the A.M.A. by *The Post*. I read an editorial which was a fair, honest, discerning critique of the leadership of the A.M.A. Your insight is marvelous. I congratulate you.

GORDON ROCK, M.D.
Davenport, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

Welcome to the "club"! Your editorial was another deft kick in the teeth to the medical profession and the A.M.A. Come now, you don't *really* wonder why fewer and fewer young men and women are going into the field of medicine these days, do you? Why would *anyone* want to become a pompous, overpaid, socially incompetent reactionary who opposes "almost everything that America is for." I know *I* wouldn't.

CHARLES P. CURTISS, M.D.
Kearney, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

I feel a compulsion as a premed major to tell you I think this editorial

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LETTERS

was one of the finest I've ever run across. I might add that, from the doctors I've observed, most seem to fear Government interference in medicine for financial reasons. The observation that modern Americans are medically knowledgeable struck me as being exceptionally astute. To this I might add that the "don't tell the patient anything" policy followed by so many doctors does not inspire young men to follow the footsteps of the family doctor. Silence connotes ignorance.

JAMES L. BOTSFORD JR., '64
University of Santa Clara
Santa Clara, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

In your editorial you demonstrate a lamentable lack of information about the medical profession in this country. . . . The entire 115-year history of the American Medical Association is noteworthy for its record of medical progress; for its devotion to the needs of the public health; for its constant progress in furthering higher standards of medical ethics; the constant improvement of the science and art of medicine for the benefit of the patient. . . .

The A.M.A. confesses to being concerned with the threat of socialized medicine in this country. . . . We consider socialized medicine not a "bugaboo," as you put it; we consider it a real danger to our American way of life. . . .

The issue involved in the controversy which prompted your hasty editorial is not health care for the aged. Let all who read this be very sure of that. Everyone is in favor of assuring not just the aged, but all citizens, the health care they require. The issue, quite simply, is how this care shall be provided.

The A.M.A. believes this care should be provided by voluntary methods wherever possible, with Government assuming responsibility *only* where all other methods fail. We do not believe the tax resources of the American people should be used to purchase medical care for those who are willing and able to provide for themselves.

LEONARD W. LARSON, M.D., *President*
American Medical Association
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I have rarely been more excited by anything written in *The Post*. This is a subject too often ignored. In our larger cities the average family finds it extremely difficult to discover a *family* doctor, one who will visit the home and who will avoid the temptation to submit a grossly padded bill. I am thinking of writing a humorous book about the A.M.A. It would contain that body's solemn pronouncements over the years, without a line of editorial comment.

MAURICE SCHNEIROV
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Many of the dear old folks will vote for medical care for the aged through Social Security by writing to their Congressmen, *but* they won't pay for it; the young working stiffs will pay for it. This is representation without taxation!

HARRY W. EVANS
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial is a statesmanlike presentation. . . . There are an increasing number of doctors within the framework of the A.M.A. who are ready, willing and anxious to accept the responsibility of inviting the consumer to take his place at the planning table, which he has been denied for much too long.

CALDWELL B. ESSELSTYN, M.D.
Executive Director
Rip Van Winkle Clinic
Hudson, N.Y.

NEW MEXICO VIEWS

Dear Sirs:

I greatly enjoyed and appreciated Paul Horgan's splendid, accurate article, NEW MEXICO [Jan. 27].

E. J. GARRETSON
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Horgan mentioned our "seasonal sandstorms." He failed to add that in a recent storm the wind reached such velocity that Central Avenue was blown sixty-five miles north to Santa Fe. Or was this the power of *The Post?*

MRS. JAMES L. CULBERTSON
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

WE PROTEST CAPTION OF PHOTOGRAPH [above] ERRONEOUSLY IDENTIFYING AS A SANTA FE SCENE A HODGEPODGE OF TOURIST SIGNS ACTUALLY LOCATED ON CENTRAL AVENUE IN ALBUQUERQUE. SEVERAL YEARS AGO SANTA FE ADOPTED AN ORDINANCE TO PREVENT THIS FROM HAPPENING IN OLDER PORTIONS OF THE CITY, AND A SIMILAR ORDINANCE IS NOW BEING PREPARED TO PROTECT OTHER AREAS OF OUR TOWN. YOUR ERROR SEVERELY DAMAGES OUR REPUTATION AS A UNIQUE CITY OF QUIET, UNCLUTTERED CHARM.

MARION SEBASTIAN
CITY MANAGER

TONY HILLERMAN
MANAGING EDITOR
THE NEW MEXICAN
SANTA FE, N. MEX.

● *More than fifty other New Mexican readers tripped us up on our misplaced avenue of signs.—ED.*

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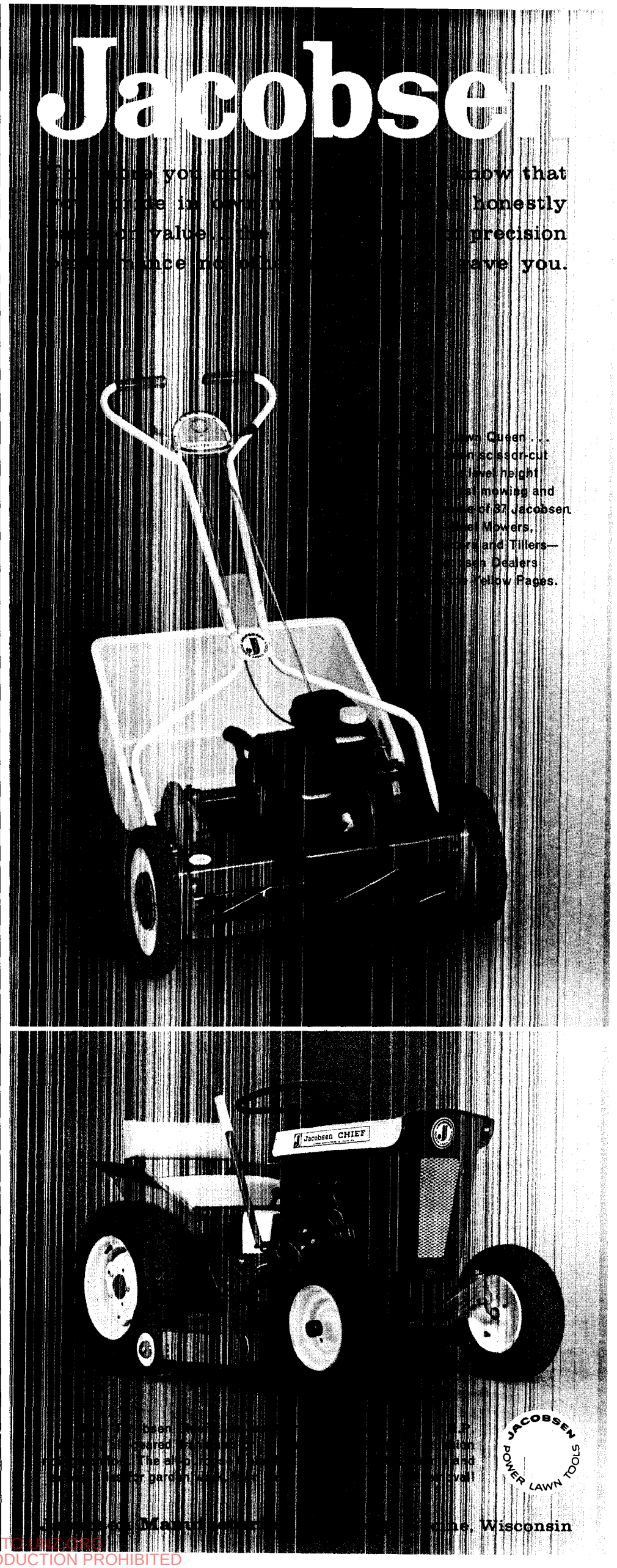

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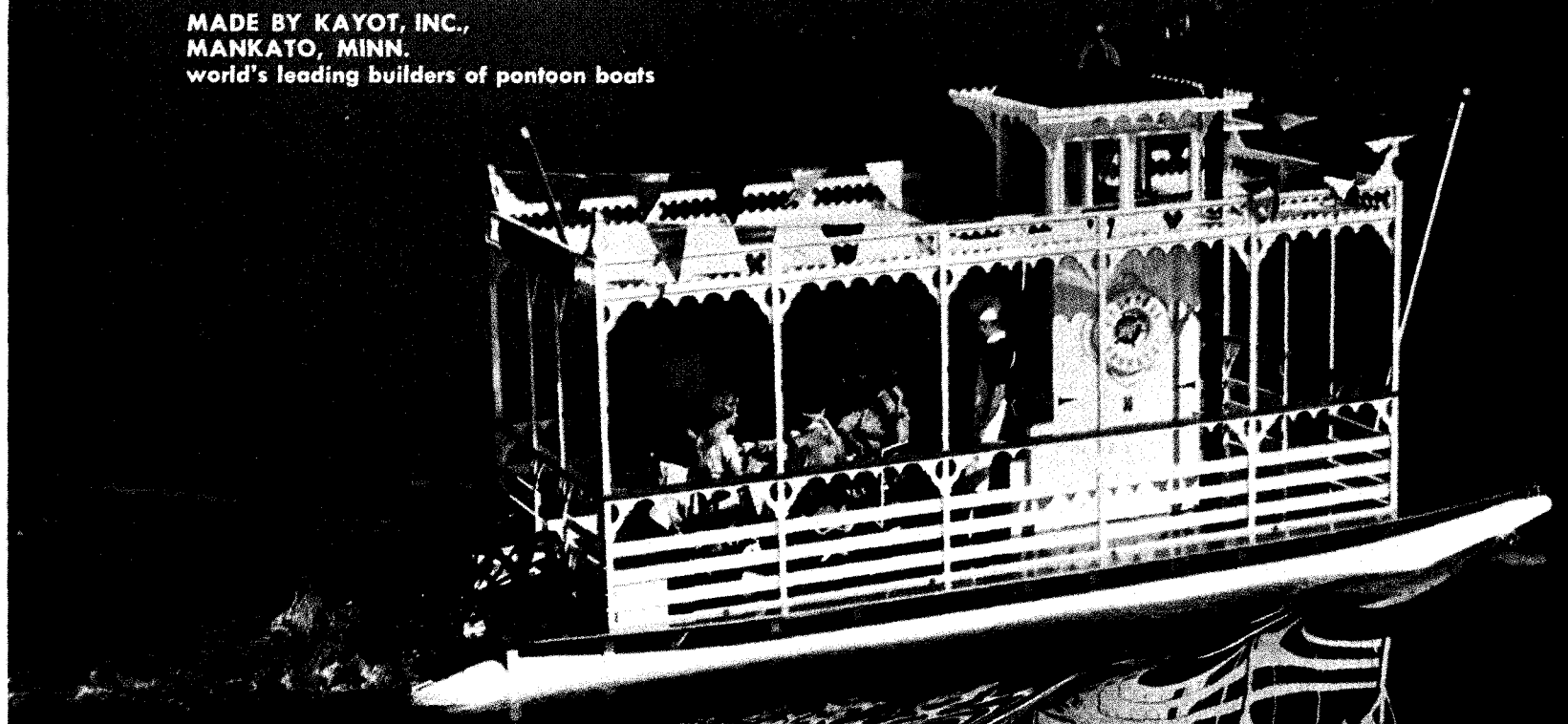

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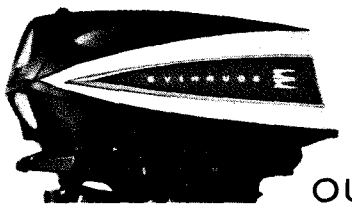

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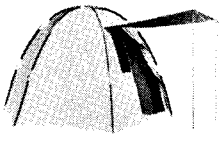

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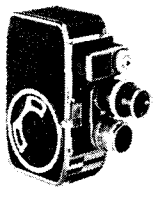

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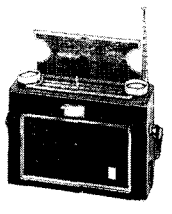

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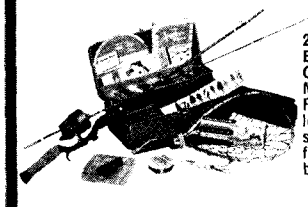

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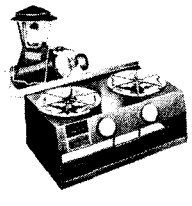

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Canyon Lake

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Spencer Motor Company
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Safford
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4208 W. Beverly Blvd.
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San Lorenzo
Turner Sporting Goods
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Channel Boat Sales
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Neal Sporting Goods
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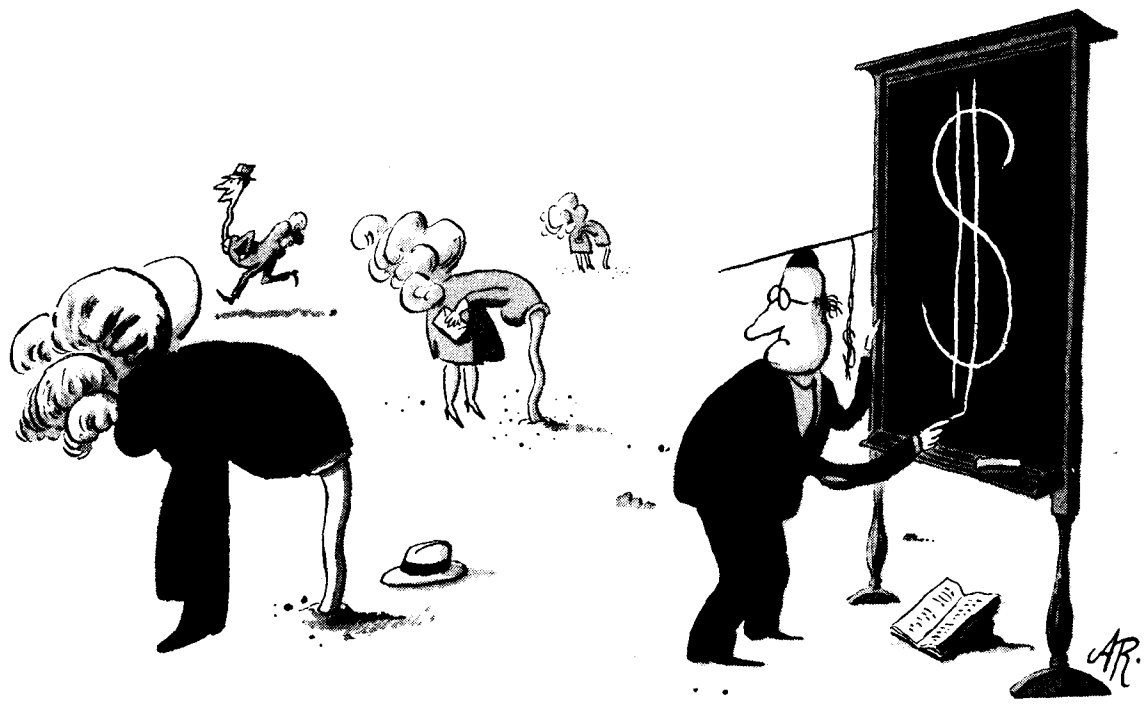
SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

WE'RE FLUNKING OUR ECONOMIC ABC'S

Few Americans understand economics well enough to have intelligent opinions about inflation, tariffs—or even the purchase of a new car.

BY LUTHER H. HODGES



If ignorance paid dividends, most Americans could make a fortune out of what they don't know about economics. Hardly one person in twenty has the sketchiest idea of how our economy functions. America may be the greatest industrial power on earth, but for all that most of us know, our greatness might depend on growing breadfruit trees.

Fifty years ago our ignorance might have been excusable. Today it is intolerable. Our country, locked in an economic showdown with world Communism and exposed to intense competition from the galloping economies of Western Europe and Japan, is compelled at every turn to make economic decisions that are not only difficult but critical.

Wherever we look, some of the most important events are economic. All of us are affected by recessions, by unemployment, by inflation. As voting citizens we are nagged by economic questions: What should we do about tariffs and trade and aid to developing countries? How can we assure jobs for the millions of young Americans who will reach working age in this decade? Should we vote more money for schools?

Individuals have to answer these questions for themselves in a democracy; we don't want dictatorial men to make decisions for us. But how can we choose a course so the United States can grow and prosper if most of our people are, to put it bluntly, economic boobs?

Consider just how unschooled we are today about economics:

- No more than 10 to 15 percent of today's high-school students—tomorrow's citizens and voters—will ever take a separate course in economics, either in high school or in college.
- Of the fifty states, only sixteen require an elementary course in economics to qualify for teaching high-school social studies—the area where most students get their economics.
- Surveys by the Opinion Research Corporation among college-caliber high-school graduates show that only one fourth realize that the surest way to raise the standard of living is to produce more goods per man-hour. Many think you can push up standards simply by raising wages or increasing Government spending.

This illiteracy causes us to choose paths that damage the nation. As an example, more than 16,000 businesses failed in the United States last year. And why did they collapse? Mainly, the surveys tell us, because of the economic inexperience of the owners and their failure to capitalize their businesses adequately.

Thousands of persons, with the happy intention of being their own bosses, plunged into ventures with little objective knowledge of their market and competition. Some of these failures, which destroyed savings and wasted national effort, could have been avoided if the owners had understood simple economics.

Or take another example. America has for years had a favorable balance of trade. That is, we have sold more goods abroad than we have bought from other nations. In 1961 the balance in our favor was about $5,000,000,000, helping to offset the cost of our military commitments abroad and our aid programs to the developing nations. Last autumn, after one of my speeches, a man came up to me and said that we would have to "cut off this flood of foreign imports" to cure unemployment.

I asked him if he knew how much more we sold to overseas countries than we bought from them. He didn't. I asked if he knew that Japan, whose sales seemed to bother him most, shipped $1,100,000,000 into U. S. trade channels in 1960 but bought $1,300,000,000 worth of our goods. He didn't know that either.

Finally I asked how he thought we might continue to sell overseas, and provide jobs for millions of Americans in export manufacture, if we, in turn, didn't buy from other countries. Well, he still thought the breaks weren't even and that "We have to do something about these imports, or they're going to ruin us all."

Certainly there are cases where American business is being hurt by imports, and where some sort of Government assistance is clearly justified. But if Americans form opinions about trade on the basis of isolated facts and emotions, how can we avoid making unwise decisions whose consequences may afflict us for years to come? Nothing

Commerce Secretary Luther Hartwell Hodges was born on a Virginia farm, became a textile executive and, in 1954, governor of North Carolina. At 64 he is the oldest man in the Kennedy Cabinet.

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Sooner or later, there's sickness in every family. Often it's brief and not too serious. Sometimes it's long and complicated. In either case, the patient will get along better if someone in the family knows home nursing.

What's more, if a member of the family is sufficiently well trained in nursing care, the physician —who might otherwise be inclined to send the patient to the hospital—may favor home care. Or, if hospital care is necessary, it may be shortened when there's someone at home upon whom the doctor can rely to follow his instructions during "the getting-well period."

Physicians agree that many sick people feel happier, more comfortable and secure at home—and this often hastens recovery. Moreover, hospital care is expensive and beds are needed for those patients who require intensive medical and nursing attention.

So, a competent home nurse can often help reduce the cost of sickness by making hospitalization unnecessary—or by shortening its duration.

No family should be without a member who is familiar with home nursing. You can prepare yourself for this important duty in courses offered by your local chapter of the American Red Cross. You can also learn the basic essentials of home nursing on your own—with the help of Metropolitan's *Home Nursing Handbook.*

This easy-to-follow, illustrated guide tells how to prepare the sickroom, how to handle your patient's emotional needs, how to give medicines, apply dressings, prepare meals and assist your doctor in many other ways.

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SPEAKING OUT

could be more important today than a reasoned understanding by the American voter of the economics of world trade.

Economics teaches us that we must constantly choose between alternatives. No society has ever had enough resources to satisfy all its wants; we have to make the best use possible of our productive resources to satisfy our needs. If we spend, we can't save; if we buy this, we can't buy that; the more taxes we impose to pay for Government services, the less money there is for private spending.

Economics offers a way of deciding the relative merits of this course or that. It insists that we define problems in terms of facts and identify our objectives in some order of priority. It tells us to examine alternative ways to achieve our objectives, and it gives us tools to measure the likely consequences of the various possible actions. In short, it equips us for orderly thinking about our resources.

All right, you say, but economics is a massive subject. A man can make a life's work of learning its tools and principles. How much economics does the average American need to know?

Last autumn a group of distinguished American economists and educators produced a report which answers this question realistically. The members of the group, the National Task Force on Economic Education, were appointed by the American Economic Association, and their study was financed by the Committee for Economic Development. The group meant its findings to guide high-school teachers, administrators and school boards. Not everyone will agree with everything the group said, or didn't say. But its definition of the minimum amount of economic understanding needed for good citizenship certainly applies to all Americans. Here, briefly, are the three main standards the task force set:

- First, people should understand how a basically private economy fixes its priorities and uses its resources. They should be aware that it is largely the consumers' desires which determine what is produced in our society. They need to know how supply, demand and prices operate, why competition is essential in the market, how the Government influences competition and the use of resources. They should recognize such basic economic concepts as labor productivity; the law of diminishing returns; saving, investment and capital formation; and the profit incentive. And they should realize how our economy is tied to the rest of the world.

I was shocked a short while ago to find that a college acquaintance did not know that the United States had a serious deficit in its international balance of payments. (In 1961 the deficit was approximately $2,500,000,000.)

- Second, people should be aware that fostering stable economic growth and avoiding the peaks and troughs of booms and depressions is one of our greatest problems. People should know how we measure economic growth in terms of national production and income, and what constitutes a reasonable rate of growth. And everyone should be familiar with a few statistics and know how to tell, at a particular moment, whether our economy is doing poorly or well.

A short while ago, when I was in West Germany, I got into a conversation with a cab driver. I found he knew what the gross national product of West Germany was in the previous quarter and in the last year. I wonder how many Americans know what the G.N.P. was in the United States in 1961, or how fast our economy has been growing.

- Finally, there is the question: Who gets the goods and services the economy turns out and in what share?

Americans should know that our high wages rest on the high productivity of labor and that inequalities continue to exist in the distribution of incomes. We should know, too, that profits come as payment for providing capital goods, taking risks and managing business operations; that without the profit incentive, we could not have had the economic growth that our society has enjoyed.

Certainly the mastering of these few essentials should not be too difficult. The question then is: Where do we start to stamp out economic illiteracy? Obviously the first place is the high school. We need to increase the amount of time given to economics in high school, and we need to improve the level of teaching ability. For years farsighted professional, civic, business and labor organizations have sought to encourage better economic education. We need more of this organized effort.

This is a cause in which everyone should be involved—as members of school boards, parent-teacher organizations, civic groups, as voting citizens. Only if you and I as responsible U.S. citizens work at this—give support to school officials who are trying to raise standards—are we likely to get improvement.

Beyond high school there are adult-education programs which can be improved to give heavier weight to economics; there can be more stress on economic fundamentals in service and women's club programs and in union and management education courses.

We can spread greater knowledge of economics through newspapers, magazines, radio and television. If many in this country read box scores about sporting events, might they not also read some form of box score that would give them information about economic events?

In the last few years we have mounted a massive offensive in this country to improve our standards of science education. I believe that we must now launch a similar assault in behalf of economic education. As Secretary of Commerce, the agency which is the nation's biggest storehouse of economic information, I intend this year to undertake a coordinated program, working with groups that have sought to improve economic education over the years and with businessmen, union leaders, economists and educators, to see how we can help get this mass assault started. You, in your own communities, should try to get it started too. Perhaps you have some suggestions for us in Commerce.

Years ago someone said that economics was the science of stating the obvious in terms of the incomprehensible. Economics is not incomprehensible, as some schoolchildren know. And what it teaches is certainly not obvious, for otherwise there would be no problem of economic illiteracy. Americans can—and must—learn their economic ABC's, for at bottom the case for economics is the case for democracy itself—government by the people. If a democracy is to cope effectively with economic issues, the people must understand. THE END

New **Magna-vision 330** fully automatic ***BIG PICTURE TV***

Twice as big as 19" screens...will give you much more enjoyment...and for only pennies a day!

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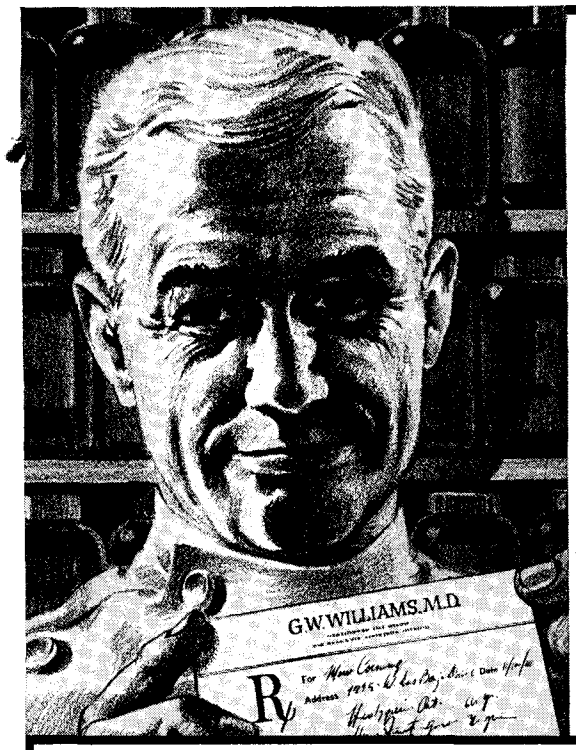

YOUR MONEY BUYS MORE IN A REAL DRUG STORE

The drug store in your town or neighborhood is very likely both owned and managed by a registered pharmacist. The ethics of that profession guide all his business endeavors. He is the trusted partner of your family physician—and his idea of service is not limited either by store hours or dollar signs. The products in his store are chosen against the background of his pharmaceutical knowledge and training, and your satisfaction with them is of personal concern to him. For he and his store are part of your community. His hopes and his future are tied to yours. These are some of the reasons why your money buys more in a real drug store—more value, more selection, more professional and personalized service. And the products on this page are typical of the quality and variety you can find in a real drug store... in this case, your Rexall Drug Store where satisfaction is guaranteed or your money back.

FOR YOUR MEDICINE CHEST

REXALL BUFFERED ASPIRIN. For fast relief! With antacid ingredients to help prevent acid-upset stomach. 100-tablet bottle, **98¢**

MONACET APC for relief of headache and cold discomforts. Compare formula—same as other leading combination-of-ingredients products. But compare the price! 100, **98¢**

Mi-31 ANTISEPTIC MOUTHWASH. Kills contacted germs in 30 seconds. Amber color. More for your money! Full pint.....**89¢**

REXALL RUBBING ALCOHOL. Finest quality. Contains glycerin to help prevent dry, chapped skin. Full pint bottle.....**79¢**

REXALL ALCO-REX alcohol rub. Pint, **59¢**

REXALL ASPIRIN
None faster-acting! 5-grain tablets. 12's, **14¢**; 50's, **39¢**; 100's **64¢**

REXALL MINERAL OIL. Tasteless, odorless, colorless. Extra-heavy; highly-refined. Pint bottle, **75¢**. Big quart size.....**$1.19**

REXALL GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES. Jar of twelve, adults' or infants' size.....**53¢**

REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA. Choose plain or mint-flavored. Big 12-oz. bottle....**59¢**

FEVER THERMOMETERS. Quik-Tel oral, rectal or stub type. With Shak-O-Matic case, **$1.89**

VITAMINS AND MINERALS

POLYMULSION CHILDREN'S VITAMINS. Easy-to-swallow liquid with vitamins A, B_1, B_2, B_6, B_{12}, C, D. Pint, **$3.89.** 4-oz., **$1.25**

PANOVITE VITAMINS. 1¼ to 2½ times the minimum daily adult requirements of *all* vitamins with set requirements. With B_{12}. 100 tablets **$2.98**
Same Formula with Minerals. 100 tabs, **$4.95**

REXALL ASCORBIC ACID. Help Build your resistance with vitamin C. 100 tablets: 500-mg., **$4.79.** 250-mg., **$2.53.** 100-mg., **$1.19.** 50-mg., **77¢.** 25-mg., tablets...**45¢**

THIAMINE HYDROCHLORIDE. High-potency vitamin B_1. 100 tablets: 100-mg....**$3.98**

BRITE SET HAIR SPRAY
Holds your hair neatly in place without sticky lacquer. 7-oz. aerosol, **$1.25**

GARDEN PARTY MIST COLOGNE. Breezy, Spicy, Woodsy or Bouquet fragrance. Dusting powder, **$2.** Mist cologne, perfume, **$1.50**

CARA NOME HAND LOTION. 8-oz. btl., **98¢**

REXALL RO-BALL DEODORANT. Anti-perspirant for all-day protection .....**69¢**

REXALL AEROSOL SHAVE CREAMS. Lavender Regular or Menthol; "Ready Shave" Regular or Menthol. Big 11-oz. size, only.....**98¢**

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REXALL SACCHARIN TABLETS. 1-grain: 1000, **$1.59.** 100, **55¢.** ½-grain: 1000, **$1.30.** 100, **45¢.** ¼-grain: 1000, **$1.19.** 100, **35¢**

BELMONT HOUSEHOLD GLOVES. Natural latex. Non-slip surface, curved fingers, **89¢**

ADHESIVE TAPE. 1" x 5 yds. or ½" x 10, **43¢**

KLENZO TOOTHBRUSHES. Nylon bristles. Children's, **29¢.** Youths', **39¢.** Adults', **49¢**

REXALL FACIAL TISSUES. Soft, strong, absorbent. White, pink, maize. Box of 400, **29¢**

REX FILM. Roll of 120, 620 or 127 size, **55¢**

REXALL COTTON BALLS. 130 .....**69¢**

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Airmail or White Splendor. Complete with envelopes. Each box **$1**

LORD BALTIMORE PLAYING CARDS. Double bridge decks, **$1.98.** Single bridge, poker or pinochle deck **$1**

ENVELOPES. White, jumbo packs. Plain or blank return address style. Large or regular size, **25¢.** Packs of white commercial envelopes. Large size, **15¢.** Regular size, **10¢**

REXALL QUIK-SWABS. Cotton-tipped applicators. 100 single-tip or 54 double-tip, **39¢**

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REXALL BIOKETS for *minor throat irritations.* With vitamin C, antibiotic and anesthetic. 15 Troches or 10 Lozenges.....**79¢**

TERPIN HYDRATE. Now with ammonium chloride and antihistamine! 4-oz. ....**79¢**

CASCARA COMPOUND TABLETS. 100, **75¢**

EUDICAINE for skin irritations. 1-oz. ointment or 1¼-oz. greaseless cream.....**98¢**

EUDICAINE SUPPOSITORIES. 12.....**$1.39**

REXALL SODA MINT TABLETS. 140....**59¢**

REXALL VITAMIN B_{12} CONCENTRATE. 100 tablets: 50-mcg., **$7.95.** 25-mcg., **$4.85.** 10-mcg., **$2.30.** 100 5-mcg. tablets, **$1.20**

REXALL ALPHACAPS. Vitamin A capsules. Bottle of 100: 50m, **$6.39.** 25m. ...**$3.25**

GER-RITE VITAMIN & IRON TONIC. High-potency for iron-deficiency anemia. With B_{12}, iron and other essential elements. 12-oz. liquid, **$2.79.** 80-tablet bottle, **$4.79**

V-10 MULTI-VITAMIN TONIC. Pint, **$1.98**

REXALL THERAMINS. Therapeutic potencies of vitamins A, B_1, B_2, C, D, niacin. 100 capsules, **$6.95.** 50 capsules.....**$3.79**

REXALL ADHESIVE TAPE. Wide or narrow widths. 1" x 5 yds. or ½" x 10 yds. ..**43¢**

STERILE GAUZE BANDAGE. 3", **45¢.** 2", **30¢**

PERMEDGE RAZOR BLADES. Pack of 18 single-edge or 20 double-edge blades...**49¢**

NYLON HOSIERY. Seams; 60-gauge....**99¢**

FAST Dandruff Treatment Shampoo. ...**98¢**

REXALL HAIR TONICS. Cream, Vita or Conditioner. 4-oz. bottle .....**59¢**

MR. GROOM HAIR CONTROLLER. 59¢

LAVENDER AFTER-SHAVE LOTION. 59¢

REXALL LAVENDER SHAVE CREAM. Refreshing menthol. Brushless or lather. 5-oz., **69¢**

REXALL "READY-SHAVE" AFTER SHAVE. 59¢

"READY-SHAVE" PRE-SHAVE LOTION, 89¢

REXALL BAY RUM. Full pint bottle....**89¢**

DELUXE GIFT WRAPS for every occasion. Fine quality paper. 4-sheet packs.....**25¢**

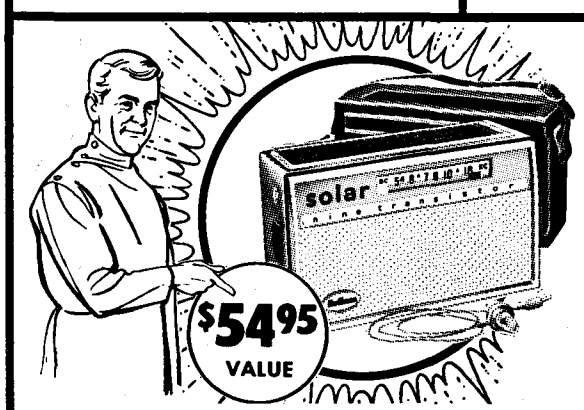
CURLING GIFT WRAP RIBBON. 75-foot spools. Regular or self-adhering type, **25¢**

AEROSOL INSECT REPELLENT. 5-oz., **$1.19**

ELKAYS AEROSOL AIR REFRESHER....98¢

AEROSOL MOTHPROOFER. 10-oz. ...**$1.95**

HOT WATER BOTTLES. 2-year guarantee. 2-heat type, **$3.89.** Regular type...**$3.59**



WIN THE AMAZING TRANSISTOR RADIO THAT'S POWERED BY THE SUN!

SEE IT IN OPERATION AT YOUR REXALL DRUG STORE

10,000 Lucky Winners!

SUPER PLENAMINS SWEEPSTAKES

This unique 9-transistor Hoffman Transolar® portable runs by silicon "solar cells"—the same type that powers the transmitters of our space satellites. Outdoors, it plays by the sun; indoors, it plays by the power of an electric lamp; anywhere, anytime, it plays by its stand-by batteries. For your chance to win, ask your Rexall Pharmacist for a free entry blank with official rules. Fill it out and attach the box top from any Super Plenamins product, or a piece of paper on which you have hand-printed the words "Rexall Super Plenamins—Multi-Vitamins with Minerals" in block letters. Contest is subject to entry blank rules; all federal, state and local laws; and is void where prohibited, restricted or taxed. Contest ends May 15, 1962.

REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS—11 vitamins and 10 minerals, in 1 daily tablet—for just pennies a day!

$2.59
5-week supply of 36 tablets

SAVE ON THE LARGER SIZES OF SUPER PLENAMINS, AND ASK ABOUT SPECIAL SUPER PLENAMINS JR. FORMULAS FOR CHILDREN

Rexall products are sold only at Rexall stores. Ask for the Rexall Brand in the store with this sign.

YOUR Rexall STORE

This advertisement is run on behalf of 10,000 independent druggists who recommend and feature products of the Rexall Drug Company. Prices subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles 54, Calif.

NOW—AS FOR 59 YEARS—EVERY REXALL PRODUCT IS GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR YOUR MONEY BACK

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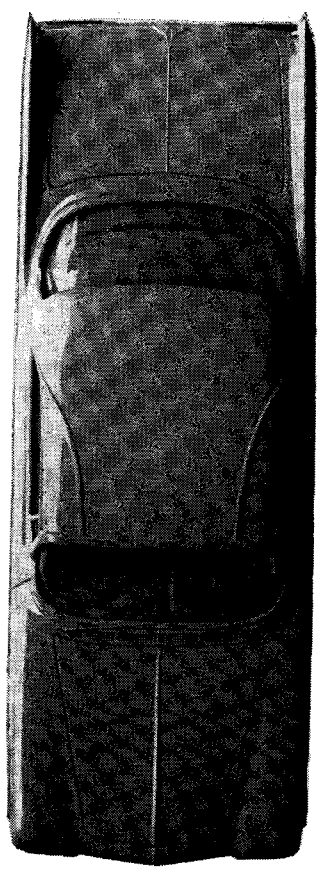
WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT AUTO INSURANCE WHEN



YOUR TEEN-AGER STARTS TO DRIVE

When a teen-ager takes the wheel of the family car, two big, new responsibilities fall upon the parent. One is the social responsibility of teen-age driving, with all that it implies. The other is the financial responsibility involved. It is here where insurance performs its role.

Boy or girl?

There's no escaping the fact that the insurance rates on your car will go up when your teen-ager starts to drive . . . unless your teen-ager happens to be a girl. Statistics show that the under-25 male is far more accident-prone than the average driver, and far more so than teen-age girls. Result: a substantial increase in your premiums for the liability and collision insurance on your car when "Son" becomes a driver.

Savings possible

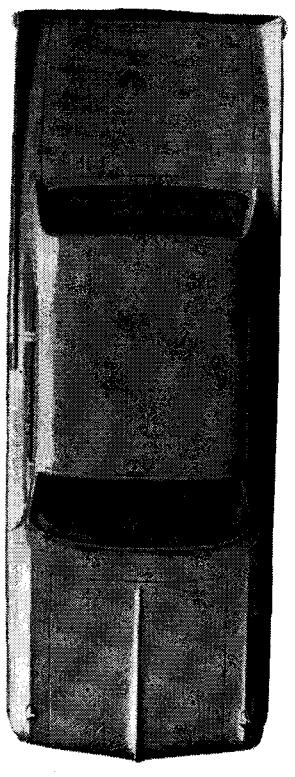
There are ways, though, to hold the cost to a minimum. The Hartford Insurance Group offers a reduced premium in most States if the under-25 male driver has taken a driver training course—one which meets approved standards.

Two-car family?

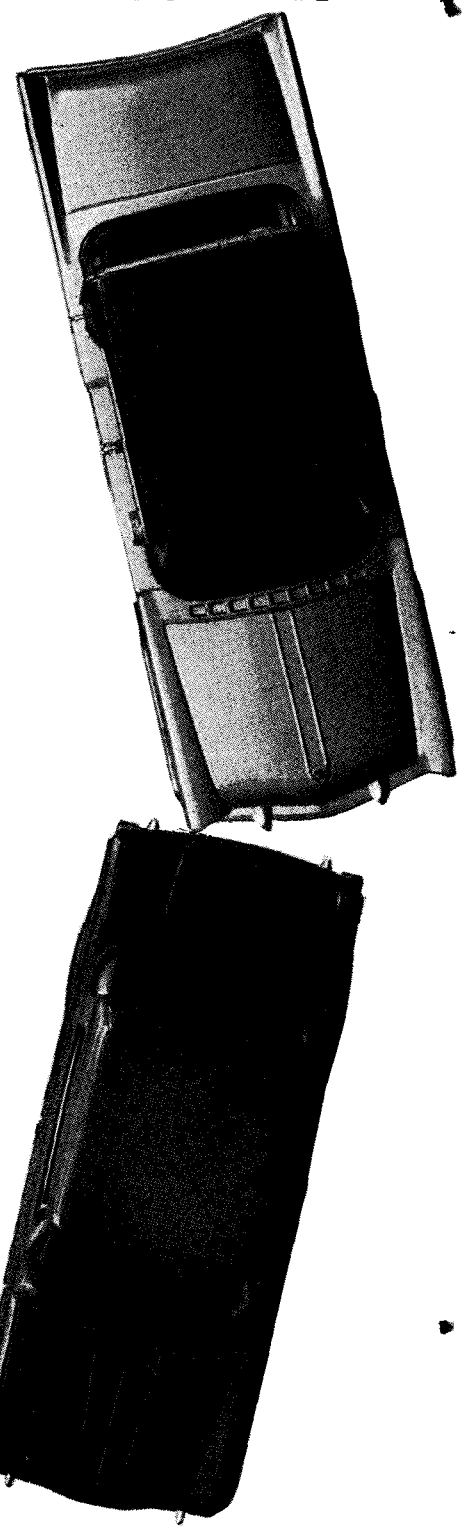
If you own two cars, do you have to pay a higher rate on both of them when your teen-age boy starts to drive? Sometimes yes, sometimes no. With only one under-25 male driver in the family, you pay a higher premium on only one of your cars. With two or more boys under twenty-five, though, the rate increase is applied to both cars. This, of course, is because both cars driven by teen-age boys could be on the road at the same time, thus doubling the chance of accidents.

Safe-driver savings

In most States, The Hartford Insurance Group can offer a lower rate when the under-25 male driver has established a good, safe driving record over a specified period of time. It is important for every teen-age driver to realize that his driving record begins the moment he starts to drive, and that his record—good or bad—remains with him throughout his lifetime.



YOU HAVE AN ACCIDENT



There are few occasions in life when a fellow needs a friend more than when he is involved in an automobile accident. The Hartford aims to be that friend in need.

In case of an accident, call your Hartford Agent immediately. And the company should also be notified as quickly as possible. If you are away from home, call the nearest Agent of The Hartford: (There are 34,000 of them coast to coast. Many are listed in the Yellow Pages and identified by the famous Stag trademark.) The sooner you do this, the quicker you will have a strong friend and ally in your corner.

In case there are liability claims directed against you, The Hartford will provide legal defense, pay court fees, and cover your liability to the extent of the provisions in your policy. If you need on-the-spot assistance, the Hartford Agent will provide it in every way he can. If you should have a claim for damage to your own car, he'll help you prepare and present it to the insurance company.

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YOU TAKE A LONG TRIP

lmost everyone gives his car a thorough ıecking-over before taking an extended ıotor trip. But what about the insurance ɑ the car? It would be well to check into with your agent before setting out on ɔur trip to assure that you are adequately rotected *at all times.*

Protecting your possessions

Iost automobile policies cover loss of per-ɔnal effects from fire and lightning while ıey are in your car to the extent of $100. his is generally enough to cover what you ıight have in your car on short trips. But 100 is rarely enough to cover the luggage ɔu would carry with you on a long trip. 'hen, there's the increased risk of theft. lthough your car is insured against theft, ıis coverage applies only to the car and ot to the contents. With a heavy load of ıggage, you should probably consider tak-ıg some additional insurance which would you additional protection against ıeft and physical damage. Some of the rovisions of your Hartford Homeowner's olicy may help safeguard you against ɔsses of that kind. Your agent can tell you ҳactly what protection you already have nd what you might need.

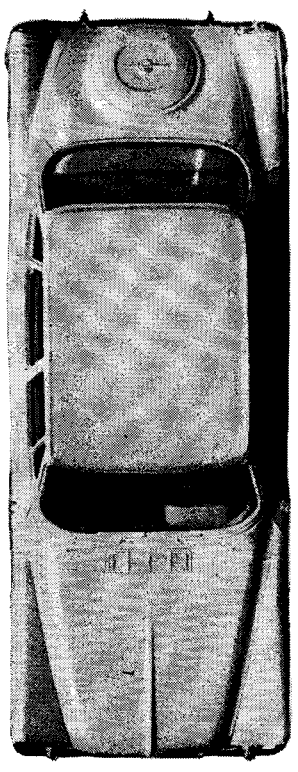
Mexico, Canada

: you are planning a trip to Mexico, it may ırprise you to learn that your present au-ɔmobile insurance may not give you the rotection you need while in that country. ɔur agent can tell you what special ar-ıngements will have to be made.

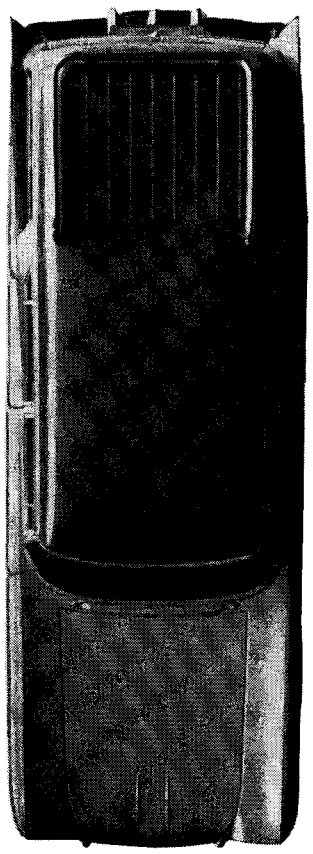
ɪ Canada, however, you are all right. Be-ıuse of the laws in some of the Canadian rovinces, it is important that you carry roof of insurance with you. Your Hartford .gent can easily arrange to provide it if ou let him know in advance. In fact, dis-ussing a proposed trip with your agent is good general rule. He will anticipate some f the problems you may encounter and elp you guard against them.

Help on the road

Vhile on the road, Hartford policyholders an always turn to one of the 34,000 Agents epresenting The Hartford, or to any of 'he Hartford's 250 claim offices.



YOU BUY A SECOND CAR



Outside of your wife, probably the first person who should know you're getting a second car is your insurance agent. Fact is, if you have Hartford liability and physical damage insurance on your first car, your second car is automatically covered for a period of thirty days or more, depending on the type of policy and the state in which you live. This means that you don't have to button up your new car insurance the minute you take title. But it also means that you shouldn't let too many days slip by before letting your Hartford Agent set up protection for you.

Discounts possible

Since it is likely that a second car will be used less often than your first car, The Hartford offers a discount on collision and liability insurance coverages for the second car. One exception, as we have seen, is if you have an under-25 son in your family who drives. In that case, full rate is charged for the second car insurance.

Compacts can mean savings

Because compact cars are less expensive and cost less to repair, The Hartford offers a special low rate for most small-size automobiles. The Hartford Agent has a list of vehicles which come under the lower rates.

Work or pleasure?

By knowing your situation and the use to which you plan to put your second car, your Hartford Agent can work out the most advantageous rate classification for you. For example, if he knows that your second car will be used mainly for pleasure driving, he can insure it for a lower rate than if you plan to use it regularly for a 10-mile commute to work. The point is—when you make known your needs to your agent, he will be able to do the best protection-planning job for you.

YOU HAVE A CLAIM

Your car is damaged by vandalism. Or it is stolen and found a few hours later with the upholstery cut to pieces. These are examples of what might happen that would cause you to present a claim to your insurance company.

How do you go about it?

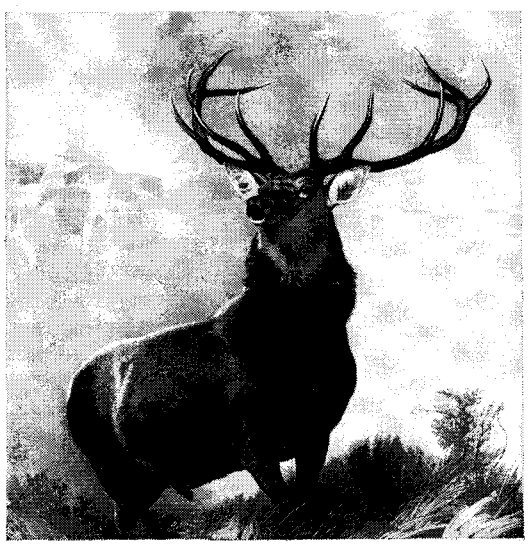
Since handling claims is what The Hartford is in business for, it has been made easy in every way for the policyholder.

All that's needed to get a claim settlement under way is a call to your Hartford Agent. Nine chances out of ten, you'll call the agent who sold you the policy. But any Hartford Agent can assist you. There are 34,000 Hartford Agents coast to coast who stand ready to help you get fast service on your claim wherever you may be traveling.

Key to your overall planning —THE HARTFORD AGENT

Developing a protection program that is right for you requires the services of a professional—The Hartford Group Agent. He can prescribe an insurance plan to meet your needs. Because he represents a company of The Hartford Group—which offers insurance of every kind including home, car, life, and health—he can analyze your requirements overall, and balance your dollars to fit them best. Supplementing his capabilities are the extensive facilities of The Hartford Group—250 claim offices, and 34,000 Agents ready to serve you wherever you travel.

The Hartford Agent in your community is probably listed in the Yellow Pages under "Hartford Insurance." Or look for him wherever you see the familiar Hartford Stag trademark displayed.



THE HARTFORD INSURANCE GROUP

HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

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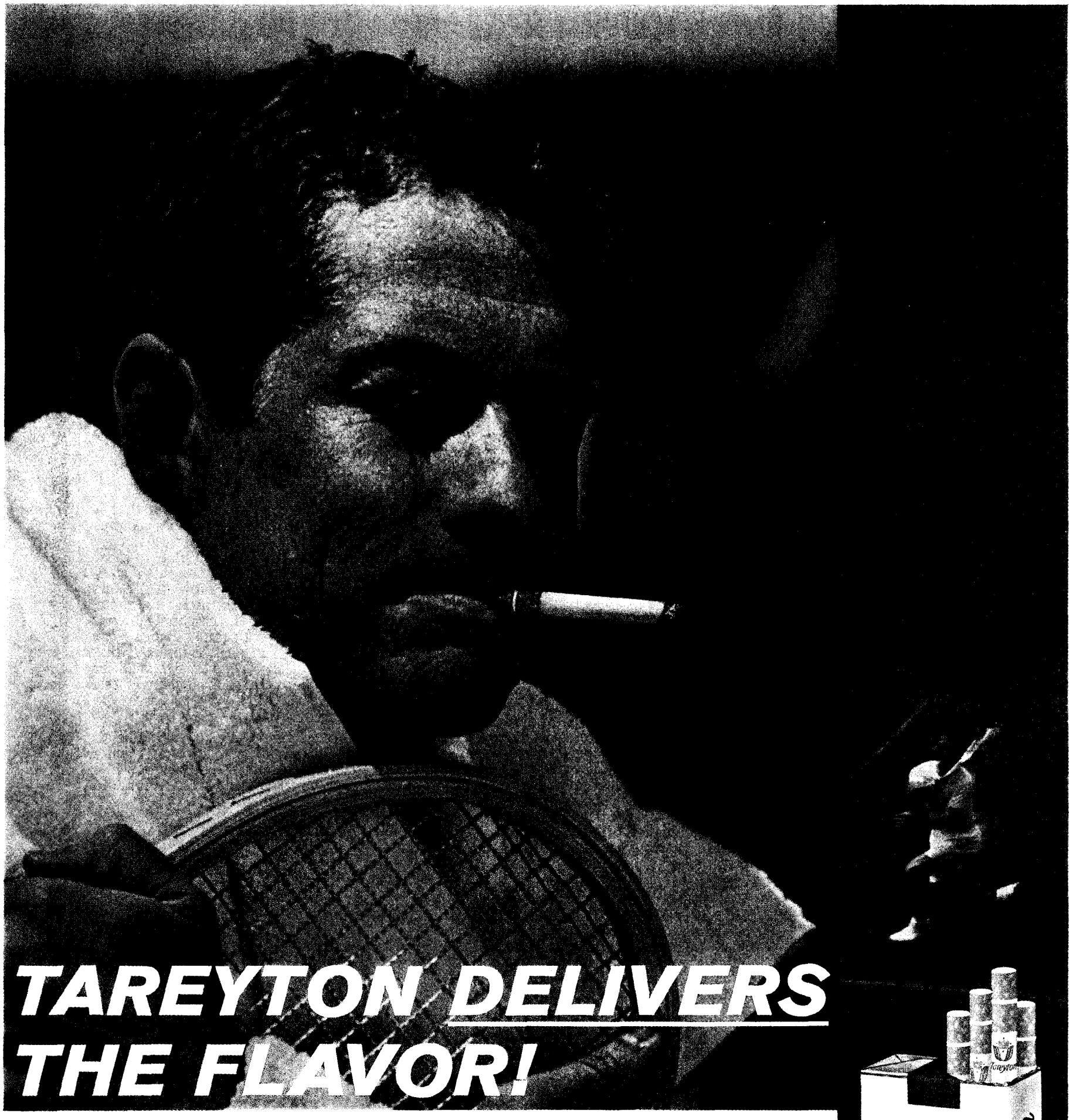
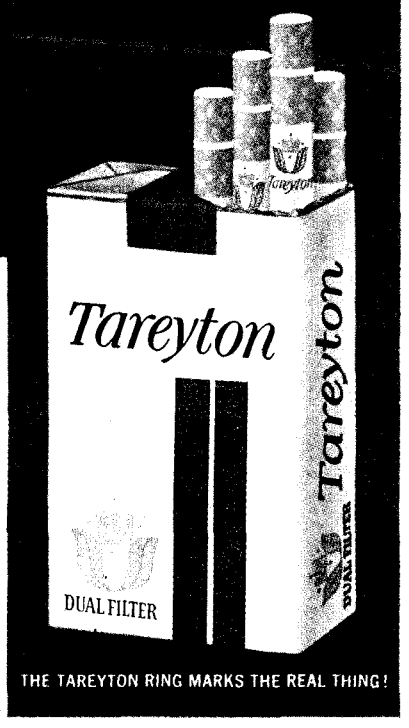


DUAL FILTER DOES IT!

Pure white outer filter • ACTIVATED CHARCOAL inner filter

You can see the difference...now taste the difference! Open up the tip of a Tareyton ...and get the inside story on Tareyton's remarkable Dual Filter. Then taste what a difference it makes! The pure white outer filter and ACTIVATED CHARCOAL inner filter work together to bring out the best taste of the best tobaccos. That's what Tareyton delivers! That's what you enjoy!



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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

WE WASTE A MILLION KIDS A YEAR

By MARY CONWAY KOHLER and ANDRÉ FONTAINE

Beginning a three-part report on one of America's most disturbing problems: the kids who leave high school to become drifters, rejects and outsiders. A former juvenile-court judge tells how these jobless and placeless teen-agers constitute "social dynamite."

Photographs by WAYNE MILLER

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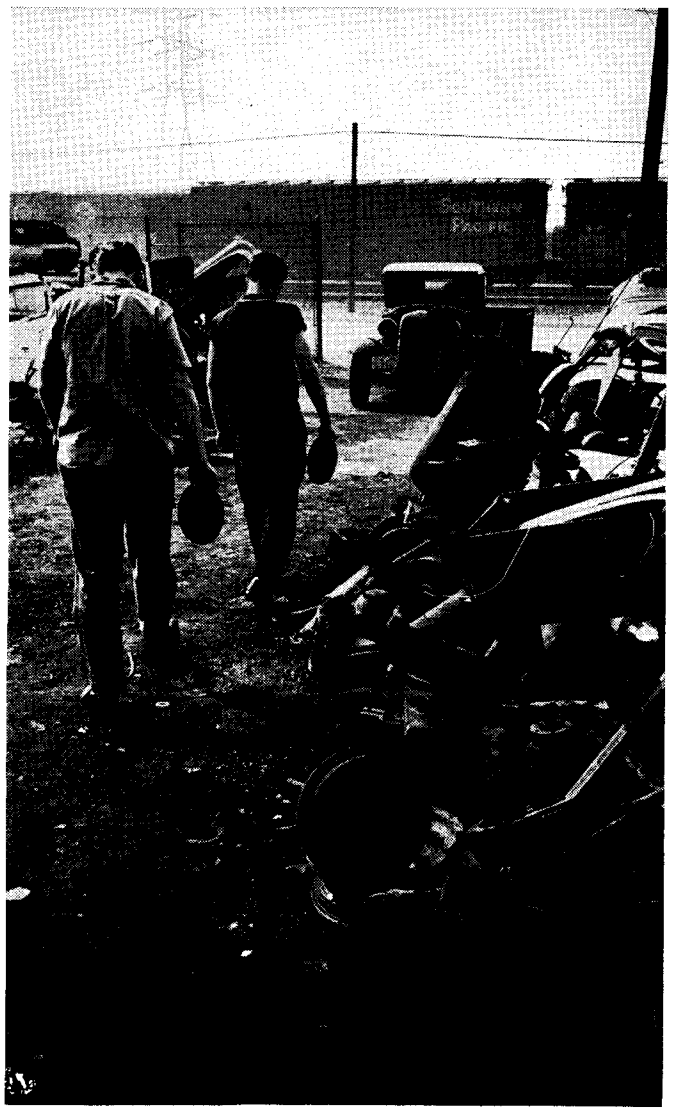
"Some are bitter; they're angry at anyone who has, or is, more than they. Most are apathetic, convinced there's no sense trying to do anything."



Los Angeles: On a midweek afternoon high-school juniors play hooky to scavenge parts for the cars they consider more important than school.

The mother of three children, Judge Kohler retired from the San Francisco Juvenile Court in 1953 after fifteen years on the bench. Since then she has served a number of organizations interested in young people and their futures, including the Ford Foundation and President Kennedy's new National Committee on Employment of Youth. André Fontaine, a free-lance journalist, helped Judge Kohler assemble the research data upon which these articles are based.

Twenty-one millionaires sat around a table in Kansas City not long ago and, with disbelief and frustration, faced the fact that they couldn't find a job for a boy. These businessmen, each of whom had contacts and resources far beyond the average, had volunteered to take part in a plan, sponsored by Rotary, to help some teen-age boys who seemed headed for trouble. Most of the youngsters had no fathers and had not done well in school, although they were of normal intelligence and ability. For many, home life was squalid. Most faced the world with anger and hostility.

The biggest thing these youngsters needed was honest, solid employment, so they could feel like men, could have a few dollars in their pockets and a place in a society that values men by the work they do. But even twenty-one millionaires could not find the needed employment. Ultimately they had to create jobs for the boys.

The twenty-one thus learned of one of America's most crippling and least-known failures: We waste more than a million kids a year. As we once wasted natural gas and forests and topsoil, today we waste our most valuable natural resource—the productive power of young brains and muscles, the creative power of young imaginations and emotions. We waste them because we neither keep them in school nor give them jobs.

In 1960 2,500,000 youngsters reached eighteen, the age when most are graduated from high school. These were divided, roughly, into thirds: One third went to college, one third quit school after graduation and one third had already dropped out. Those who went on to higher education have some sort of organized way to move on from school to work, uncertain as it is. The other two thirds do not. Many of the graduates and a few of the dropouts eventually get jobs and learn some sort of skill, although it takes longer than it should and the work is often less demanding than they're capable of handling. The rest have no skill that can buy them any but the lowest kind of job. They are the wasted ones.

As part of an eighteen-month study sponsored by the Taconic Foundation, we saw and talked to these kids in big cities all across the land. They are boys and girls—mostly boys—who have finished with school. There are no jobs for them. The Army doesn't take many of them these days; indeed some have been rejected. A very few of them are juvenile delinquents, but the majority are not.

The economic catastrophe of the Great Depression in the 1930's produced bands of wild boys who swarmed onto freight cars and haunted the highways of the nation. The product of today's economic upheaval are not wild; they're defeated. They droop on the stoops of tenements, prop up the walls of candy stores and hang around junkyards and jalopy lots, fascinated by the symbol of power that is a car. Some are bitter; anger at anyone who has, or is, more than they, smolders behind their eyes. Most are apathetic, deeply convinced that there's no sense trying to do anything because "it's a square world anyway."

Among them are some of the best minds in the nation. An Iowa study found that nearly one out of five dropouts had an IQ of more than 120. Another by Glenn Stice of the Educational Testing Service, Princeton, New Jersey, showed that about 50,000 of the dropouts in any one year were among the nation's most potentially able students.

Years ago these boys would have landed jobs in grocery stores or sweeping out factories. If they were aggressive and alert they could work up to better jobs and eventually make good careers for themselves. But today most of these entry jobs are closed to them for complicated reasons which will be explained later on. In Detroit, which is fairly typical of America's large cities, such jobs have been decreasing at the rate of 2000 a year for the past ten years. Testifying before a congressional committee last spring, Mayor Louis C. Miriani of Detroit said, "From 1955 to 1960 there has been a fifty-five percent loss of jobs for sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds in Detroit."

In Denver, Colorado, the employment service of Boys Incorporated interviewed 2101 boys in 1947 and got jobs for 529. In 1957 this agency saw 13,421 boys and got jobs for 1261. Thus the demand for jobs had increased nearly seven times, but the supply had only doubled. The situation is "social dynamite," according to Dr. James B. Conant, author and educator. He cited a recent study in a large city slum where nearly six out of every ten kids between sixteen and twenty-one were out of work. Executive Secretary Grovenor N. Grimes of Detroit's Commission on Children and Youth, said recently that of the youths who aren't educated beyond high school, "almost sixty percent of all boys and thirty percent of all girls face a dismal prospect in the labor market of the next decade unless they receive deliberate and continuous help . . . to bridge the gap between school and work."

The majority of our wasted million are in the slums of our biggest cities or at the lowest economic levels of our middle-sized cities. But not all. Thousands of them are the products of rural schools. Other thousands come from the suburbs or the large villages on the fringes of metropolitan areas. Essentially they are of three kinds, and probably the best way to separate them is to describe some boys we talked to.

The first is the Drifter. He is a normally healthy, normally intelligent boy who doesn't see much point in school. He goes because he has to and often is graduated from high school. He can't get into college and he has no skill to sell an employer nor any drive to learn one. He likes cars. He's a boy like George.

George lived in a middle-class town in New England. His father died before he entered school; his mother worked to support him and was too indulgent with him. Occasionally he was reprimanded for smoking in school or getting into minor scrapes. Each time his mother marched to

Chicago: Some of the Cool School killing time on a weekday in a small amusement arcade at an "el" station. "We waste them because we neither keep them in school nor give them jobs."

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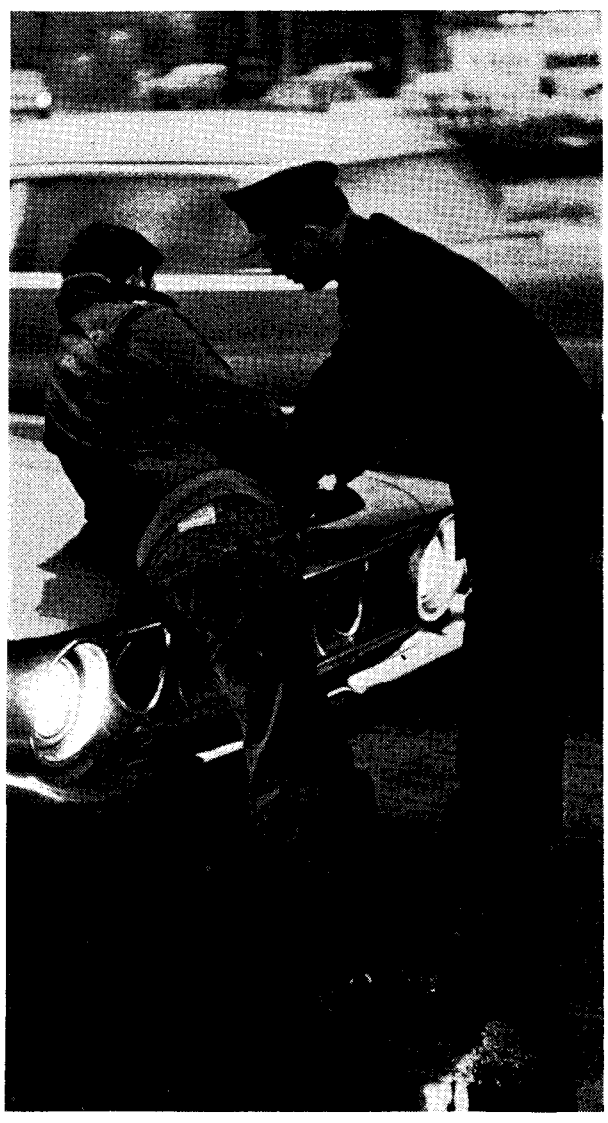
"They're defeated. They droop on the stoops of tenements, prop up the walls of candy stores and hang around junkyards and jalopy lots."



Outside Detroit a young motorcyclist slouches against the car of the policeman who halted him and accepts a speeding ticket with indifference.

school and blamed the teacher or the principal—never George. He liked to hunt and fish, and she bought him rods and guns. When he was fifteen she got him an old Ford, and he spent a year tearing it down and rebuilding it.

He flunked one subject each year, although his teachers insisted he had average intelligence. He was graduated with his class and, as a reward, was allowed to spend the following summer loafing. That summer he smashed up his car but wasn't seriously injured himself. He got part-time work digging graves in the local cemetery to finance a new one. He was rejected by the Army for asthma, which he'd had since childhood.

For the next four years he floated from job to menial job. He helped in a small machine shop, worked for a time for his uncle who owned a fishing boat, but after a while he quit because the hours were too long. He got a temporary job as a clerk in the local employment office and later worked for a time on the highways. At twenty-three he got married, and after a year or two of that—and a couple of short-term separations—he began to steady down. At last reports he had moved to another state and had an outdoor job which uses perhaps half his potential intelligence and ability. There was, of course, no way of recapturing the four wasted years, during which he might have learned a trade.

The second kind is the Reject. These boys, too, have normal intelligence and ability, but their parents or society has pushed them out of the mainstream of American young life. Included among them are youngsters who are the targets of our bigotries—the Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans and American Indians.

They are kids like Peter, who was found by the Cincinnati police one freezing morning asleep in an unheated parked car. When they thawed him out they learned he hadn't had a meal in three days. He was sixteen; his parents, both alcoholics, had thrown him out. He had quit school some months before, and he didn't know of any place to go.

Or Tim. Tim was picked up in New York City one day, hungry, frightened, knowing no one and penniless. He was fifteen. He'd grown up on a farm, his parents had been divorced and his mother had remarried. Neither she nor her new husband had time for Tim, so they "put him out to work." They gave him enough money to get to the big city—where there were supposed to be jobs—and sent him off.

They are kids like Paul. Paul is a Negro and exceptionally bright. During his four years of high school he got few grades less than A. He was an excellent athlete, especially at basketball. He would have gone to college to study engineering but had to support his family. So when he was graduated he wanted to become an apprentice pipe fitter. He couldn't because he was a Negro. He became a janitor.

The third, and most difficult, kind is the Outsider. Some of these youngsters are emotionally disturbed and have never been treated. Some come from a background so alien that they never stop feeling lost. Some, of normal intelligence, are unable to learn by the methods used in schools these days—for reasons no one fully understands. So most grow up not knowing many of the simplest things a person must know today to get along—like how to read. Some withdraw from the world, some find a place in a gang, some become juvenile delinquents, some simply survive. But none is employable without intelligent and persistent help.

Jim is one such youth. Jim was not a slum kid, although the area he lived in qualified as the "slums" of the wealthy suburb where it was located. Actually it was lower middle class, and his father owned both their house and his own business, a gas station. The school system Jim went through was one of the best in America, yet it failed to reach him from the first grade on.

Probably only psychoanalysis would ever pinpoint what made Jim the way he was, but there were some indications: His father, a big, muscular man, resented him and frequently beat him. His mother alternated between overprotecting him ("My poor baby, what did they do to you?") and scorning him ("You bum, you'll never be any good!"). Both parents seemed to prefer his younger brothers and sisters who, incidentally, got along well in school.

Jim was a big, hulking kid of normal intelligence who somehow never learned anything, though he was promoted with his class. As a result, by the time he was sixteen and quit school, he was incredibly ignorant. He could read, but only at the second-grade level. He could barely write his name. He couldn't tell time. He didn't know the months of the year. He didn't know whether an inch was bigger than a mile. He couldn't add and subtract. He knew very few words, other than the slang of the gang he belonged to, and wasn't able to talk to people or understand what they said. He was thus almost completely shut off from the world around him—except when he was with his gang.

As men are usually frightened by the unknown, so Jim was terrified by the world. He was afraid of his father. He was afraid of dead people and sick people. He was afraid to go into his own house at night if no one was there, and he often slept in the backyard rather than face the unknown terror. He was afraid of the dark. He was afraid of girls, afraid to ask for a date or go to a dance. He referred to himself as "a corner clown," said he "had been bad news from the age of five on," that he had "no guts," and in a dozen different ways showed that he felt he had no control over the things that happened to him.

The only way he could discharge this weight of fear and self-contempt was to strike out at the world that was so hostile to him. He became the Enforcer for his gang: He beat up anybody the leader told him to. He broke into a rich man's house and wrecked it. Indeed, his first reaction to almost any new situation was to swing at somebody—or run away.

In the end, however, Jim was one of the lucky few. He fell into the hands of a remarkable youth worker who lavished thought, effort and time on him for three years and finally got him to the point where he could hold a job.

These are the kinds of kids that our society has no place for. In 1960 there were just over 1,000,000 of these youngsters. Because of our

A sixteen-year-old truant stares idly through the gloom of a poolroom in Detroit's "Black Bottoms," a slum district where unemployment and juvenile delinquency are constant companions.

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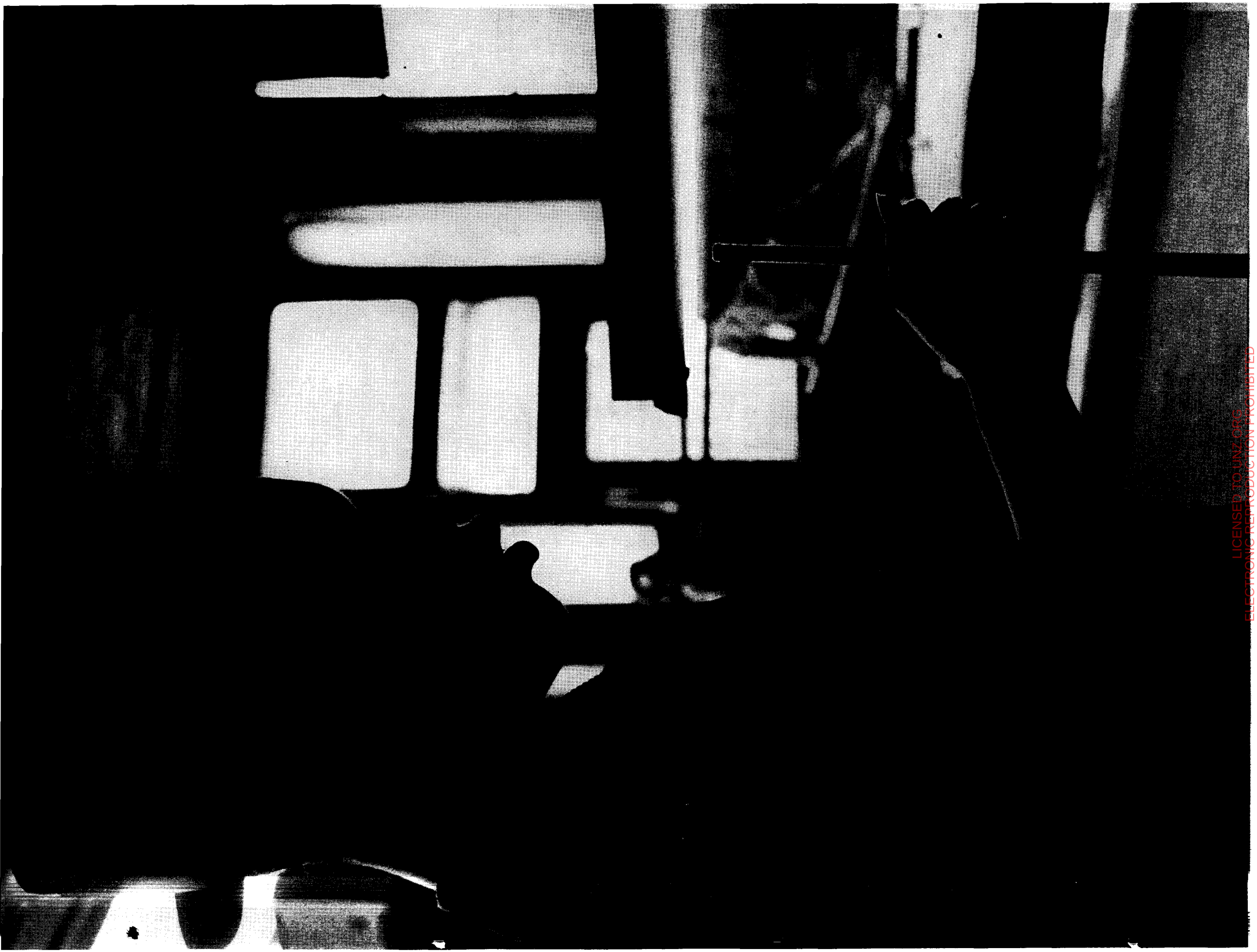

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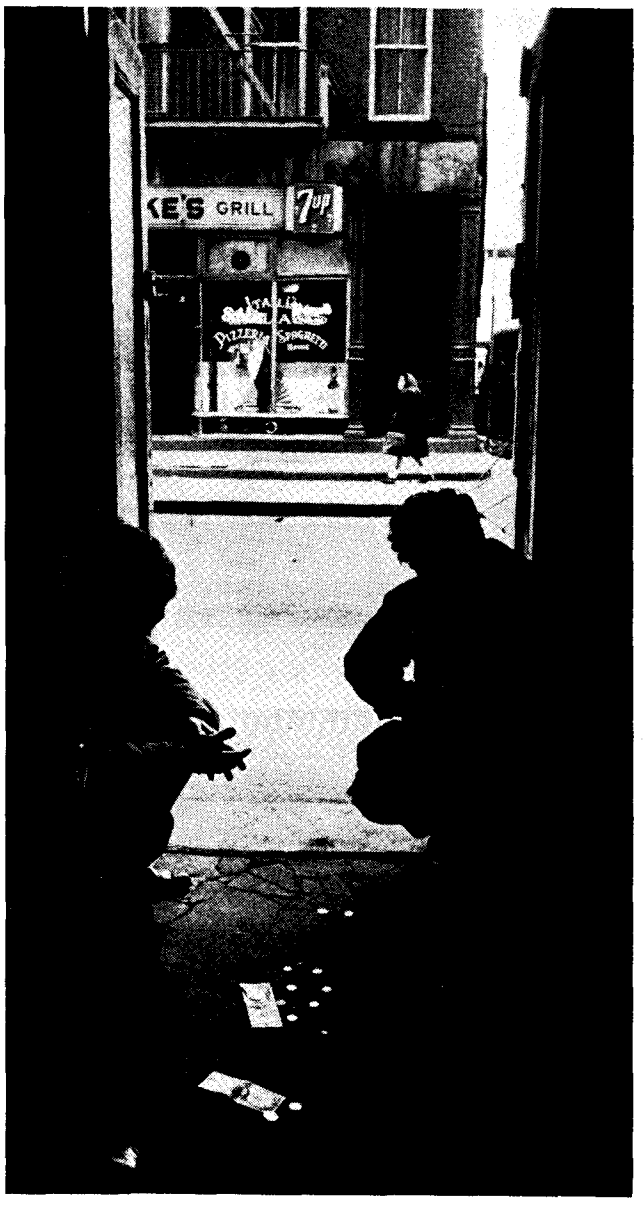
"Their parents or society pushed them out of the mainstream of American young life. . . . Some become juvenile delinquents, some simply survive."



New York: an uneventful afternoon of crap shooting, preceded by a morning of "just lying in bed" to be followed by a night of "hanging around."

increased birthrate, in 1964 there will be 1,325,000; in 1966, 1,460,000 more—all joining the residue from 1960's million. The U.S. Labor Department estimates that between 1960 and 1970 26,000,000 young workers will enter the labor force; of these, nearly 30 percent, or 7,500,000, will lack a high-school education.

These youngsters make up a huge pool of unskilled manpower precisely at a time when the need for unskilled people is declining in ratio to population. There is an insatiable demand for skilled workers today, and the amount of skill required is getting higher and higher. Professional, white-collar and service-industry jobs are increasing. But the number of unskilled jobs in industry is holding steady. If farm labor is taken into account—and this has always absorbed a number of unskilled workers—the actual number of jobs is decreasing. And, as a result of the baby boom, there are more young people competing for these jobs every year.

These are the dimensions of the crisis we face. How did it come about?

It is obvious why maladjusted kids can't get jobs and obvious that they need special treatment—which most of them are not getting. But why do normal teen-agers have so much trouble getting work? It's partly the fault of their own attitudes, partly of employers' attitudes—and partly due to a variety of circumstances which we shall review in this series of articles.

Not long ago a union leader, who had worked up from a bench himself, was trying to pull strings to get his son back into college after the boy had flunked out. When it was suggested the boy might work in the trade and become a union official himself, the father was horrified: "What, my son be a worker? I'd die first!" If parents are teaching their sons that skilled work is beneath their dignity, it's no wonder the youngsters don't prepare for it or do well at it once they get it.

The job market seems to fit girls better than it does boys. One reason is that girls look on a job as something to do until they get married; when they have a baby they usually quit. This makes a higher turnover and thus more job openings. But boys look on a job as a permanent thing. The traditional attitude is that you start at the bottom and work up. So they stick longer, and the resulting lower turnover means fewer openings.

Moreover, many employers are reluctant to hire young men. The only detailed study we know of employers' attitudes toward young workers was made by the Bureau of Social Science Research, Inc., of Washington, D.C. Nearly half of all employers said they didn't require any particular educational level, such as high-school graduation, and 42 percent insisted they were quite willing to hire youths under eighteen. Yet only 15 percent had actually hired nongraduates under eighteen. Obviously there must have been other, more subtle factors at work.

One such factor was employers' ideas of the law. About two thirds of the employers gave "the law" as the reason they didn't hire younger workers. But when they were questioned, researchers found they really didn't know what the law was. One, for example, said he thought it would help if minors were allowed to work over forty hours a week, though the study said the law under which that employer operated allowed minors to work forty-eight hours.

Other firms knew what the law was but thought it unrealistic and reported they would hire more minors if it were changed. For example, if the job of elevator operator were not included in "hazardous occupations," they might hire minors for that; if youths under twenty-one were allowed to work where liquor is served, several hotel and restaurant people said they'd hire younger men.

Only 17 percent of the employers could see no disadvantages in hiring young workers. Most could see more disadvantages than advantages. Chief among these were that young people were inexperienced, had personality deficiencies and didn't stick to the job.

Several employers said it was too much trouble to go through the involved procedure of work permits; others said there was no use training a boy when he would probably be drafted shortly. Some, whose manufacturing processes included certain hazards, said their insurance rates were higher for young workers. Some said workmen's-compensation rates were higher when you had young workers. The U.S. Department of Labor says this isn't so.

This study, along with others, showed that for Negroes jobs are harder to get. But there was wide variation on how much of a hindrance race was; some firms kept no records at all, and the largest companies were more ready than the small to hire nonwhites. On jobs where the worker had to deal with the public, employers cited public prejudices as the reason they couldn't hire Negroes. However, the researchers concluded that practical discrimination was shown most often by the familiar tactic of characterizing some jobs, usually the lowest, as "Negro" jobs—so while these employers did hire Negroes, they did not offer the same chance for advancement that they did to whites.

Department of Labor figures on unemployment consistently show that Negroes are the last hired, the first fired. Only one man in ten in our working force is a Negro, but one in five of the unemployed is, and once he loses a job, he's out of work longer. Even when Negroes have skills, it's harder for them to get jobs: In Washington, D.C., in 1957 not a single graduate of the electrical-wiring course at the Phelps High School (predominantly Negro) got a job in that work, but 80 percent of the white boys who had taken the same course in another school did.

A recent study by the National Urban League demonstrated how few Negroes can work in the skilled trades. Boston, for example, reported the total number of workers in the building trades was 5007; the total number of Negroes, sixty-two. In San Francisco the Urban League reported that "outstanding resistance by some unions had made it virtually impossible to place Negroes in certain categories of craft-union skill," and cited the plumbers, Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, steam fitters and operating engineers. The same picture is repeated over and over again across the country, both North and South. And it is repeated also for the Puerto Ricans and Mexicans in our society.

Detroit's Wayne County Youth Home, where young criminal offenders are detained before trial. New arrivals march through the admitting area supervised by the officer called their group leader.

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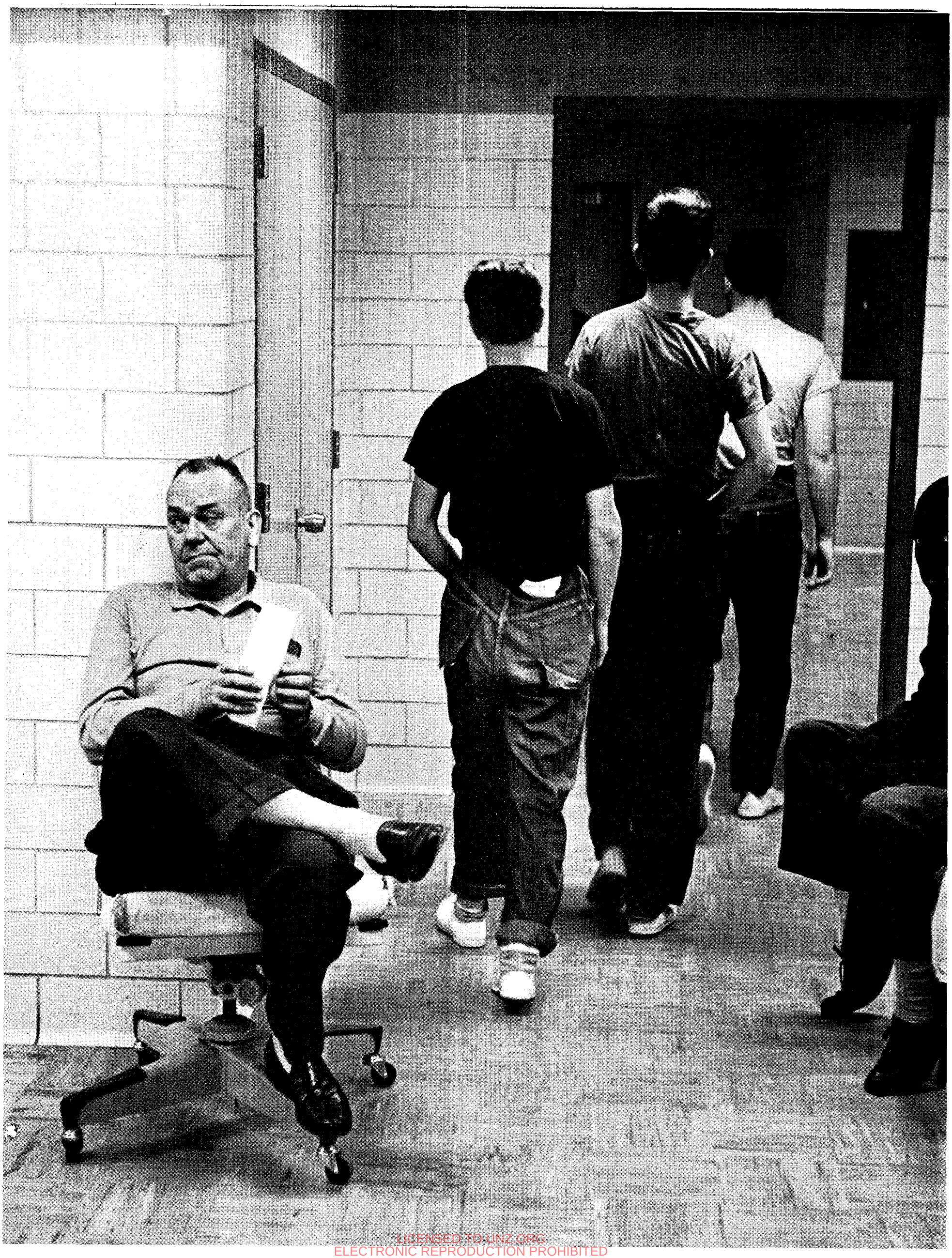

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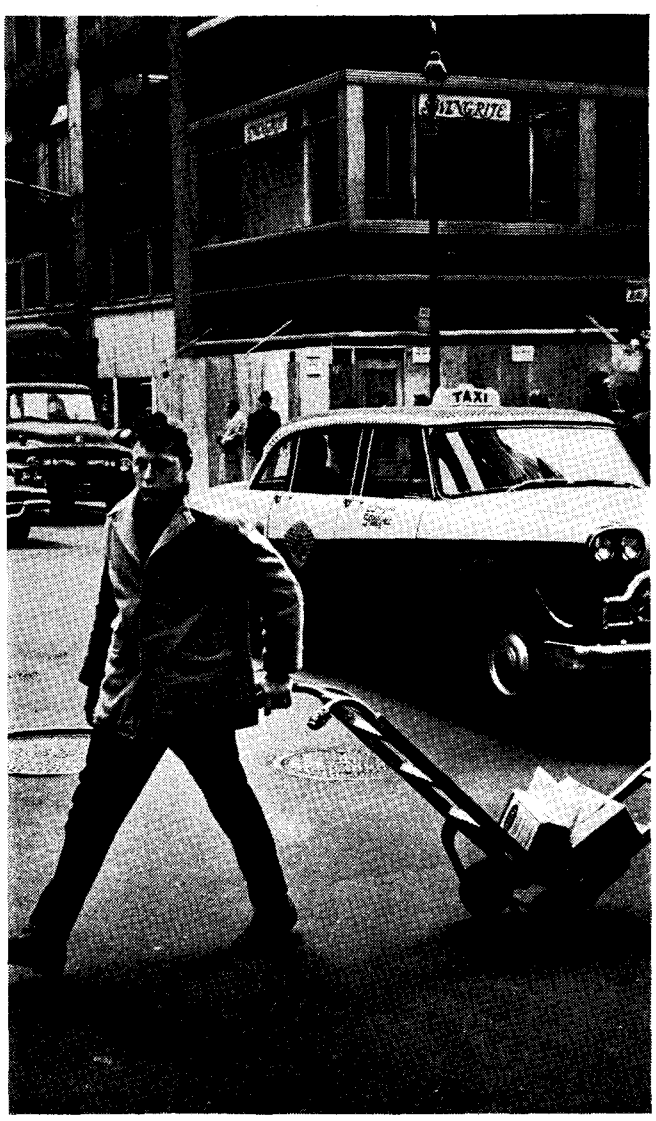
"Responsible people have thrown new bridges across the gulf that separates school from work, but these are the footbridges that only a few can cross."



A young messenger in midtown Manhattan traffic. "When an untrained youngster gets his first job, the only thing he can handle is unskilled work."

Today the country needs more skills than young workers have, whatever their color. This is because all sections of our economy are becoming more complex as our machines become smarter. It was a cinch to repair a prewar washing machine, but try to fathom the solenoids, relays and timing devices of a modern automatic. When an untrained youngster, like those among our wasted million, gets his first job, the only thing he can handle is unskilled work or at most what the employment people call semiskilled—such as assembly-line jobs. But these, too, are decreasing; personnel experts in Detroit told us recently that there will never again be as many auto workers as there were in 1953.

Automation, which speeds this process, does not fall only on the workers already employed. In many cases older workers are shifted to other jobs, perhaps given some retraining, but usually kept. But as current workers retire, take other jobs or move away, they are not replaced. Thus, the company cuts its payroll. This process, of course, means that new workers aren't hired—and the new workers are the young.

Said A. H. Raskin of *The New York Times* in a recent article on automation, "Even if the bulk of the shake-out of present jobholders is made through . . . normal turnover, the contraction of work opportunities will bear cruelly on youngsters looking for their first job. . . ."

This is clearly shown in a couple of random examples taken from New York City. The financial district is an important part of New York's economy, and many unskilled young men have secured their first job as messengers for the brokerage houses. Recently one odd-lot brokerage house moved into a new building and with it got a brand-new system of pneumatic tubes for inside deliveries. The firm had employed 50 runners, today it employs 100. But it has taken over the work of eleven other firms, each of which had employed 15 runners. So there is a net loss of 115 jobs for messengers in the city. The other example can be stated in one brief sentence: Automatic elevators in New York City have wiped out the jobs of 40,000 operators.

There are big labor shortages in the country, but they're among the high skills. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare reported recently, for example, that every graduate engineer needs five well-trained technicians behind him. But the five don't exist. Other shortages are in teachers, social workers, doctors; in engineers, missile and electronics experts; in programmers, the men and women who know how to tell the smart new machines what to do; and in dozens of other fields.

In the face of all this difficulty, who helps the high-school graduate, or the dropout, get a job?

The first place he turns is to his family and friends—and their ineffectiveness is measured by the high number of unemployed among the young. Beyond that, there are guidance and placement counselors in the high schools, state employment services, private employment agencies and special community programs to help get jobs for youngsters.

Nobody knows how many young people are placed by individual high-school counselors, but it is not likely that many are the kinds of boys who make up our wasted million. There aren't enough guidance counselors, many of them aren't fully trained or aren't allowed to devote full time to the work, and they have too much to do: They're supposed to help youngsters choose the proper high-school course, the right college, advise them on personal problems, guide them in a choice of vocation and get them jobs. All things considered, it's remarkable they can do as much vocational guidance and placement as they do. But the counselors never get to help those of our wasted million who have dropped out of school, because most drop out by the tenth grade and most vocational guidance is concentrated in the eleventh and twelfth grades.

Very few private employment agencies have the kind of placement service that is needed by beginning workers.

Probably the most inclusive job counseling and placement service for youngsters is provided by the various state employment agencies. In 1959 these placed job counselors for seniors in 41 percent of the nation's high schools which, located primarily in large cities, produced 67 percent of all graduates. Generally these counselors are in the schools for a short time each year to process the senior class; in 1959 they had interviews with less than a third of the seniors in the schools covered. This same year 71,500 seniors were placed out of 750,000 who weren't college-bound—or less than one in ten. Only 9413 dropouts were placed that year, and 42 percent of these were in the two states of California and Pennsylvania, where cooperation between the schools and the employment service was more extensive and started earlier.

State employment services are primarily placement agencies; if a youth needs a good deal of special counseling, most are not set up to provide it. It is to their credit that despite this they have established special youth services in many cities which give intensive guidance and which *could* be copied by all.

In some states the public employment service has cooperated with various local groups to set up a special youth employment service. In California, for example, 141 communities have such agencies. Here and elsewhere they cover a wide range: Some handle only part-time work, some full-time; some cover only a few youngsters, others are very inclusive. In other parts of the country, community agencies, with no connection with the public employment service, offer various special services of their own. Many of these do excellent work, but there aren't enough to modify the fact that hundreds of thousands of unskilled youngsters can't get jobs.

Responsible people around the country have thrown new bridges across the gulf that separates school from work for youngsters, but they have been foot bridges. No hordes can cross them. For the vast majority, for the wasted million each year, the truth is that we have no place.

Next week, in a second article of this series, we shall examine in more detail one of the basic causes of this frightening situation and tell of some hopeful corrective measures that are being taken in a few scattered communities.

Young job seekers wait hopefully in a New York settlement-house office. State employment counselor Bob Reed (telephoning) places one of three boys he refers to prospective employers.

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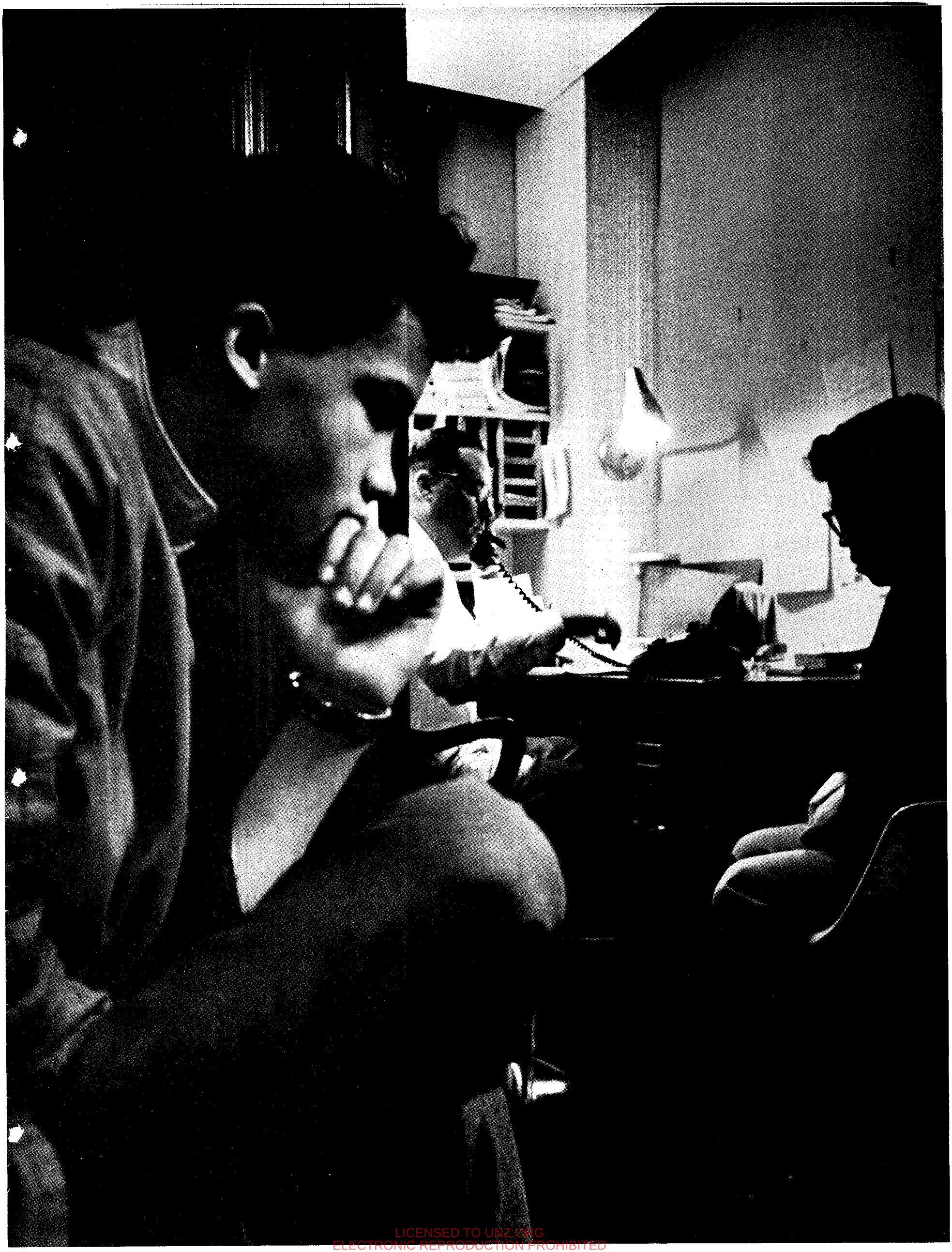

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How alike tragedy and trivia were, only a man who dealt in other people's troubles could know! So reflected Judge Ben Archer as he mounted the steps of his summer house at Lake Arrowhead, with his granddaughter's young man clumping along behind. Young love, to the young, was a stab in the heart. To him it was only a pain in the neck, annoying because it obscured graver issues. Yet one had to take these young people seriously! "I regret embarrassing you," he said, unlocking the door. "I should have told Johanna you were coming. She has been impossible since I told her we were to pick you up."

"Oh, that's all right, your honor," said the young man, who bore the name of Henry J. Brown. "Everything is the wrong thing around Johanna these days."

"True!" the judge sighed. "I meant well, but I have only antagonized her. I don't think she spoke six words to you all the way up from Los Angeles."

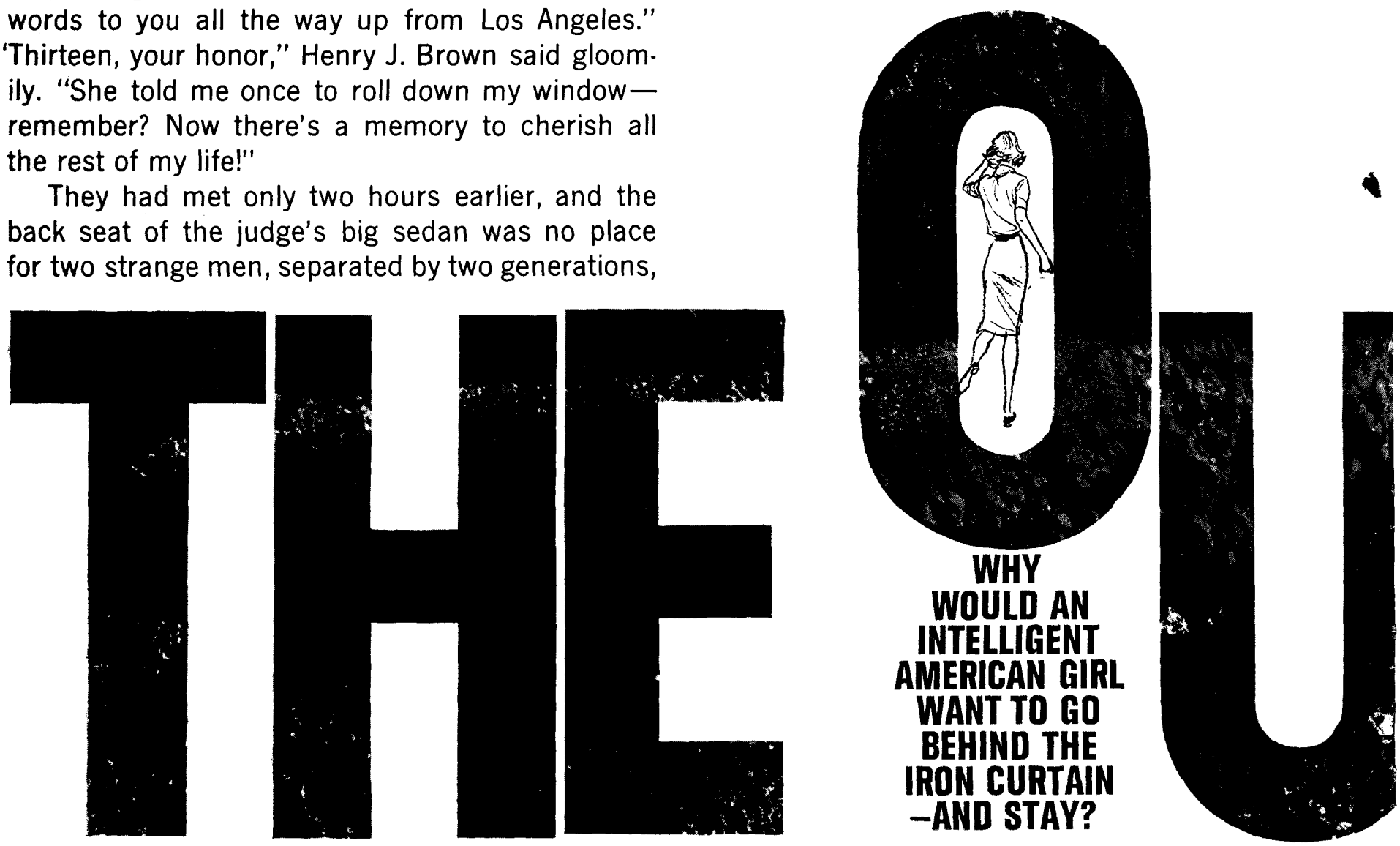
"Thirteen, your honor," Henry J. Brown said gloomily. "She told me once to roll down my window—remember? Now there's a memory to cherish all the rest of my life!"

They had met only two hours earlier, and the back seat of the judge's big sedan was no place for two strange men, separated by two generations, to achieve empathy—not the way Johanna drove, anyway! Also Judge Archer always had to remind himself of the effect he had on people. His sandy hair had turned white, his face was sterner than he usually felt and his shaggy eyebrows overhung his gold-rimmed glasses and deep-set blue eyes. To this young man he supposed he did look formidable.

"Come, Mr. Brown—you needn't keep calling me 'your honor,' you know," he said gently.

Henry J. Brown gave him a look of hurt, smothered fury. "That," he said, "is just how I feel—like I'm to be hanged by the neck until dead, dead, dead, and may the Lord have mercy on my soul! I could understand losing her to another guy, but this is another world! I'll go down and help them fetch up the other stuff, your honor."

He put his suitcase down and went back down the steps to the car, leaving behind a man who felt old, frightened and frail for the first time in his life. Until now it had not seemed real, or even possible. Until now the thing that had happened to his granddaughter, Johanna Archer, had been only a stately allegory, a parable whose bad ending he would find a way to overrule. Kids would be kids, and all that; but one simply did not permit certain things. He



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knew better now. In other times Johanna would have been a missionary to the heathen, and Judge Archer would have liked that no better than what she was today. **Johanna had become a Communist;** and with her intense nature, being was not enough—she had to do too. His own flesh and blood was defecting to terra incognita behind the Iron Curtain. One week from today—Friday—Johanna would board a jet airplane for London, from where she would transfer to Warsaw and Moscow. That was the last any of them would ever see of her. The judge's son and daughter-in-law, Will and Fleur, were numb with grief, but there was nothing they could do about it.

There was nothing anyone could do, including himself. For the last twenty of his seventy-four years, Ben Archer had presided over a criminal court. He had tried cases where murder had been committed frivolously, and others where murder had been abstained from despite the most grievous wrongs. In all cases he had been able to discern a proportioned pattern of right and wrong, of cause and effect. Nothing was ever fated, predetermined, inevitable. One got what one had coming. What, he thought, have we—have I—done to deserve this? The judge got a grip on himself. Johanna and Pearl Revel, his cook and housekeeper, were coming up the steep steps from the car. Trailing disconsolately behind them was Henry J. Brown. The two women were heavily burdened, but the scowling Henry had been entrusted only with a big honeydew melon.

Johanna was a slim, graceful girl of twenty-one, with intelligent, dark eyes, brown hair and a face whose elfin loveliness was almost painful to behold. Today she was dressed in a green cotton dress cut as severely as a uniform, and she wore no stockings or earrings. To the judge she looked like a proletarian nun, with an expression almost of religious ecstasy that had become habitual with her lately. "I fix shrimp casserole for lunch and a melon salad—can I get that melon cold in time," Pearl panted. "How about I serve you in the den, judge?"

"It's up to Johanna," he said. "It's her party."

Pearl just grunted. Johanna said, "Pearl's in a snit, grandpa. I'm a renegade Archer. You know—sharper than a serpent's tooth, and all that!"

She went on into the house. "Judge," Pearl muttered, "it mighty hard to be patient. She so full of conflicts that they ought to be beat out of her."

Pearl had been born in Haiti and reared in Harlem. She read everything

(Continued on Page 76)

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By JOHN REESE

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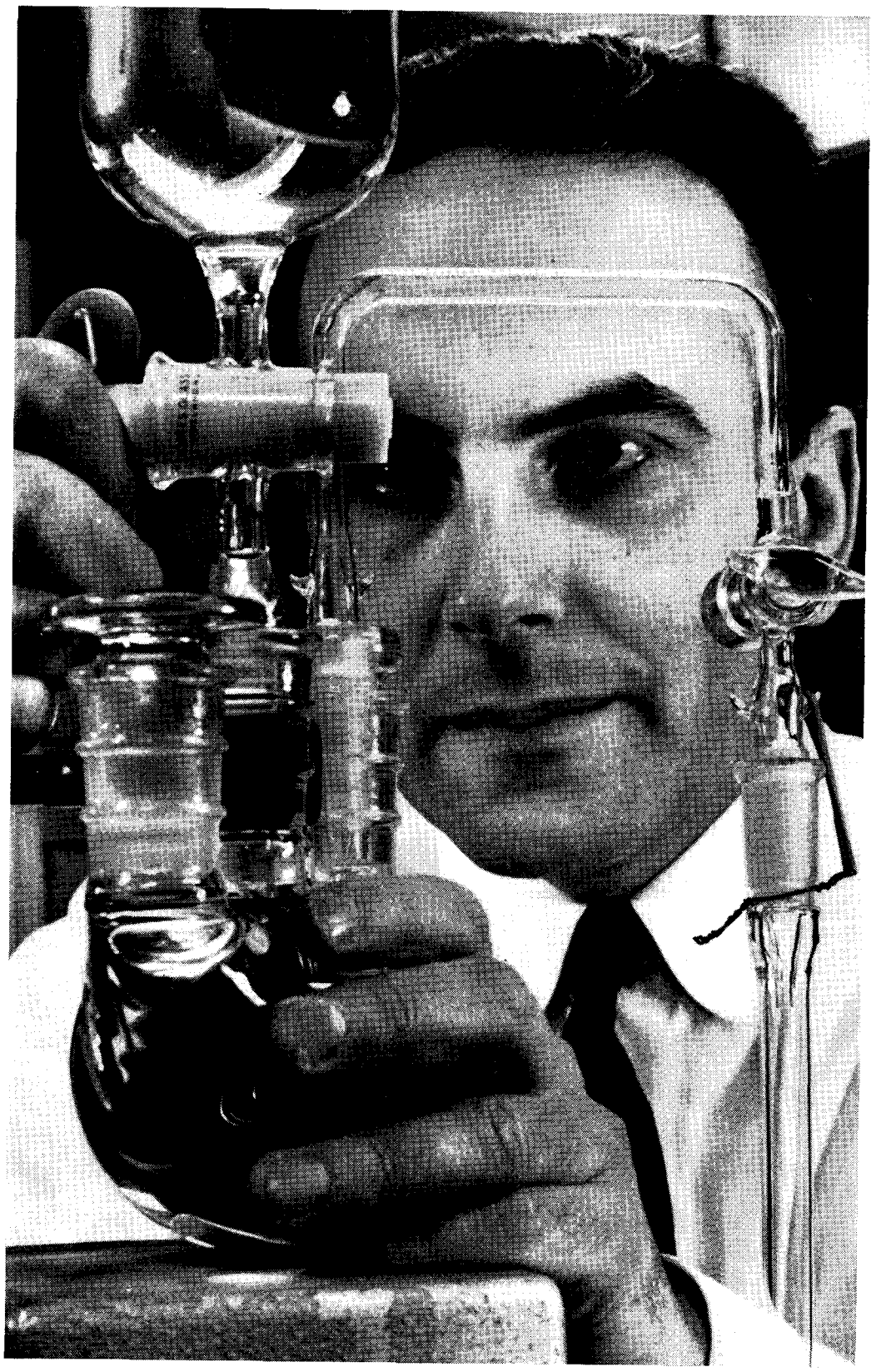
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



High-Flying Actress: Flitting between New York and Hollywood, busy Joan Hackett, 27, enplanes to work. Since her smash performance last season in off-Broadway's *Call Me By My Rightful Name* (which won her three New York theatrical awards), Joan has been leading a commuter's life—doing TV films in Hollywood, flying back to work in New York. Her TV credits include roles in *Twilight Zone*, *The New Breed*, *Ben Casey*, *The Defenders* and *Gunsmoke*. Recently offered three movie parts, she turned them all down, explaining, "They weren't good films. I want to work, but not much is being done that is of any value." Unmarried, Joan lives alone in a three-room apartment in Queens. Her first brush with acting came in 1957 when, as a $50-an-hour New York model, she was offered a seven-year starlet's contract. She spurned the offer ("You could sit around Hollywood forever before they decided to use you"), but determined to become a successful actress. After studying drama for six months, she earned a part in *A Clearing in the Woods* in 1959, later that year became an understudy in *Much Ado About Nothing*. After a stint in the TV serial *Young Doctor Malone*, she landed her first major role, that of the promiscuous heroine of *Call Me By My Rightful Name*. "Secretly," Joan says, "I think I didn't do the work I could have done in that part. The girl was difficult for me to understand." PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY GLADSTONE.

Doctor-Chemist: Prying open the secrets of steroid hormones—"the body regulators"—is the all-consuming challenge of Dr. Paul Talalay, 38. To further his vital work, the American Cancer Society in 1958 awarded Talalay a lifetime grant of $602,536, largest sum the society has ever earmarked for an individual researcher. Other scientists have shown that steroids—particularly sex and adrenal hormones—can change human behavior dramatically when they get out of balance, and that they are linked to such seemingly unrelated diseases as breast cancer, arthritis and arteriosclerosis. Dr. Charles B. Huggins, Talalay's chief at the University of Chicago's Ben May Laboratory for Cancer Research, demonstrated in 1939 that certain cancers are hormone-dependent and can be reversed by removing the glands that produce the hormones or by neutralizing their effects. Then, during the last ten years, Doctor Talalay opened the door to an understanding of the basis of these effects: Isolating enzymes believed to be essential to the functioning of certain steroid hormones, he visualized a more effective therapy. Doctor Talalay, son of a Russian chemist-engineer, was born in Germany. His family moved to England when he was ten, and to the United States when he was seventeen. Ten years later, with a biophysics degree from M.I.T. and a medical degree from Yale, he became assistant professor of biochemistry at Chicago. Now a full professor, he teaches graduate students and examines patients in the university hospital, but spends most of his working hours in the basement laboratory where his cancer research is carried on. His relaxing hours are spent at home with his three children or in his woodworking shop. "In order to achieve creativity, you must withdraw from society to a certain extent," he says, "for tranquillity to think." Because he is engaged in pure research, he also is withdrawn about guessing the practical applications of his hormone work: "I don't think I have the right to say I'm out to cure cancer when I don't even know whether I'm working on the problem." But he has faith that he is. PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER.

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Painting by John Falter

HE WOULD TRY TO JOIN HIS WORLD TO HERS, BUT FIRST HE HAD TO WOO HER AWAY FROM

Even now the city was a tremulous place, full of shades and undertones, of hidden voices that repeated his name over and over again. He'd awake each morning alive to the things around him, and standing in front of his bedroom windows he'd stare out at the bay—at the Oakland bridge like a streak of wire threading the mist; at Golden Gate to the north, buried in a low fog with only its slender spires glittering in the morning sun. And studying the city sloping downward all around him, Allen would stand for an instant as though waiting for some revelation to be made.

On his way through the streets he would walk along absorbed in thought, pretending to notice nothing, and yet the city, refusing to lie still, crept inward all around him—Telegraph Hill with that tiny restaurant at the very pinnacle, the oriental shop on California Street with a treasure in jade strewn about on bamboo tables; the apartment houses on Nob Hill, leaning on one another's shoulders, tilting crazily like soldiers caught off balance.

He had come to San Francisco for a brief vacation, for a slight breathing space between leaving college and going into his father's business. He had never been on the West Coast before and he had departed from St. Paul on what seemed to him then a logical and interesting trip. Even his father had approved. "All right. Go and have your fun. Then we can get down to business."

Allen could summon his father's face quickly, no matter where he was or what he was doing. Even in the little cafés of the North Beach area, with the pitchers of wine and beer spilling over on the sawdust floors, and the tables crowded with exuberant young people, some in beards, in turtle-neck sweaters and rumpled jeans. Even here where there was a kind of restless excitement, an open-mouthed protest in the strange abstract paintings on the walls, in the musicians who climbed on top of pianos and beat out mournful jazz rhythms as accompaniment to a reading of obscure poetry. Even in these tumultuous haunts Allen could see his father, stocky and unyielding, his stubborn jaw thrust forward as though carved of granite.

It had always seemed to Allen that his father had waited with barely concealed impatience for him to be finished with college so that he could go into the family business. A "self-made" man, his father owned a sheet-metal company, the largest in St. Paul, and somewhere in Allen's childhood the business began to take on an almost heavy-handed human personification. It was demanding, insistent, yet capable, too, of offering enormous material rewards. At some point in his teens the business and his father merged into one overwhelming personality.

In his junior year Allen began to develop an interest in architecture. This interest started with a course in medieval history, in which the massive Gothic structures of centuries ago were described with vigor and excitement. He followed this trail, reading on his own about the Romanesque, Renaissance, Byzantine and ultimately the contemporary scene. The interest grew until he began wondering about the possibility of entering the school of architecture in his senior year. He felt like a traitor, harboring these thoughts. After all, his life was fairly well mapped out, and the business was waiting. It was his father's hope and dream. He was in a sense very lucky to have so safe and secure a berth to step into. Nevertheless, the need to speak out was strong, and at the end of his junior year he decided to broach his thoughts. The state university which he attended was not far from home and he came in one Friday, unannounced, and dropped in on his father in downtown St. Paul.

The older man greeted him with surprise and good humor. He ushered him into his walnut-paneled office with its gleaming leather armchairs and thick, hushed carpets.

"This is unexpected but pleasant," his father had said, and he flung an arm across his shoulders. "Everything all right at school?" Allen's mother had died when he was very young, and during the long years of growing up an uneasy camaraderie existed between his father and himself. Now Allen faced him, feeling as always like a small, ill-defined boy under that heavy, self-assured gaze.

"Something has come up that I'd like to talk to you about," he said, and plunged ahead not really looking at the other man. He spoke as quickly as he could, saying that he had become interested in design, structural design, that he had taken a few courses in architecture and wondered about going ahead in his senior year and perhaps work toward entering the school

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by Muriel Spanier

of architecture. His father listened without a word, his eyelids narrowing, his fingers tapping a subdued beat on the brilliantly finished desk top. "But why?" he asked. "Why? You may have talent—you may have talent in many directions. But what is there to glorify? The reality is here. Right here in the structure the family has built." And then in clear, precise words he carved out his argument. "It will take years for you to get your training, and then more years for you to work your way up, earning next to nothing and finally where will you be? How many successful architects are there? And how many who can barely earn an adequate income?" His father's voice was the thump of drums. He described the family business as though it had the heart and brains and blood stream of a human organism. The business was a thriving affair, pulsating with life. New blood, ingenuity, intelligence would make it triple its output and more in the coming decade. "How can you turn your back to this?" he said in disbelief. "And for what?"

Allen felt his hopes shrivel in the face of his father's decisive statement. He even felt foolish and embarrassed, and at last he told him to forget it—it wasn't important. The matter of his entering the school of architecture was laid to rest.

In San Francisco he had taken a room in a towering hotel on one of the hills and tried to lose himself in the curiously vibrating currents around him. His sense of separation from the familiar landmarks of his life loomed before him like a bottomless gulf into which he looked with confusion and unknowing. He was drawn always back and back again to the little cafés along Stockton and Fresno Streets in the North Beach section of the city. He would sit at small grimy tables, drink his wine from large earthenware cups and listen to the thunder all around him. The cafés were always crowded, people pushing and brawling, voices raised in violent argument, screaming, laughter. Sitting there, amidst the noise and hubbub, with the waiters—hardly more than teenagers themselves, in jeans and white aprons, rushing back and forth with the inevitable bowls of pretzels and the pitchers of beer or wine, the desperate noise of the piano player urging his fingers across the chipped and yellowed keys—Allen experienced the piercing chill of his isolation. He felt shut out and longed to turn away, to go back quickly to his hotel, perhaps back to St. Paul. And yet he stayed. His vacation time was drawing to an end. His father had already called and inquired about his return. And still, roaming the streets, standing on the wharves and watching the great silvery leviathans turning in the bay, he found it impossible to leave.

And then one evening he came upon Karen. He had been walking, deep in thought—only that morning he had written to his father indicating that he would be packing any day now—idling down an unfamiliar street on the fringes of North Beach, when he passed a small dimly lighted café and was arrested by the sweet, unexpected sounds of stringed music. Standing in the doorway, staring into the semidarkness, he saw her framed in a spotlight and almost hidden behind a dark, gleaming cello. Her hair was coppery gold, shimmering against her cheek. And when, lifting her bow, she bent her head, her hair fell forward, veiling her eye like a length of delicate silk. It was a trio—a violin and a flute played by two young boys, and her cello. The music they produced had a sweet, solemn insistence.

Allen moved past the crowded tables to a pillar near the platform. From there he could watch the girl more closely; the way her head tilted as though she were listening for sounds beyond the range of human hearing, the way her cheeks flushed with each climax in the music; the way her face took on the expressions of her playing—joyous, thoughtful, yielding, sad. She was very young, eighteen at the most, he estimated, and she seemed to Allen at that moment all warm and gleaming, much like a study in bronze that he had once come upon in the corridor of a museum.

As he stood there wondering how he might meet her, the music stopped. In the surge of applause that followed, the trio stood up, the boys bowing from their waist, the girl just nodding and smiling at the audience, slender and wandlike beside the full-bodied contours of her cello. They started to pack their things quickly into the instrument cases at the back of the platform. Allen waited until the girl had the cello inside its case, and as she stepped from the platform, the case held heavily in front of her, he went forward swiftly. "May I help you with this?" he asked.

She turned to him in surprise. "No, thanks, really. I'm used to lugging this giant around." She hugged the cello to her.

"Please. I want to help you!" He had intended to sound pleasantly commanding, but instead his voice had a seriousness that made the girl look at him curiously.

"All right. If you're so set on seeing what a cello feels like." She went ahead of him, threading her way among the tables, through the clinking of glasses and the dense mist of hundreds of cigarettes. He followed, maneuvering the cello in front of him, observing with satisfaction that the two boys had stayed behind, joining a group around one of the tables.

Outside she said, "This is fine. Thanks a lot. I can get a cab here."

"I hope you won't take offense," he answered quickly, "but I was wondering whether we couldn't drag this cello off somewhere for a cup of coffee."

The faintest wrinkle curved into her brow and then she smiled. "We don't drink coffee, the cello or I."

Allen's face brightened, "We'll try milk. I know the greatest place. . . ." But by that time a cab had stopped and Allen had bundled himself and the cello into the back seat and somehow the girl was there beside him. They went to a place down on Front Street. It was an all-night cafeteria surrounded by factories and loft buildings, and at night everything was silent as a tomb. Through the vast windows of the cafeteria they could see the black waters of the bay glistening only a half block away. And in the distance, like a string of beads, the lights of the Oakland Bridge burned golden pockets into the darkness.

Karen looked out at the sleeping street for a while and then she said, "Kind of a backwoods neighborhood you picked out. We could have gone over to Edy's or to an espresso shop."

He answered, "It's quiet here. You hardly know you're in a city." And down the street are benches, he told her. Sitting there on a foggy night, with the bridge hidden in the mist, the lights giving everything a kind of muted yellow glow, suspending you in a great golden bubble—it was a wonderful feeling!

Karen moved her small graceful head in approval and looked at him for a long while. Finally he got up and went to the counter and brought back two glasses of milk and two cinnamon pastries dripping with butter.

"I suppose you've always lived here in the city," he said at one point. And she said, no, not exactly. She was born in Modesto and her family was there. She had come to the city to study at the conservatory and at present she was living with her aunt.

"The symphony is here," she added, "and the ballet, and we have an opera season, and there are musicals on tour from New York, and café engagements like tonight's. The students at the conservatory have plenty of opportunity to gain experience if they want to."

She sat opposite him with her large bright eyes fastened on his face. The vitality of her presence was overwhelming, indefinable, something that caught in his throat and made it difficult for him to speak.

"Last month the Paris Art Theatre was here," she continued. "I had an orchestra engagement with them for the full run. Two months ago it was opera for nine weeks straight. It's been a wonderful season for me." Then she paused and her eyes glowed. "I practice four hours a day, plus classes at the conservatory. But when Piatigorsky comes in a few weeks I intend to be ready." She sat back and looked out at the darkness.

"You handle that cello as though it were a blood relation," he said. "I hardly think anyone has to teach you anything."

She turned from the window and looked at him in bewilderment. "I don't think you understand. There are levels of artistry that very few people ever reach. Did you ever hear Casals doing the Beethoven sonatas?"

He shook his head helplessly. She seemed to him to be the embodiment of all things of the spirit, and he felt disquieted and strangely unhappy.

"What about you?" she asked. "Where are you from?"

He told her, and then commented that he was at the end of a short vacation. He'd be going back soon to pick up the threads of his life—the family business was waiting to receive him.

Where had he gone to college, she wondered, her face reflecting warmth and encouragement. He answered, speaking endlessly, describing the professors *(Continued on Page 56)*

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SAD LEGACY OF THE PHARAOHS

By HAROLD H. MARTIN
Photographs by John Bryson

HOW IMPOVERISHED EGYPT, DESPITE GREAT ODDS, IS TRYING TO BRING A NEW LIFE TO HER PEOPLE.

A new report from the unpredictable Middle East by a Post *writer-photographer team.*

Outside the Tombs of the Nobles—which are not tombs at all, but funeral chapels dug into a rocky slope of the Theban hills across the Nile from Luxor, Egypt—an old man in a long striped robe squats patiently in the blazing sun, holding a big mirror against his knees. Whenever a visitor approaches the square-cut doorway of a cave, he tilts the mirror to send a beam of light flashing into the darkness of the entrance shaft. Inside, in the cool gloom, another man with a mirror catches the ray of light and reflects it like a flashlight's beam down the dark side galleries. There on the cavern walls, in the borrowed sunlight, ancient Egypt comes alive. In pictures whose colors glow as if they were painted yesterday, the Egyptian peasant of 3000 years ago works at his homely daily tasks—plowing and planting, reaping and threshing, making bricks out of mud, and pecking at rough rocks with little hammers, smoothing them into building stones.

The visitor to these caverns comes blinking into the sunlight bemused, not by the strangeness of the scenes depicted, but by their incredible similarity to the life the Egyptian peasant lives today. In Cairo the great buildings tower majestically above the Nile. But in the little mud-hut villages of the countryside, where goats walk on the roof tops and oxen share the living space, life is as primitive as it was in the time of Rameses. The short-handled hoe the farmer uses today is shaped like those depicted on the walls of the tombs, though its blade is made of steel instead of stone or copper. The plows the gaunt oxen pull, the water jars the women balance on their heads, the mud ovens in which they bake their bread, the ancient waterwheels which blindfolded buffalo turn, look exactly the same today as they did to the Egyptian artist 3000 years ago.

The land, too, is changeless. The great tawny river floods and ebbs each year in a clocklike rhythm. The sun still rises above one rainless desert and sets beyond another, confining the Egyptian of today, as it confined his forgotten ancestor, to the green prison of the river valley.

There is one vast difference, however, between Egypt today and yesterday. As late as 1800, fewer than 3,000,000 people lived in the narrow valley of the Nile and on the broad delta at the river's mouth. Today the same land must feed an estimated 26,000,000, and each year the number rises by half a million. Under this tremendous pressure of population, in one of the richest farming lands on earth, men grow hungrier year by year.

"Once that is understood," said a young Egyptian from the Ministry of Agriculture, "you can begin to comprehend the magnitude of the problem this government is up against. We not only must harness one of the world's great rivers and conquer deserts by making use of every drop of its water, but we must also unshackle the minds of millions of men whose lives have changed but little in thirty centuries. The Egyptian farmer has been a slave so long—of the land and the river and whoever ruled him—that he has lost all capacity for joy or sorrow, all initiative and all hope. Whether in one generation we can repair the damage done by thousands of years of ignorance, poverty and disease, we don't know. But we are trying."

Egypt's problem is not hers alone. All over the Middle East the fight goes on to create more cropland, to redistribute the land more fairly. In the great crescent which swings northeastward along the Mediterranean from the Nile to the borders of Turkey and Iran live more than 45,000,000 people. Yet the acreage that must feed them is less than the total farming area of the state of Iowa. Only on the coasts, where rain clouds from the Mediterranean drop their moisture, and in the valleys of the few great rivers is there land suitable for cultivation. Inland lie the vast sand-and-gravel deserts of Syria, Jordan, Saudi Arabia and Sinai, where spring rains bring only the briefest flowering of herbs and grasses. Thus Israel and Jordan must squabble over the sparse waters of the Jordan River. And in the valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates, Iraq must struggle to restore old irrigation systems destroyed by Mongol invaders 700 years ago. Except in Israel, each country's problem is further complicated by the concentration of land ownership in the hands of a few absentee landlords.

In Egypt, for example, an Albanian freebooter named Mohammed Ali, ancestor of King Farouk, seized control of the country in the early 1800's and parceled out its richest lands among his own family and friends. Since then, huge areas of the Nile Valley have been owned by a few thousand wealthy families who never saw the land or the men who worked it. They farmed out their rentals to middlemen, and spent their winters in mansions in Cairo and Alexandria and their summers in the spas of Europe.

The prodigious effort to break Egyptian agriculture out of this ancient mold began soon after Col. Gamal Abdel Nasser and his revolutionary officers sent King Farouk waddling into exile in July of 1952. The following September the revolutionary junta handed down its first land law, which provided that no one person should own more than 200 acres of agricultural land, plus another 100 acres which an owner could convey to his children. The owner would be paid for his land in 3 percent government bonds redeemable in thirty years. The price was fixed at seventy times the basic land tax. The land thus requisitioned was to be divided into plots ranging from two to five acres. These plots would be sold to landless men for the price paid by the government plus 3 percent interest plus 15 percent for expenses, to be paid out of crop revenues over a period of thirty years.

On October twenty-sixth of that year, at three o'clock in the morning, twenty-two eager young revolutionists representing the minister of agriculture set out from Cairo to put the land edicts into effect. The total land area of Egypt is about 238,000,000 acres, of which a little less than 6,000,000 acres was under cultivation. But, by averaging 1.75 crops a year, 6,000,000 acres did the work of 10,000,000. The remaining land was desert, for the valley of the Nile is one long oasis winding through an almost rainless land.

Of the 17,500,000 farm dwellers in Egypt, only 2,800,000 owned any land at all. And 2,600,000 of them owned plots of less than five acres, while 150,000 others owned less than the 200-acre limit. Those to whom the first law applied, therefore, were a small group numbering 1786 owners, who among them owned a fifth of all the land. Their list was headed by ex-King Farouk, who in the first

Water wheels (above: an abandoned well site near Luxor), turned by buffalo to lift subterranean water, are as essential in Egypt today as in earliest time. Egypt's lack of water is common to the entire Middle East: beyond the fertile coasts and river valleys extend vast, rainless deserts.

Right: A Nile fisherman with a net much like those used by his ancestors when Memnon's colossi (background) were erected in 1400 B.C.

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A proud new landowner. He built this mud house and decorated it with an image of President Nasser.

Government-built houses, such as this one on land that was King Farouk's, cost farmers about $900.

requisition lost 22,000 acres, a tidy holding in a country where good farm land was selling for $2000 an acre.

It was the busiest time of the year for the Egyptian farmer as the young men set out, armed with requisition lists. By mid-October the ebbing Nile had receded within its banks. The land lay ready for the plow and the planting of the winter crop of wheat, clover, barley, beans, flax and onions. But all over Egypt a sudden stillness fell. The irrigation pumps fell silent, plows stopped in the fields. Landowners, alarmed by the prospect of trouble, shut off all credit to the tenants who were clamoring for loans with which to buy seed, tools and fertilizer.

In Cairo other agencies of the government were reluctant to help the struggling Land Reform Agency. The old Agricultural Credit Bank, which had mainly served big landowners, would not extend loans to the small farmers with no security. The minister of finance would not advance more funds to the Land Agency's emissaries, who had set out with only $140 in travel expenses. The Civil Service Commission would not provide the manpower needed to divide 590,000 acres of requisitioned land and pass it out to thousands of new owners. In some villages records of landownership disappeared, making it difficult to discover who owned what.

Working behind the scenes through his front man, Maj. Gen. Mohammed Naguib, Colonel Nasser shook the foot draggers out of his revolutionary cabinet. A young officer named Gamal Salem—a revolutionist of such impetuosity that he had wished to shoot King Farouk instead of sending him into exile—was placed in charge of land reform. Under Salem the reformation began to move ahead. The government ministries discovered that they could, after all, find ways to help the Land Reform Agency with money and manpower.

By late 1958 the last acreage of requisitioned land—totaling 461,000 acres—had been distributed. Fewer than half a million people, including the families of the new landowners, had benefited, and there were still millions of tenants and day laborers who owned no land. In 1961, therefore, Mr. Nasser passed a law which limited individual ownership to 100 acres. That brought another 200,000 acres into the pot for distribution—and brought sorrow to some 1900 landowners who, under a revision of the law, now would receive payment in 1.5 percent bonds, payable over forty years. The peasant, on the other hand, got a bonus. In the future the new landowner's payments to the government will be cut in half, and the time extended to forty years. More recently 142,000 acres belonging to foreign landowners was seized.

It was soon obvious that merely dividing the land among thousands of small owners would not increase the productivity of the land so that more and more hungry mouths could be fed. Even though the peasant owned the land, he was helpless. He could not finance himself. He knew how to farm only as his ancestors had farmed before him, and he could not learn new methods from government bulletins, because he could not read. Somebody had to show him what to do.

To meet the problem, farm co-operatives, each guided by a new-fledged agricultural expert, were set up. Every farmer was required to join. From the co-op, which was financed through the agricultural bank, a farmer could borrow money needed to start a crop. The co-ops also provided, at cost plus a small fee, improved strains of seed, better fertilizers, hardier and more productive breeds of cattle and sheep. If the farmer wanted to raise a few chickens, baby chicks were provided, which he could pay for, when they came to laying age, at the rate of five hatchable eggs per chick. If he wished, the farmer could sell his cash crops through the co-op—though this was not required—as long as he repaid what had been advanced to him. If he was a tenant, and the landlord tried to charge him a higher rent than the law allowed, the co-op would pay the legal rent and deduct it from the proceeds when his crop was sold. The co-op system also sought to solve problems caused by fragmentation of the land into small parcels worked by many owners. Under the old system, the farmer plowed, planted, irrigated and cultivated his tiny plot as it suited him. That custom had condemned him forever to the bull-drawn plow, the hand sickle and the short-handled hoe; for machines could not work on land chopped into hundreds of little fields, each with its own embankments and irrigation canals.

The Land Reform Agency tried an experiment. Fragmented holdings were grouped into 100- and 200-acre plots, which would be worked on a three-year cycle of controlled rotation of cotton, wheat and clover. If in one year all a farmer's land lay in a wheat or cotton field, and he needed clover to feed his buffalo, he could seek out a neighbor who would trade clover for wheat or cotton. In areas where holdings were larger, a new owner was assigned three acres, each of which lay in a different rotation plot. Thus each year a farmer would have a cash crop, a food crop and a forage crop for his animals.

The combining of tiny plots into larger holdings made it possible to fill in ditches and pull down embankments, so that tractors pulling gang plows, planters, harvesters, spray tanks and combines could be used. As a result the fellah, who had always worked from sun to sun, with only a brief break on Friday to say his prayers at the village mosque, has won a little more leisure. His rested ox grows fatter and his buffalo gives more milk.

It would be pleasant to report that nine years of land reform have revolutionized Egyptian agriculture, and that the once half-starved fellah is now rich, fat and content. That is not the case. In the areas under controlled crop rotation, per-acre yields of wheat, corn, rice and cotton have risen, but not spectacularly.

The land reform's greatest success has been in raising the take-home pay of the farmer. Freed of the burden of exorbitant rents, and of the usurious interest the money lenders charged in the past, the farmer today is far better off than before the reform. Figures published by the Ministry of Agriculture show that in Sharqiyah province in 1952, the average income of the individual farmer was $28 a year. Last year it was $54. In Beheira province it rose from $21 to $49.04.

That is little enough. But to the fellah it means that he can now drink his fill of the strong black tea that is his only luxury; that he may, for the first time, own a pair of shoes; that he can even hope someday to replace his aging donkey with a bicycle.

"Before, I had nothing," said Achmed Ibn el Hamid, standing before his mud hut in a little village near the Pyramids. "Now I have a little, praise be to Allah. Sometime, if it be God's will, it may be that I shall have more."

He was a small man in a dingy striped *gallabiyah* that hung on his bony frame like an old-fashioned night shirt. His bare feet were scaled and cracked from years of working in the mud, and his eyes were dimmed by the fly-borne trachoma that is endemic in Egypt. But there was a great dignity about him and a great courtesy. "Peace be upon you," he said as John Bryson, the *Post* photographer, and I stopped before his door. He then offered us a cluster of peanuts as a welcome gift.

We munched the raw peanuts as we talked laboriously through an interpreter. He did not know how old he was. He had one wife and did not wish another. He had two children. There had been others, but they had died. In the years before he got his land, he had rented a half acre, on which he had grown vegetables, corn and a little cotton. He had paid $25.20 a year for the rent of the half acre. He had borrowed money from the moneylender at 20 percent interest to buy seed. After he paid his debts, there was just enough left to keep him and his family alive. He had lived, by the mercy of Allah, on what he grew in his little field, trading corn for wheat to make bread, and on the handful of scrawny chickens that foraged around his house.

When the land reform was explained to him, at first he would not listen, for he had no reason to believe that any good could ever come from government. Then the agency had made his landlord cut his rent and offered him seed at cost.

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"Never had I dreamed of owning land," he said. "Then they told me that I was eligible. I was an Egyptian. I was a farmer. I had never been convicted of a dishonorable crime, praise be to Allah. I had no land. Since my family was small, I could have two acres."

On the two acres he still raises vegetables, corn, cotton and peanuts. Last year he sold his crops for $112. When he had made the mortgage payment for the land, $56.80, and paid a $22.40 installment on the new cow, and the premium for the insurance on the cow, and paid for other services the co-op provided, there was not much left—less than $25.

But that was more than there had ever been before; and next year there might be more. Then he could think of a new stone house, built by the government. Or perhaps he would emulate his neighbor, Mahmoud Ibd el Samir, down the road a way. Mahmoud had built his own house, of mud brick, on his new land. And over his door he had fashioned a lump of mud in the shape of a human face and had painted two eyes and a mustache upon it, in the image of President Nasser.

Later, at King Farouk's old farm at Inchass, we saw one of the new government-built houses which Achmed dreams of owning. It was small, high-ceilinged and built of stone and cement. It was shaded from the sun by tall banana plants and mango trees.

Proudly the new owner, Abdul el Kadir, showed us through. Total cost of the house was $900, he said. He would, if God so willed, pay for it in forty years.

The tiny living room looked unused. A sofa covered with a flowered slipcover sat against a white plastered wall. In the center of the room was a steel-legged table, covered with flowered oilcloth. Around the table stood three straight-backed chairs.

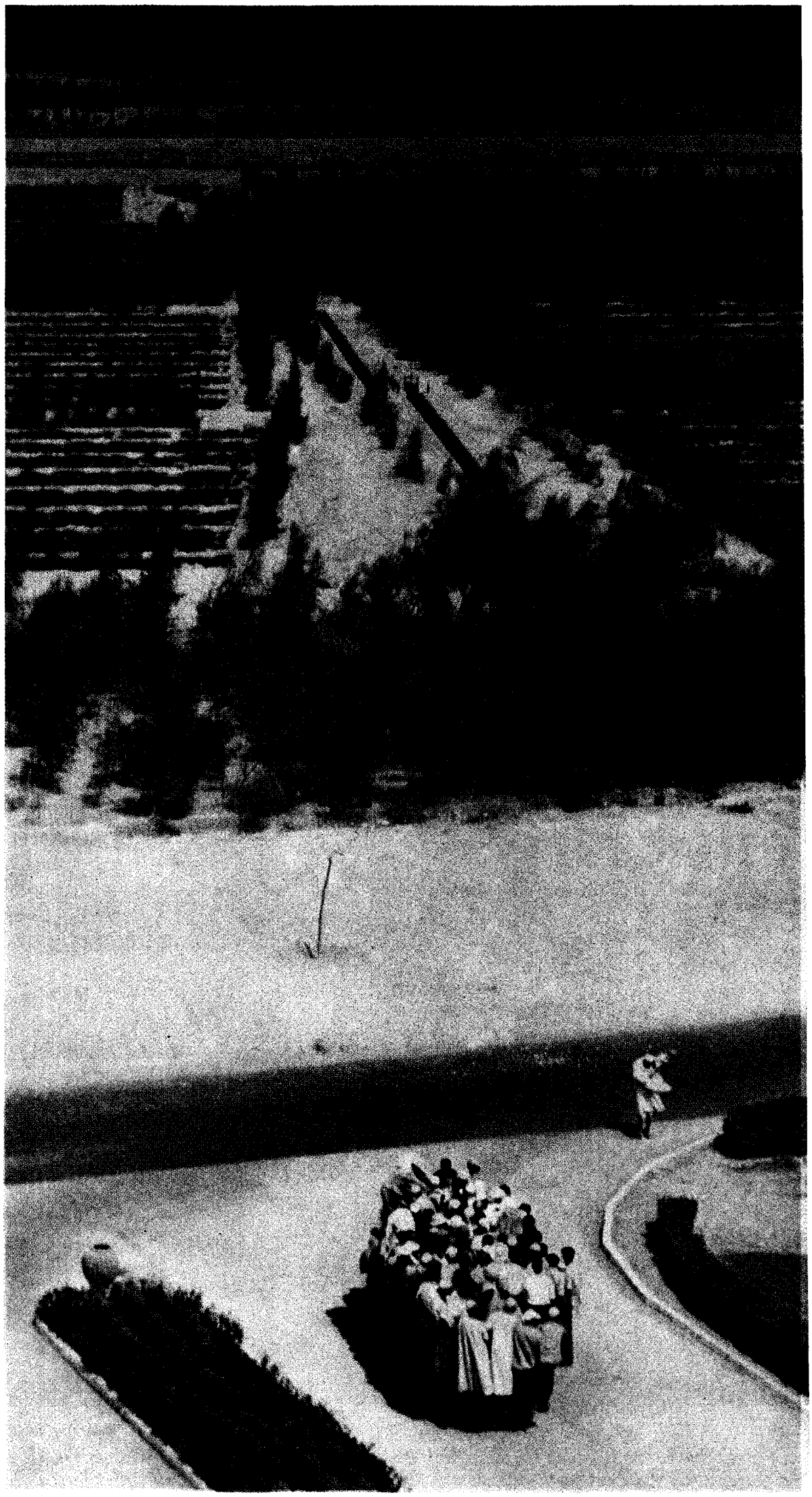
The bedroom was equally sparse. In one corner stood a low bed, the bright striped mattress bare, the new colored blanket folded neatly at the foot. The tiny bathroom, between the bedroom and kitchen, was spotless. The kitchen itself was an open shed at the rear, and there the neatness of the rest of the house disappeared. Chickens strolled about, three fat puppies slept beside the stone oven, and a calf mooed plaintively from its stall beneath the kitchen roof.

Later our guide explained: The house was kept clean, he said, because Abdul el Kadir was secretary of the local co-op, and it was imperative that he set a good example to the fellahin who came to see him on business. The kitchen was the domain of his wife, his cow, his chickens and his dogs, and not even Mr. Nasser expected neatness to be maintained there.

Despite the new hope which stirs in the breasts of Mahmoud, Achmed and Abdul, and the new zeal with which they till the soil, Egypt must still import much that she eats. Last year, for example, the United States shipped her nearly $80,000,000 worth of surplus wheat, flour, corn, vegetable oils and frozen chickens. She paid for those products in Egyptian pounds, which we then lent back to her to use in the development of her own agriculture and industry. Egypt's agricultural deficit cannot be remedied by any foreseeable increase in the productivity of the Egyptian land now under cultivation. To lay the specter of hunger, more land must be reclaimed from desert.

Along the lonely road that runs from Cairo to Alexandria, in territory so dry that only camels find subsistence, the government in 1954 began work on "Liberation Province," the first great onslaught on the harsh lands which rim the lush Nile Valley. Using money obtained from the sale of ex-King Farouk's jewels and stamp collection, the government dug deep canals to bring water from the Nile and sank artesian wells to supplement the river water.

So far, at a cost of $42,000,000, they have turned 25,000 desert acres green with orchards and truck crops. Model villages have been set up, each with its own mosque, school, clinic, clubhouse, hospital and community house. Landless families from overpopulated



Tahrir, part of "Liberation Province," a vast desert-reclamation effort through which 25,000 parched acres have already been converted to productive land.

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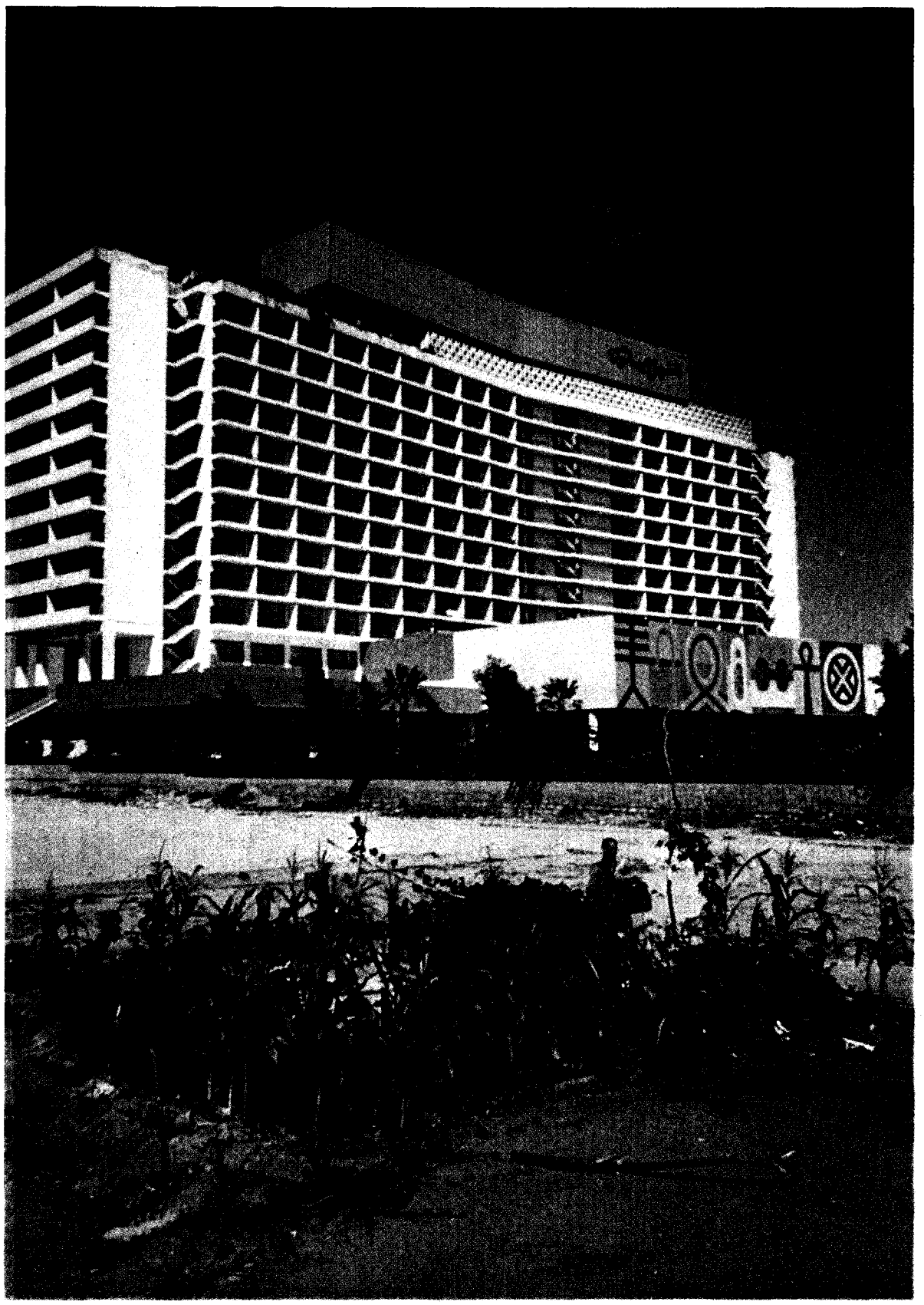
"New hope stirs Mahmoud, Achmed and Abdul . . . but Egypt must still import much that she eats."



Cairo: On a plot near the Nile Hilton, a cigarette vendor has grown this meager stand of corn. Egypt's land-reform program has redistributed nearly 1,000,000 requisitioned acres, but millions of fellahin still have no land.

sections of the country have moved into new concrete-block houses equipped with lights, running water and indoor plumbing. Such luxuries pleased the fellah, for he had never enjoyed them before.

Other modern improvements did not suit him so well. He discovered that he was supposed to keep his buffalo in a central stable, instead of in his house. He refused, even though the presence of the buffalo increased the plague of flies which bedevil Egypt as they did in Moses' time. It was also difficult to get him to drink the "weak" artesian water piped in from the wells. It is his belief that Nile water has strength which underground water lacks, and that he must drink of it copiously to maintain his virility.

Toward the sea, at a place called Abis, the Egyptian-American Rural Improvement Society, a joint Egypt-U.S. venture, has drained 30,000 marshy acres of an old lake bed. Once the land is washed free of salt, it will become a vast truck farm serving the Alexandria market.

South of Cairo, on a vast gullied plateau lying between the Nile and the Great Sand Sea, a third development is under way. There in dry valleys are scattered oases which, from 1500 B.C. to Roman times, supported a large population in villages clustered around flowing wells. Over the centuries all but a few of the wells subsided, or were covered by drifting dunes, and the population dwindled.

There is a deep belief in Egypt that beneath the Western Desert flows a great subterranean river, another Nile drawing its waters from the vast rain forests of Africa. American water experts who have been called in are uncertain about such a stream. The old Roman wells, when rebored, do flow again. Test wells sent down to 1500 feet strike water under pressure, which squirts it sixty feet into the air. Whether it comes from an underground river that will flow forever, or a lens of water that may in time be drained, no one can say. The Egyptians, betting that the water is inexhaustible, are laying great plans for farm and village developments. Our experts warn that, until more is known about the extent of the water resources, setting up big agricultural operations might prove disastrous.

All the desert-reclamation developments are, in the main, experiments designed to develop the proper techniques to employ when the Aswan High Dam is finished ten years from now. That billion-dollar project, taken over by the Russians when we refused to build it, will complete efforts begun in the time of the pharaohs to harness the Nile.

In a 367-mile-long reservoir will be impounded waters which can transform 1,000,000 desert acres into fertile lands. In addition, another 700,000 acres in Upper Egypt, now flooded once a year, will be converted to perennial irrigation, thus producing two or three annual crops instead of one.

Even that expansion will not solve Egypt's food problem. In ten years, at the present rate of growth, the population will have increased by 5,000,000.

"The land cannot support us all," an Egyptian economist said. "We must industrialize, or we will still be hungry. We must build more factories to spin and weave our cotton and wool, to mill rice, process cottonseed, transform cane into sugar, and bagasse into paper. We must produce our own fertilizers and pesticides." Then, half in earnest, half in jest, he added, "Maybe the fellah is right when he says he draws vitality from the mud and water of the Nile. Perhaps, if we put him in a factory, he will not be so fecund. That seems to be our only hope."

THE END

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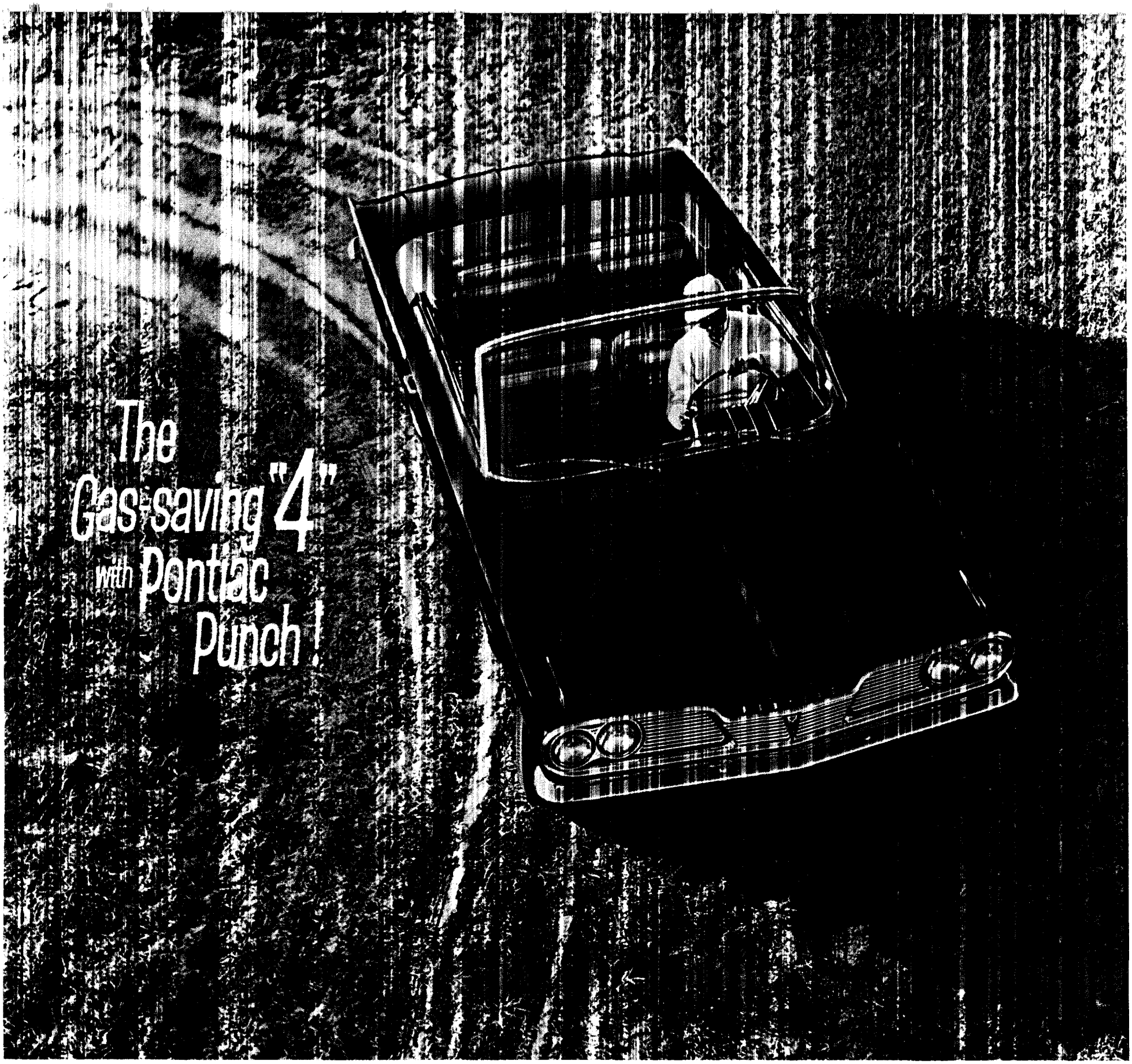

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Backstage With CAROL

By PETE MARTIN

Among fabled rarities are a blue moon and hen's teeth. There are those who feel that comediennes who possess the quality of a Carole Lombard, a Kay Kendall or a Bea Lillie are just about as scarce. It is therefore no light compliment to a tall, bucktoothed, twenty-eight-year-old girl named Carol Burnett that ever-increasing numbers of television fans insist that she is kin in spirit to these fabulous three.

Carol's face is as mobile as the horsy countenance of the French comic Fernandel. But even when she is mugging, which she does with uninhibited gusto, her visage is not as rubbery as Martha Raye's, whom she respects as the world's greatest woman comic. In the lexicon of show business a female comic and a comedienne are two very different things. Carol considers herself a comedienne, an actress who does comedy parts. A woman comic is, in the better sense of the word, a female clown.

Carol Burnett is on view on Tuesdays at ten P.M. (E.S.T.) as a part of Garry Moore's C.B.S.-TV show, a genial *divertissement* apparently tailored for those who have had enough of the peace marshals, private investigators and situation comedies stretching interminably across the country's TV screens. On the Moore show Carol can be six or seven wildly different characters in a single hour. She is equally convincing as a slob or a slinky glamour puss.

But there is one Carol Burnett most television addicts have never seen: herself. She cannot face an audience without hiding inside one of her characterizations.

This was one of the things I learned in her Central Park South apartment, in New York, where she perched on a loveseat the color of chocolate pudding. She confessed: "I have to be somebody else to do *anything* at all before a camera. Take photographs. If I'm doing character stuff, I horse around happily all afternoon having my picture taken, but if I have to be myself in a picture, I'm stiff as a popsicle. I'm never myself on a stage, or on a screen, or in a night spot like the Blue Angel, where I first sang *I Made a Fool of Myself Over John Foster Dulles*, and all hell broke loose. I have to be introduced as, 'And now, here's Carol Burnett, who's playing Lady Dither,' or some such character. Then I'm fine."

Her right knee supported her chin. Her left sock touched the floor. If another girl had arranged herself in such a bizarre anatomical tangle, the effect would have been grotesque. In Carol's case I was only conscious of the fact that she has a good figure, shapely legs, large luminous eyes.

The Carol Burnett I was seeing was thoroughly feminine, but it was as if she were trying to conceal that fact under a bulky sweater, a pair of nondescript slacks, feet clad in soiled socks. No shoes. On the Moore show her voice ranges from the grinding sound of gears refusing to mesh to a sepulchral alto. In ordinary conversation it rests pleasingly upon the ear. Offscreen she is free from the spasms of compulsive mugging and self-uglification which exposure to a TV camera seems to throw her into. As a conversationalist she is honest, direct, uninhibited, sprightly. She sprinkles her sentences with words and phrases from the current vernacular. Her pronouncements are often sage beyond her years.

I asked her why top-flight comediennes have always been a scarce commodity.

"Most women," she explained, "are obsessed with an outmoded sense of modesty. They labor under the necessity of being ladylike. They are afraid that being funny is unfeminine. Most men seem to have the same idea about comediennes. They laugh at us, but they're wary of us as women. Men might date a comedienne, but marrying her is different. They're afraid they'll latch onto a doll who'll always want to be a barrel of laughs—day and night. In my own case, however, I'm never onstage in my private life. Actually I freeze when I go to a party and strangers say, 'Make us laugh!' My idea is to be funny when I'm supposed to be and shut up when I'm supposed to shut up."

I was getting chunks of the direct, unabridged, unedited Carol Burnett on the tape in my tape recorder which the public never hears. Here is some of it:

PETE: Maybe comediennes are rare because it's difficult to be one.

CAROL: If you're a woman it's difficult to break through the barrier of having others accept you as funny. There's all that training you've had since you were three. Be a lady! Don't yell or try to be funny! Just be a nice little girl. Sit quietly with your knees close together and speak only when you're spoken to. Women are afraid to make themselves unattractive. I'm not afraid of that, goodness knows! But all but one in a million women are afraid to mess up their hair, not wear lipstick, slouch, look flat-chested. Me? The sloppier I am, the more comfortable I am, the better I feel in a comedy sketch.

For that matter, you can be sexy and still be a comedienne. Take Shirley MacLaine, one of the most talented comedy actresses I've ever seen. But she's different from Martha Raye, different from Imogene Coca, and different from Nancy Walker, who are all wonderful and talented clowns. And of course Nanette Fabray's comedy is very feminine and very subtle. I love to watch Nanette and Sid Caesar.

PETE: You don't think you have to be slobby to be funny?

CAROL: No. I'm not terribly chic. I'm not *soignée*. Right now my socks are dirty because I did some steps on the rehearsal floor today without shoes on. I'm wearing slacks and a bulky sweater, but I'm very comfortable. Some people confuse that with being slobby.

I asked her why she thought she had been so successful, what she had that other girls don't have.

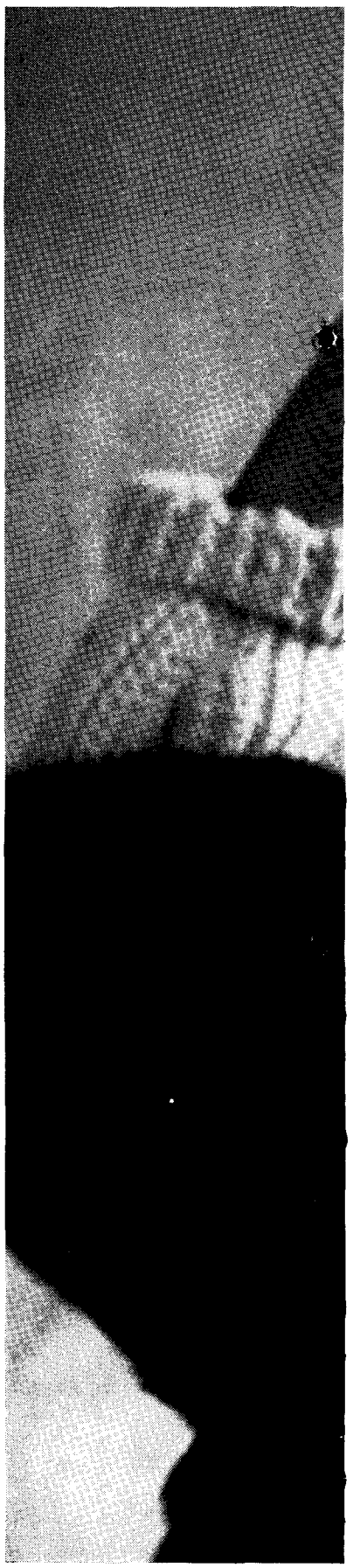
"I don't think I have any more than hundreds of girls in New York have who are longing to do what I'm doing," she told me. "I've seen girls who are so funny they knock me out. Why aren't they performing for the public? The answer is simple. Luck. They weren't there the day I auditioned for Garry Moore.

"Not long ago," she went on, "I was being interviewed by a beady-eyed little man who made me feel as if I were under analysis. He asked, 'Why do you do comedy? Is it because you *want* to have people love you? Is it because you suffer a deep sense of insecurity from being cuffed around as a kid?' I told him, 'Everyone wants to be loved. That's normal. But as a child I never had to clown to make people like me.' Not that I ever felt particularly gorgeous, but I was a good athlete in school. I had a lot of friends. I wasn't homely, nor was I terribly attractive. I was just average."

It wasn't until she tried out for a one-act play as a student at U.C.L.A.'s Theater Arts Department and heard people laugh at her, when they were supposed to laugh, that she began to think of herself in comedy parts. If that audience had laughed when it wasn't supposed to laugh, she would have dropped acting then and there.

A boy named Don Saroyan was also studying in the U.C.L.A. Theater Arts Department, and for their final exam their professor asked them to do a scene from *Annie Get Your Gun* at a party in San Diego. Carol told me, "At that party this fifty-year-old man approached us. He'd been drinking, and he said, 'I like you two kids. What are your plans?' We both said we wanted to go to New York because, unless you look like Marilyn Monroe or Tony Curtis, you have to get away from L.A. to be discovered. Also I was more stagestruck than Hollywood-struck. I wanted to be in a musical comedy.

"When this man asked, 'Why aren't you in New York now?' Don and I both said, 'Money!' I certainly had none. I worked weekends as a cashier in the box office at the Iris Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard to pay for my tuition. 'What's money?' the man asked. 'When I came to this country, I didn't have a cent. Today I'm worth millions. I'll send you to New York. Come see me next week. I'll arrange it.' Don and I thought it was the liquor talking and, since it's a long way from



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BURNETT

"She can do anything," says her boss, Garry Moore. But this willowy Californian is satisfied to remain TV's hottest new comedienne—for now.

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Photographs by Dennis Stock

Carol and Garry rehearsing. In 1956, while supporting herself as a hat-check girl, Carol auditioned for Moore's TV show. He laughed hard, hired her on the spot. "He's the kindest man I've ever met!"

CAROL BURNETT

Los Angeles to San Diego for a wild-goose chase, we said, 'Look, we'll call you from L.A.'

"But the following week when we phoned him, we got the surprise of our lives. He was stone sober and very businesslike. He said, 'Be in my office tomorrow at ten A.M.' Our hopes began to build. We thought, *Gosh, maybe he'll give us one-way plane tickets.* When we reached San Diego, it turned out that this man owned a construction company and was worth a lot of moola. He said to Don and me, 'I think you're both sincere, so I'm going to help you.' He gave us each a $1000 check. Then he went on: 'There are stipulations. This is a loan. There will be no interest, but I want you to pay it back in five years. You mustn't reveal my name. If you do, everybody will beat on my door. You must use this money to get to New York. Don't squander it here. If you succeed in your profession, help others financially the way I'm helping you.'"

In August, 1954, Carol went east to New York. She moved into the Rehearsal Club, a hotel for stagestruck girls. When Don came east in September, he settled across the street from the Rehearsal Club and got a job as an usher at the Roxy. "At least *he* was in show business," Carol says. The girls at the Rehearsal Club were given not only rooms, but board, so each night Carol took part of her dinner across the street to Don. She was checking hats at Susan Palmer's Restaurant on 49th Street. Her tips averaged thirty dollars a week. Her room and board at the Club was eighteen dollars. That left her twelve dollars to squander on such things as toothpaste and movies. (Both she and Don felt they must hoard what was left of their $1000-checks and make it last.) When she wasn't checking hats, Carol made the round of theatrical agents.

The agents, of course, gave her their stock stall: "I can't submit you for anything because I haven't seen you work." She asked, "How can you see me work unless you submit me for a job?" In desperation one agent finally asked, "Why don't you put on your own show?"

Carol was president of the Rehearsal Club at the time. She called a meeting of the girls and proposed that they put on a show. Twenty-five of them went along. Don Saroyan directed their production. They badgered writers into thinking up skits and sent letters to agents inviting them to their show. The agents reacted as if they had been prodded with electric canes, but some of them came.

Carol did two acts. In her first she and two other girls were twelve-year-old boys. Her second was a spoof on Eartha Kitt singing *Monotonous*. Eartha's version was very sexy, involving at least three chaise lounges. Carol did it in an old bathrobe, with curlers in her hair.

As a result of this frolic by the Rehearsal Club, Carol obtained an agent, and Don Saroyan landed a job directing industrial shows. Soon Carol was booked for a week to sing the praises of aluminum foil at a Chicago industrial show. That was in 1955. In December she auditioned at NBC for ventriloquist Paul Winchell's show and became a regular on it for thirteen weeks, singing to Paul's dummy. She sang very straight. No comedy.

In 1956 she met Garry Moore and auditioned for him. A young man named Ken Welch had written a seven-minute routine for her. Appropriately enough, it was about a girl auditioning for a Broadway show. That seven-minute chunk of material was all she had. Garry was in a control room paneled with glass. She couldn't hear his reaction, but she could see him laugh, and that put her at ease. When she finished, he emerged and asked, "Do you have anything else?"

"No, sir," Carol said. "That's it."

Garry said, "OK, I want you on my show."

"There was no 'Thankyouverymuch, We'llcallyou. Don'tcallus,' or any of that stale routine," Carol told me. "Boy, was I happy!" On November 9, 1956, Garry put her on his morning show, and she was a hit. A couple of months later she was Ed Sullivan's guest. For the next couple of years she worked not only on Garry Moore's morning show but as a guest on other TV shows; at the same time she was starring at the Blue Angel nightclub. Since November 19, 1959, she has been a regular on Garry's night show.

I told her that I had talked to Garry about her twice at great length, and it was obvious that he was genuinely fond of her. "You know what I think of him?" she asked. "He's an *angel!* Garry has taught me many valuable lessons, not by sitting me down and telling me, but by letting me watch him work. Moreover, he's the kindest man I've ever met. I've never seen him cut anybody short, be rude to anybody, yell at anybody."

She paused, then went on, "Garry has even worked out a system for handling crackpot letters. Most of them are unsigned, but when he gets a signed crank letter, he returns it with a letter of his own. 'Dear So and So: This letter arrived on my desk a few days ago. As a responsible citizen, I think you ought to know that some idiot is sending me mail over your signature.' He never gets an answer."

I said, "A friend of mine who sat through a rehearsal of the Moore show told me that you go through in low gear, that it's only when you're actually doing the show that you give it the works."

"You do get revved up when you face an audience," she said. "It makes your adrenalin spurt. It's magic.

"If Garry has a very funny line in a sketch and he thinks it would be funnier if I said it, he gives it to me," Carol went on. "He doesn't want to be the whole hog. This is one of the secrets of his TV indestructibility. It also shows how carefully he guards my best interests. Moreover, he kind of rations me to the public, and he's right. He doesn't use me to the point where the audience tires of me. I may be on twelve minutes, I may be on less. That's just fine! I'm not a star, and that's the way I want it to be."

Carol gathered her thoughts, then added, "One of the things that Garry says to an audience to warm them up before a show is, 'I suppose you all wonder what Durward Kirby is *really* like?' This a rib on the people who ask, 'What is the *real* Jack Paar like?' Garry says, "The truth is, Dur is not one person. He's three midgets glued together.' Garry and I are the same height. We're both five-seven. Dur is six-feet-four. *Anyone* would look short next to him."

"Kirby is a great foil for you," I suggested.

"Dur is far more than a foil," she said. "He started as an announcer doing commercials, but he is now a very competent comedian. He's been offered many parts in Broadway shows. It wasn't until Garry began his night show that Dur began to

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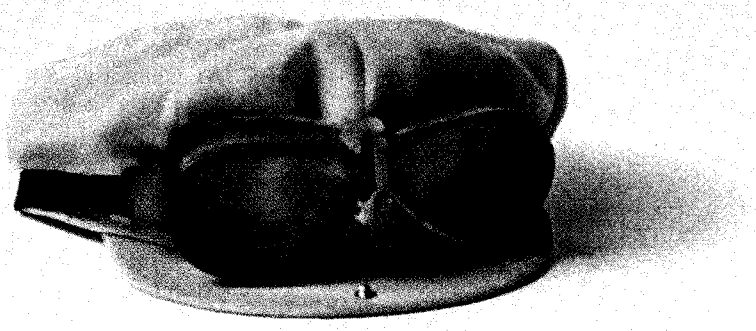

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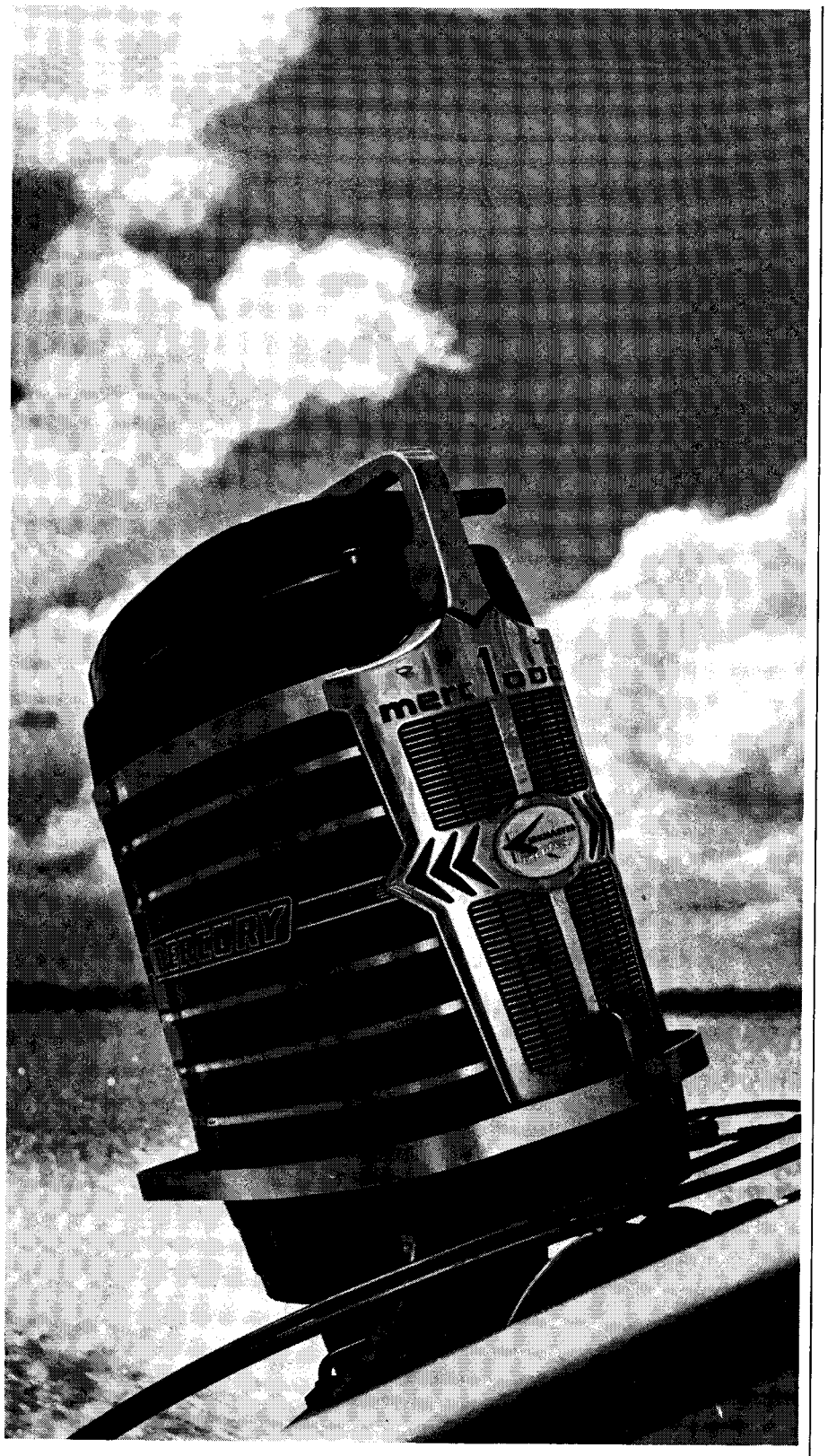

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CAROL BURNETT

flower as a comedian, if that's the word for it. I don't know whether comedians flower, or just happen. Dur and I get along well. We laugh it up a lot.

"One thing Dur and I do is put on little sketches we've made up during our rehearsal run-throughs on Fridays. Our skits don't last very long, but they break the crew up and they make the day seem shorter. Our skits are never dirty, but they're a little risqué. We couldn't do them on television. In one of our sketches, Dur was a doctor and I was a patient. He wore a white doctor's coat and I had on horn-rimmed glasses and I said, 'Doctor, I have a problem with my bosom.' Dur told me soothingly, 'It's not noticeable.' I said, '*That's* my problem.'"

I wondered if she thought that a career girl's success is likely to interfere with romance. Specifically I wondered if her success explained the fact that she and Don Saroyan were separated. They had been married in 1955. Carol explained that what she calls "our ego problem" had led to their parting in 1959.

"The fact that I've been successful far beyond anything I deserved did have something to do with it," she said. "What made it particularly rough was that Don wanted to be an actor too. If he'd wanted to be a director, it wouldn't have been so hard. The fact that I was making more dough than Don didn't bug me, but since he was a man it bothered him."

She added thoughtfully, "Chances are, if I marry again, I'll still make more money than my husband. In this business, if you're in demand, you're overpaid. But I'm glad it bothered Don and that he didn't say, 'O.K., my wife's working, so I'll sit on my duff.' Anyway, the situation was unnatural. One day we just looked at each other and said, 'This is it.'

"We keep in touch and, when we see each other, we have more to talk about than we used to have. It wasn't one of those screaming 'I hate you' deals. Now Don's a resident producer and director for a musical theater in San Diego, so you can see it was good for him to get away from me."

Here is another chunk of my Carol Burnett interview straight from my tapes:

PETE: How did you happen to sing a love song to John Foster Dulles?

CAROL: I sang it for the first time at the Blue Angel in 1957. Ken Welch wrote it for me. Entertainers usually open in a nightclub with a "Hello! Hello! We're glad to see you! We're glad you could be here tonight!" type of song. There were four twenty-minute acts at the Angel. I was on second. I wasn't the headliner. I'd never even played a nightclub before, and I wanted an opening number that would make the customers stop gabbing and listen to me. This was at the height of the rock 'n' roll craze. Teen-agers were falling in love with Elvis Presley as if shot down by machine guns. Ken and I thought, *Whom would it be funny for a teen-ager to fall in love with?* We thought up a few names and rejected them. Then Ken said, "What about John Foster Dulles?" I thought it a hysterical idea. Mr. Dulles was a fine man, but he was anything but a sex symbol. When I came out and sang a beguine-type song called *I Made a Fool of Myself Over John Foster Dulles*, people choked on their drinks.

One night the *Jack Paar Show* called and said, "Will you come over and do a song?" I asked, "What song?" They said, "Your John Foster Dulles song." I said, "I don't think I should." They asked, "Why not?" I said, "For one thing it's political." It wasn't, of course, but I was afraid I might insult the Republicans, or some mixed-up Democrat might think I was on the Republican side. People *do* misconstrue an entertainer's motives. But I finally said, "Yes." I left the Blue Angel for a half hour and sang on the Paar show. By the time I got back to the club, a telephone call was waiting for me from the State Department. I thought, *This is it. I'm being deported back to Texas. I'm out of show business!* On the phone was Mr. Dulles's TV consultant, David Waters. He said, "I saw you. I heard it. I loved it." I almost screamed, "*You did?*" He said, "Yes, and I hope you'll do it again."

It was crazy. Papers kept calling and wanting copies of the lyrics. I was asked to go to Washington to sing it for Mr. Dulles. I couldn't go that day, and he went off on a world trek, so I never met him.

The lyrics open with me in prison saying, "It's so nice of you all to come and visit me here. I look forward to Tuesday because Tuesday is visiting day. You may wonder why I'm here in prison. Well, it all started this way. I made a fool of myself over John Foster Dulles. The first time I saw him was at the UN. I had never been one to swoon over men. But drums pounded in my heart, and I made a fool of myself over John Foster Dulles."

The lyrics tell how I followed him every place because I was madly in love with him, and one afternoon at an airport I got close enough to touch him. I grabbed for his sleeve, but by mistake I got his briefcase, and everybody thought I was a spy. That's why I was in prison. I couldn't convince the FBI I was simply on fire with desire.

PETE: I can see how it might have been difficult.

When I asked Carol about her early life, she told me, "My parents moved from Texas to California in 1935, when I was two. They left me in Texas with my grandmother. Dad and mother kept separating, so grandma raised me. Finally we moved to Los Angeles in 1940. My sister Christine was born in 1944, after one of the brief periods my mother and father spent together. They were divorced in 1946. Dad died in 1954, and mother died in 1958. I began to look after Chris when she was twelve.

"Chris is five-feet-eight-and-a-half. This girl is really stacked. She's built like Sophia Loren. Chris was seventeen in December. She's a home-loving girl, and she wants to marry early, like eighteen or nineteen. She's a wonderful girl."

"Does bringing up a teen-ager like Chris present any problems?" I asked.

"Oh, my, yes," she laughed. "When I'm just Sissy it's fine. When I have to be mother, we have a few fights, but I have to be both just the same."

"What do you plan to do next?" I asked.

"I'd love to do musical comedies for the rest of my life," she said quickly. "Being on the stage would be my idea of heaven. But I don't have to rush, and I'm going to be very careful about what I do on Broadway, because that's what I really want. As for my immediate future, I don't plan to branch out in a regular TV series myself. Even if somebody came up with a smashing *Carol Burnett Show*, I wouldn't do it. The last thing I want is to shove myself down people's throats every week."

Listening to Carol, I remembered some of the things Garry had told me about her. "This kid can do anything," he had said. "Never in my life have I run into so certain a talent. Actually, if she wanted to, she could be a great serious actress."

On February 13 Carol announced that she will not be back on the Moore show on a regular basis next season. She will, however, make many guest appearances on the program. Moore said that the move will be made "so she can try her wings in other fields—particularly Broadway and motion pictures." She is leaving with his blessing.

THE END

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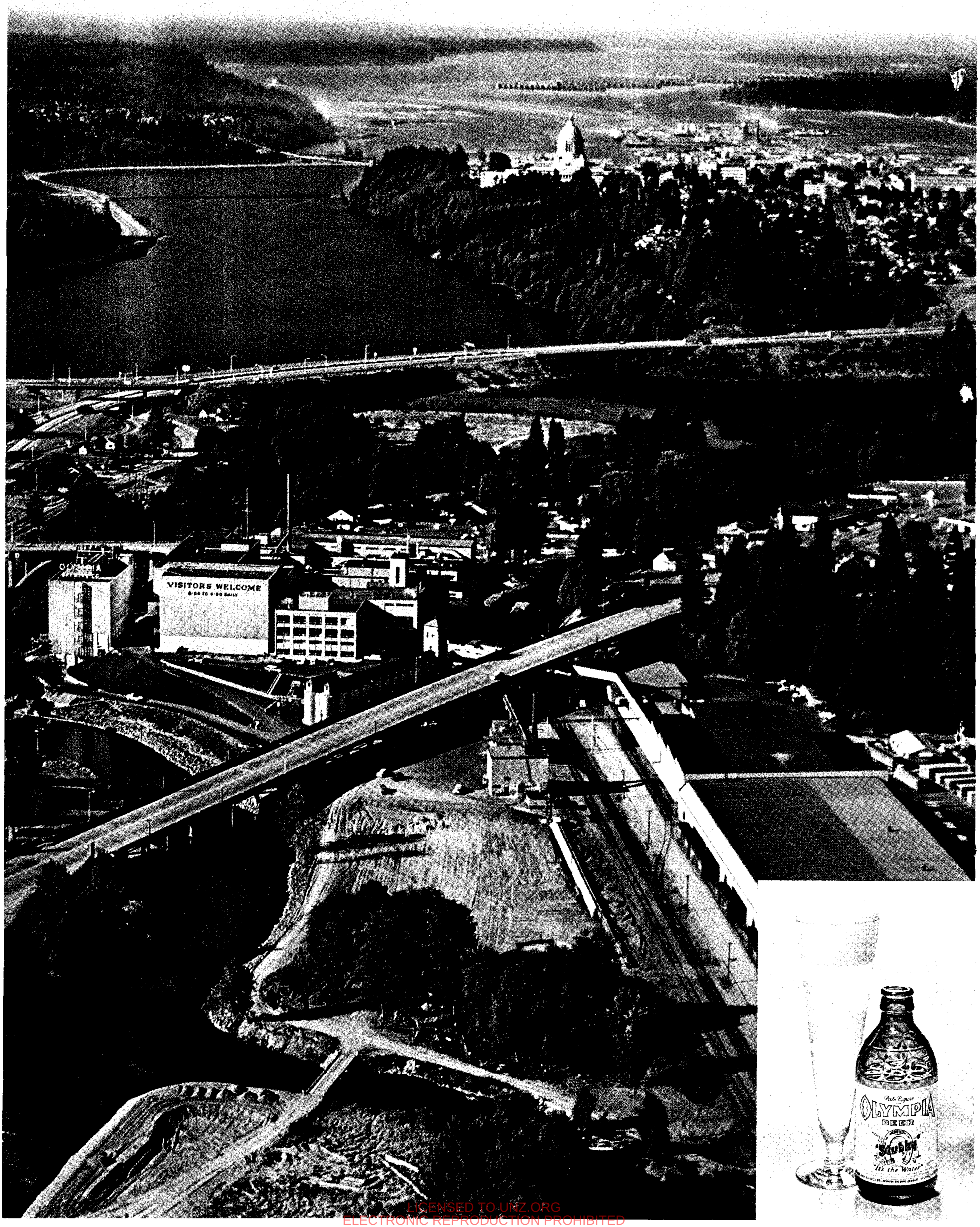

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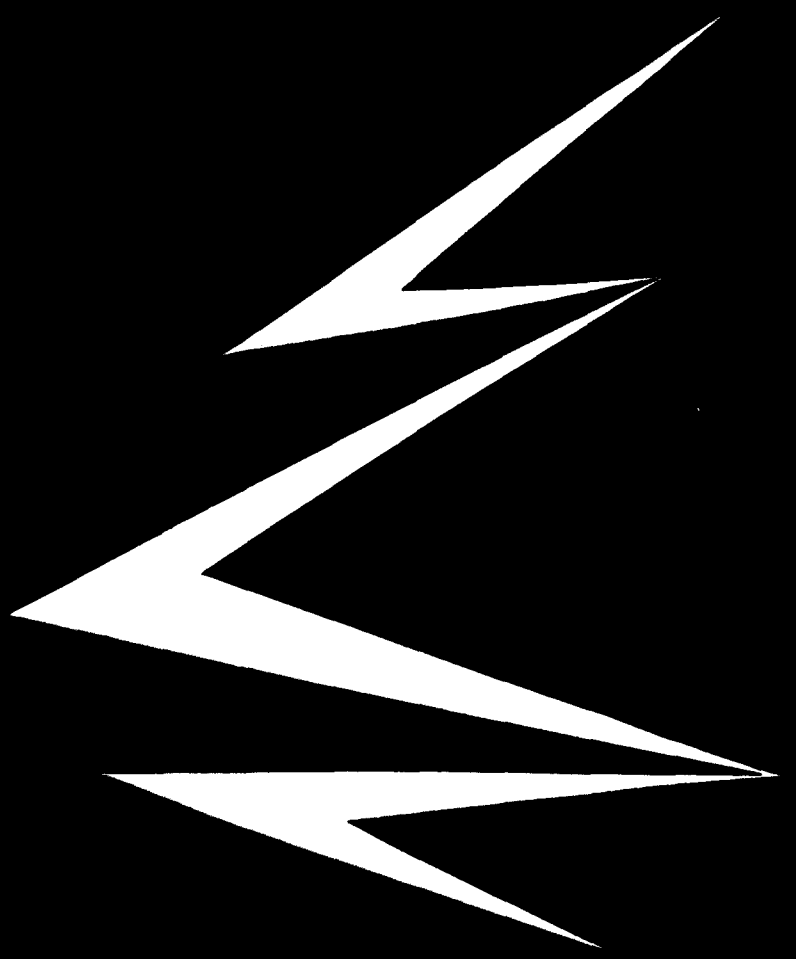

TWENTY MILLION LIVES DEPENDED ON HIS DECISION TO

FLY INTO FEAR

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BY ROBERT CRAIG

When Jim Whooten had closed the door behind him, Dan introduced him to the two hard-faced men. "Colonel Kuykendall," Dan said as casually as possible, "this is Captain Whooten, my liaison officer. . . . Mr. Green, Captain Whooten."

As Jim shook hands with each of the men, Dan was sharply aware of how shrewdly the colonel and the man named Green studied the young captain.

"You inspected Paradise Creek day before yesterday, didn't you?" Dan asked as they all sat down.

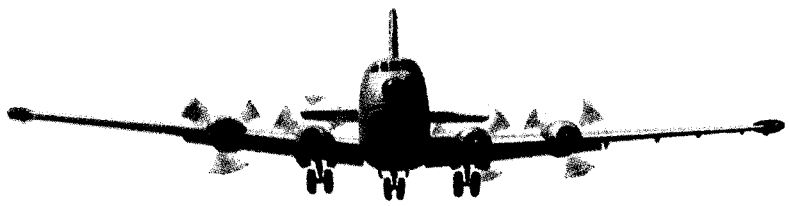
"Yes, sir," Jim said.

"Can we get a big one in and out of there tomorrow?"

"Not a big one, sir," Jim said. "Not a chance."

"Why not?" Colonel Kuykendall's question cracked like a stock whip.

One of Jim's responsibilities was to check a line of seedy little airstrips in the Alaskan wilderness; to be able to tell whether or not the great C-124's—the Globemasters—could slam in on them at around a hundred miles an hour with supplies for the Distant Early Warning radar sites. Flying in and out of Elmendorf Air Force Base in a light plane, Jim spent most of his time, winter and summer, checking runways whose names would make a veteran groan in his sleep—Kalkakeet Creek, Cape Newenham, Sparrevohn, Utopia Creek, Granite Mountain, Tin City and Paradise Creek. Jim was a crack pilot, and all the other pilots in "Operation Shoehorn" had learned to trust his judgment. In the end, however, even Jim's judgment wasn't enough. The final decision—the go-or-no-go decision—was always Dan's to make, and Dan listened now, sensing Jim's attitude as well as listening to his words.



"The runway at Paradise Creek, sir," Jim was telling the colonel, "is in sorry shape. The shoulders are crumbled and potholed. It has a frost heave five feet in diameter at about eleven hundred feet from the top, centered in the runway. Except for the frost heave, that center runway is solid ice."

"Is the center wide enough for the main landing gear?" Dan asked.

"Barely."

"How thick is the ice?" Dan wanted to know.

"A six-inch cap."

"Will it hold?" Colonel Kuykendall asked.

"If this cold holds," Jim said carefully, "the ice will hold in the center—not on the shoulders. But that center ice is too slippery and uneven."

"What do you mean 'uneven'?"

Colonel Kuykendall's brusqueness was so flagrant it sounded rude, but there was an underlying tone of urgency that seemed to excuse rudeness.

"Sir, if you can imagine sixteen barrels nailed one on top the other, opening to opening," Jim went on patiently, "all slanting uphill at twelve degrees and covered with ice, you'll have a pretty good picture of the Paradise Creek runway. Ride a tricycle up and down it, and that's our landing problem."

The two newcomers stared at each other uneasily before Colonel Kuykendall turned back to Dan.

"Major," he began, "we know about Globemasters—galloping freight trains. I wouldn't be caught dead flying one. But that's your job, and you're in command here. Now, all I want to know is, can we get a Globemaster into Paradise? If it helps in making your decision, we've got to get one in before the weather closes down."

Dan was trying to remember all the difficult landings he'd ever made; trying to picture the runway at Paradise as Jim had described it; trying to get the feel of it. The others let him alone, and the silence among them was so complete he could hear his own breathing. He looked at Jim Whooten once more, but Jim wouldn't look back at him.

"What's the parking area at the top like?" Dan asked.

"Slanting, sir," Jim said, looking up. "The ice has built up under the cliff. It slopes off to the lip on a four- to five-degree grade."

Dan imagined himself turning the Globemaster on that ice shelf that wasn't as big as a football field and that had a cant of five degrees to it.

"How big a bump can the package take?" he asked.

"It can take a bit of jostling," Green said, "but not much. Can't you set her down easy?"

"We can try," Dan said, coming around on the last approach to his decision. "But a landing at Paradise is a little on the mad side right now. You know we land going uphill, don't you?"

Green stared at him for a moment, then repeated his question word for word in the same relentless voice. "Can't you set her down easy?"

Colonel Kuykendall was staring at him in the same way Green was, and Dan realized they were as alike as two peas in a pod—two big wheels, two tough cookies, ordered to do the impossible and determined to do it. He didn't like it at all, but he was part of their team now.

"We can try," he said, using exactly the words he, too, had used before.

"Who's your best pilot, major?" the colonel asked.

"I'll do the flying," Dan said. "Jim will copilot."

"When can we take off?"

Tomorrow's sun would not rise until 9:47. There wouldn't be enough light to land at Paradise Creek until 10:30, and it would take three hours' flying time to get there. Figure it backward.

"If the weather holds, sir," Dan said, "we'll take off at oh-seven-thirty tomorrow."

Colonel Kuykendall rose, and they all stood up.

"Organize your movements, Major Brantly," he said, "in accordance with my instructions. With the exception of you and Captain Whooten, no one—no one even in your own unit—is to know where you are going. You will have the aircraft delivered to Hangar Fourteen. It will be on-loaded at oh-four-hundred inside the hangar. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

Dan decided he'd better pop a salute. He snapped it off like an infantry sergeant, and the colonel returned it, pleased. When the door had been closed behind the colonel and Mr. Green, Dan and his copilot sank back in their chairs.

"What are we hauling?" Jim asked.

"Thirty-nine thousand pounds."

Jim started as if he'd been slapped and then settled back into a long, morose quiet.

"There are four-story apartment houses," he said finally, "that aren't as big as what we fly around in, and you propose to set that down with a twenty-ton load on an iced rabbit trail?" He shook his head sadly. "We've been flying together for three years, and I've just got to tell you—this time you're asking more of the plane than it can do, more of the runway than it can stand."

Dan took a cigar out of his desk. Rolling it back and forth in his fingers, he tried to add up the score. Jim had become one of the all-time friends of his life. Jim was one of the few who understood his silence and his sometimes clumsy ways and who had never taken the necessary disciplines personally. For his part, Dan depended on Jim for friendliness and he had a deep respect for Jim's opinion. There was no question that Jim was right about this trip—right as far as he went. But was Dan really asking more of the aircraft than it could do? What an airplane could do was the sum of the airplane *and the pilot*. A green pilot couldn't put a Globemaster down at Paradise Creek in the summertime, but in the last three years Dan had done that a hundred times. Maybe he could do it even now. Was he pushing his luck? Would he crack up on—on his last mission?

On the other side of the score card, there was something Jim didn't know, something he didn't need to know, something Dan couldn't tell him. Colonel Kuykendall had told Dan just enough about "the package" so that Dan would understand the urgency. It was a new electronic sensor. It could sense from an incredible distance the position and rise of an enemy missile from the instant the engines were turned on. If they could get this "package" installed on top of the mountain above Paradise Creek, it would mean that American antimissile missiles could destroy enemy missiles long before they were over the United States. "We believe," Colonel Kuykendall had said, "that this gadget will save twenty million American lives." What argument could balance that one?

"Which aircraft is ready to go?" Dan asked.

"Old One-zero-five."

"Fuel her," Dan said, finally lighting his cigar.

"Yes, sir," Jim said, almost defeated. "With that weather moving in," he went on in one last try, "we may not even find Paradise tomorrow. If we do and we get in, we may not get out—and you won't get back to California this month."

"O.K.," Dan said. "So pack a toothbrush."

"How much should I know about this flap?"

"Only this," Dan told him: "We'll carry in two black boxes—big ones, heavy ones—and all their installation equipment. Everything is mounted on runners, and our off-loading time at Paradise shouldn't be more than forty-five minutes. They have their own installation crew with them—six men, all of whom are armed. All we do is fly 'em in."

"I wonder what the stuff is," Jim said.

"Call Sergeant Ellis," Dan said, "for flight engineer."

"Yes, sir," Jim said and began to take notes.

"For loadmaster, Sergeant Coin. Have Coin and his crew at Hangar Fourteen at oh-three-hundred

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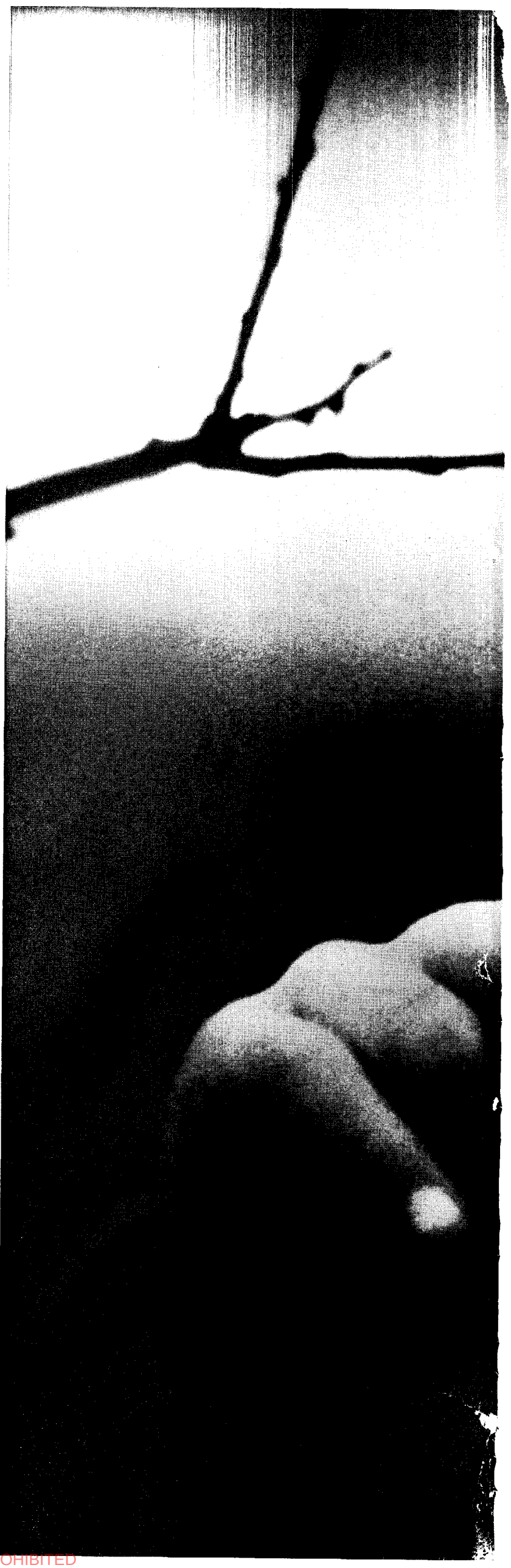
Why don't the drops fall?



• Why do they stick to the twig? Where did they come from? When will they fall?

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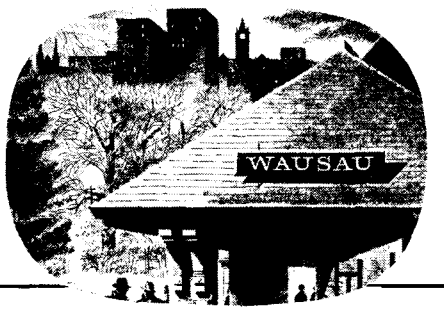
Wausau Story



Another report about "GOOD PEOPLE TO DO BUSINESS WITH"

How home-grown ideas outfox the foxes

by **EDWARD FROMM**

President of the world-famous
Fromm Brothers Fur Farms, Hamburg, Wisconsin

"This year the 'crop' on our old family farm near Wausau includes some 20,000 fox pelts in a range of beautiful colors from sleek silvers to 'Golden Ambers,' the exclusive mutation we developed.

"Add mink—about 60,000—and I guess that puts us right up there among the largest fur raisers in the world. That's exactly what three of my brothers and I made up our minds we'd be some-

day. The oldest of us was 13 when the decision was made.

"And it was a tough decision to carry through. We literally had to 'outfox the foxes' to develop healthy litters. And we only had home-grown ideas to rely on for proper housing, feeding and ways of getting the luxurious furring that would come up to our standards and meet the requirements of top fashion designers.

"Speaking of requirements, none could be more rigid or demanding than those met by Employers Mutuals' people in handling our insurance. A fur farm isn't a factory. Our workers, mostly neighbors, must be protected in a special way . . . and accidents and losses must be prevented by applying a specific kind of knowledge. We count on Employers Mutuals' people for their own variety of home-grown ideas to give us the help we need whenever we need it. They're good people . . . and good people to do business with."

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FEAR on any kind of excuse. I don't want them to tell their families they're flying."

This was something else to consider—not just the safety of the crew members, but the future of their families; not just Alice and his four children, but Jim's wife and their two children, Sergeant Ellis's wife and three children, Sergeant Coin's wife and six children, and the wives and children of the men in the loading crew. What did that add up to? Some thirty people, not counting the families of Colonel Kuykendall, Mr. Green and the six men of the installation crew. But balance them against the lives of 20,000,000 Americans! There was still no argument.

"What's the temperature?" he asked.

"Thirteen below. Colder tomorrow."

"Good," Dan said, but he was thinking of something else, thinking he'd take Alice to the Officers' Club for a special dinner.

Alice had built her black hair up on top of her head. It was as if she were saying, "Look at my pretty ears and my blue eyes!" She was leaning across the table toward him, lovely in the candlelight.

"You're a strange fellow, Daniel," she told him. "Every once in a while you come home with a baby-sitter, cancel everything, get all dressed up and take me out as if you're going to propose again!"

"Something wrong with that?"

"I don't know," she said, watching him carefully. "It's just that in moments like this I always feel you have something big to tell me, but you talk so little you can't get it said. Would you be doing something dangerous tomorrow?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "I have to initial a report—very dangerous."

It was a good switch, but it didn't work.

"Flying your Globemaster tomorrow?" Her smile was gentle, but her eyes were looking directly down inside him.

"In this cold? Of course not."

"Since when has cold stopped you and your flying warehouse?"

"Careful—you're talking about the woman I love."

They began teasing and joking now, but there was a jealous color to her voice. "The woman you love! Fifty tons of fat lady—fat lady in the circus!" She was delighted with what she'd said and joyfully drove it home. He felt relieved. This conversational switch had worked, but, knowing Alice, he still had to be careful.

"What does she use for engines?" she was asking him. "Four old-fashioned apple slicers! And she flies like a manhole cover. What does she have that I don't?"

"Apple slicers," he said.

Her laughter sprang alive, a small spark from a bright little fire. Being a small spark, however, it died almost instantly.

"Dan," she whispered, "don't do anything foolish tomorrow. Please! I'm not kicking," she went on quietly but intensely. "These last three years have been fine. They've been good for the children and for you, and in a way I've loved it here. But in sixteen days and thirteen hours we leave for Castle—our favorite air base, and for San Francisco, our favorite city. I'd rather die there than live anywhere else. I don't want to take you back crippled. Please, Dan—don't stick your neck out."

He'd made the decision about the delivery to Paradise and he wasn't allowed to tell anybody why he'd made it. His heart was against it; Jim was against it; Alice was against it. He felt lonely. He didn't know what to say to her.

"How do I know you're going to stick your neck out tomorrow?" she asked. "By the look in your eyes, the lines in your face, the tone of your voice and by the way you chew your cigar."

He laughed in spite of himself, and a sharp idea popped into his mind.

"How about having the Whootens over for early cocktails and dinner tomorrow?" he asked.

"Fine," she told him, "but you're not fooling me for a minute. You're going on a mission tomorrow that you think is too dangerous for anyone else to fly. Don't risk anybody else's life. Oh, no—just your own. You're going to ——"

He whipped his hand up to his cheek and stroked it in a certain way. It was a sign they'd used for seventeen years and it meant, "Quiet. You're talking about a highly classified subject." She stopped talking instantly, and he saw in her face the realization that she was actually right—and he saw her fear too.

"What kind of husband do you want?"

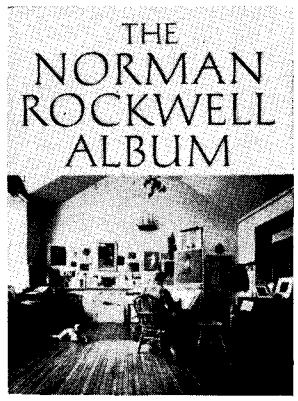
"A mean, rugged, wordless, stubborn, *stubborn* one!" she said.

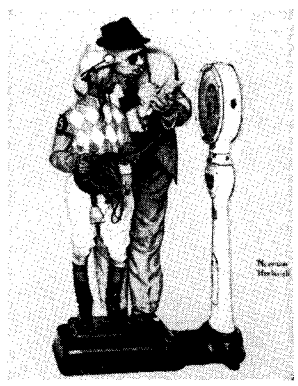
He reached across the table and took her hand in both of his and let the silence and the tobacco smoke drift between them. After all, in her own way she'd just told him she loved him.

"Steak or shrimp?" he asked finally.

"Shrimp," she said weakly.

The weather held, and at 10:20 the next morning, with the red sun seeming to be only an inch above the southern horizon, they were cruising at 8000 feet, Jim Whooten doing the flying. Mr. Green





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FEAR and the men were back in the deep body of the aircraft, guarding their carefully shrouded load. Colonel Kuykendall had started the trip in the observer's seat in the rear of the cockpit aisle, but he was on his feet now, leaning against the back of Dan's seat and watching the incredible land below and beside them.

Colonel Kuykendall touched Dan on the shoulder, and Dan slipped one earphone forward so that he could hear him.

"I don't like that weather up ahead!" the colonel called above the drone of the engines. "It's moving in too fast! How long before we get there?"

Some fifteen points off the port side, among a thousand other lights and shadows of the mountained earth, there was one rectangular freckle the size of half a matchstick. Dan pointed.

"Paradise Creek! There!" he said.

"Where?" the colonel asked.

"There!" Dan pointed again. "Fifteen degrees off the port."

"I still don't see it!"

"The closer you get, the smaller it looks!" Dan said and tried to laugh, but it didn't come off very well. "You'd better take your seat, sir," he told the colonel. "We'll be going in shortly."

Colonel Kuykendall looked at him blankly for a long moment. His face was gray and tense, and Dan knew he'd seen the airstrip. Without a word he stepped back to his seat to buckle down and put on his earphones.

Dan radioed in to Paradise Tower and said exactly what he was told to say.

"Air Force One-zero-five to Paradise Tower. Request instructions for landing. Colonel Kuykendall aboard."

The tower gave him the usual information with few variations. The wind wasn't quite ahead, but it wasn't too bad. Turbulence in the valley might be critical. The frost heave hadn't widened and it was exactly where Jim had said it would be. Caution: Runway iced and extremely slippery. Dan's hands went sweaty.

"Pilot to copilot and flight engineer," he said into the intercom.

"Copilot. Over," Jim said.

"Flight engineer. Over," Ellis said.

The three of them made one team. Dan would handle the controls and throttles; Jim, the flaps and the landing gear, and he'd cross-check every move Dan made; Sergeant Ellis in the compartment behind Jim would tend to the engines, propeller pitch and fuel flow. They were a well-practiced team.

"I'm taking over," Dan told them. "On the ball and stay on it. We're going in."

They were circling above the mountains, around the rim of the valley. Looking at Jim, he nodded and swung into the approach pattern.

Sergeant Ellis decreased the pitch of the propellers to add power and cut speed; Jim slipped out the approach flaps and lowered the landing gear on the downwind leg; and Dan never took his eyes off the end of that runway. At four miles out Dan rolled the nose of the Globemaster into line with the white scar on the mountain and headed into the "slot."

"Landing gear down and locked," Jim's voice said in his earphones. "Flaps at thirty degrees; airspeed a hundred forty percent of stall; rate-of-climb indicator reading down at four hundred eighty feet per minute.... That's better—it's five hundred now."

When he was three miles out, he knew he was actually in the slot. From here on in there was no margin for error whatever. If anything went wrong, he couldn't pull up and go around; the mountains were too high. There was only one way in and one way out—the slot, an imaginary roadway in the sky.

As they kited down to the very bottom of the valley, the Globemaster began to yaw, pitch and roll in the turbulent ground winds. Dan's feet, legs, arms and hands pushed, pulled, nudged and turned the controls as if each member of his body knew by itself what it was doing.

"Rate-of-climb indicator," Jim called, "down, five hundred feet per minute."

They were at the very bottom of the valley now, skimming across the frozen creek itself. They were coming in on the money—flying right into the bottom of the mountain. Now flare! Dan pulled the nose up to normal landing attitude; then higher and higher.

"Rate of climb, up seven hundred feet per minute!" Jim called. "Up! UP! Seven-fifty! Eight hundred! On the nose!"

At this moment, weighing seventy tons, climbing at 800 feet per minute and going less than a hundred miles an hour, it always felt as if the aircraft would stall out and drop like a dead duck. At just that instant, however, the landing gear—thirty feet beneath him—touched down, and instantly they were rolling, skidding, lurching and flying up the mountainside on the ribbon of ice. Dan poured the fuel to the engines, but it had to be just exactly the right amount of power. He had to have enough power to get up the mountain and to give him the rudder control that would minimize skidding. The runway ended at the top against a tree-studded cliff, however, and too much power would be as fatal as too little.

As they neared the top, he guided the nose wheel to the left of the frost heave, allowing the main landing gear to straddle it. When he could see the ground crews up ahead, he eased off the power. *Steady now*, he thought. *Easy does it!* He rolled his roaring, coughing giant up to the turn-around area. Braking his right wheels slightly, he called for reverse pitch on the propellers of the right engines, numbers three and four; and the Globemaster began a slow-motion pirouette.

He was only halfway round in the turning when he realized that something was wrong, and the voice from the control tower began yelling in his ears.

"Hold it! Hold it! You're skidding sideways! Hold it!"

The Globemaster was beginning to slide sideways down toward the lip of the rabbit path. Dan's stomach snapped tight as a golf ball. The voice from the tower was still yelling, "Hold it!"

Somewhere inside him a subdued voice of his own said, *Hold it? Nuts!* and he poured power back into the engines. With right engines still in reverse and the left engines in forward pitch, the aircraft's pirouette lost its slow motion, and the plane began swinging fast and cumbersomely, still skidding sideways down the ice shelf. As her nose came round, Dan called a new play.

"Emergency take-off," he said.

The propellers of the right engines were instantly pitched into forward; flaps were set, and he fire-walled the throttles. He had only enough time to get the nose wheel around the frost heave, and then they were thundering down the mountain for a take-off that might never happen. Because of the skidding, he had used up a precious 200 feet of runway—a late start, maybe too late. He was going to make this dangerously short take-off with twenty tons of cargo?

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He held her nose down for flying speed as long as he dared, and when he did lift it off, he wasn't sure that the landing gear wouldn't crash into the far bank of the creek. They couldn't have been ten inches off the ground, when Jim reported.

"Landing gear coming up."

They shot out over the creek ice, just missing the far bank and began to climb. There was only an aerodynamic equation to be worked out now. Were the lift and thrust of the Globemaster enough to hoist them clear of the valley? He held the nose up for every foot-per-minute of lift he could get, and nobody said anything. Ahead of him the trees on the mountain ridge were rushing at him so fast he could see the cool green color of spruce; then he could see the separate branches; then the trees were directly ahead; then underneath; then gone. Dan let out his breath in a long trembling sigh and looked at Jim. Jim just looked exceedingly tired and old.

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High, gray clouds were flooding in from the west, and Dan knew that very soon the wind would change and the snow would come in blinding, freezing veils. Again he had to make the command decision, and again there was that sense of loneliness.

"Air Force One-zero-five calling Paradise Tower," he radioed.

"Paradise Tower. Over," a shaking voice answered.

"When I come in this time," Dan told the tower, "I want the ice chocks already set exactly where you want me to park. Line up three of them for each main wheel. I'll turn around into them. Try to stop just behind them. Got it? Over."

"Got it, Major Brantly."

Dan flicked on the intercom. "Pilot to copilot and flight engineer. We're going back in."

When they were in the slot, they started down over the trees, down, down, yawing and pitching in the turbulence, down over the creek, the airstrip; again the flare, the touchdown, and the roaring, drunken scramble for the top.

This time he saw the ice chocks ready. Swinging ten yards closer to the cliff at the end of the strip, he put the Globemaster into her elephantine pirouette. He eased his main landing gear in behind the chocks and braked gently to a halt, but the Globemaster didn't stop. She kept inching forward, brakes locked, picking up speed.

"All engines reverse pitch," he said, his body stiffening. *Add power! . . . More! . . . More!* The engines were blowing ground snow forward past his windows in such a cloud of white that he could not see the ground, but he felt the skid slowing and finally he felt the soft crunch of tires against the ice chocks. He cut the power to idle. The cloud of snow dropped away, and he could see he was solidly still, the Globemaster only trembling to the beat of her idling engines.

And he saw something else—the lead-colored belly of the storm moving in over him, and here and there the first whizzing specks of new snow. He called the loadmaster on the intercom, and his words came hard and fast.

"Sergeant Coin! Off-load that stuff on the double! I'll give you thirty-five minutes. If you don't hack it, we'll be here until spring!"

Below and beyond them the snow was losing its whiteness, turning blue and purple in the growing gloom of the arctic storm, and the chill of the mountain air was deepening. Twenty-two degrees below zero, and the wind growing, changing and pushing loose snow toward them across the ice, but the ice itself shook with man-made business.

Men in hobnailed boots shouted orders from deep in the cowls of their fur-lined parkas. Diesel-powered tractors howled and lunged in their harnesses; and out of the open clam doors under the Globemaster's nose, hooded sledges were trundled, their runners screaming against steel, then purring along the hard ice. By the time Dan had finished checking the Globemaster for damage by hurled ice and had searched the enormous tires for cuts and bruises, the clam doors were closing again, and Colonel Kuykendall was telling him good-by.

"Great flying job, major," he shouted above the clattering of a crawler tractor.

Dan saluted him sharply, turned and climbed the two flights of ladders to the cockpit where Jim Whooten was waiting, with engines still idling. By the time they'd run up the engines, hurried through the check list and signaled for "chocks away," there were only minutes left with enough visibility for the last take-off of the winter from Paradise Creek.

He let off the brakes, opened the throttles and, with engines in full-throated yowl, he slipped the Globemaster over the lip of the ice shelf and banged down the mountain runway through the gathering dusk of the coming storm. When he pulled up her nose, she lifted off gladly, and, for the second time that day, climbed up through the slot and over the rim of the valley.

The tension drained out of him and, oddly enough, his body began to tremble. He thought of the lives that had depended on his little decision to make that delivery—Alice and the kids, Jim's family, the families of the crewmen and passengers, and those twenty million other Americans. Delayed fear and a sense of humbleness rose within him, jamming in his throat, and he didn't dare look at Jim.

"Take over," he said, fumbling in his pocket for a cigar.

"Yes, sir!" In his earphones Jim's voice was bright and ringing. "I wonder what the weather's like in California."

Dan wanted to say something funny, but he couldn't. He bit off the end of his cigar and lighted it. THE END

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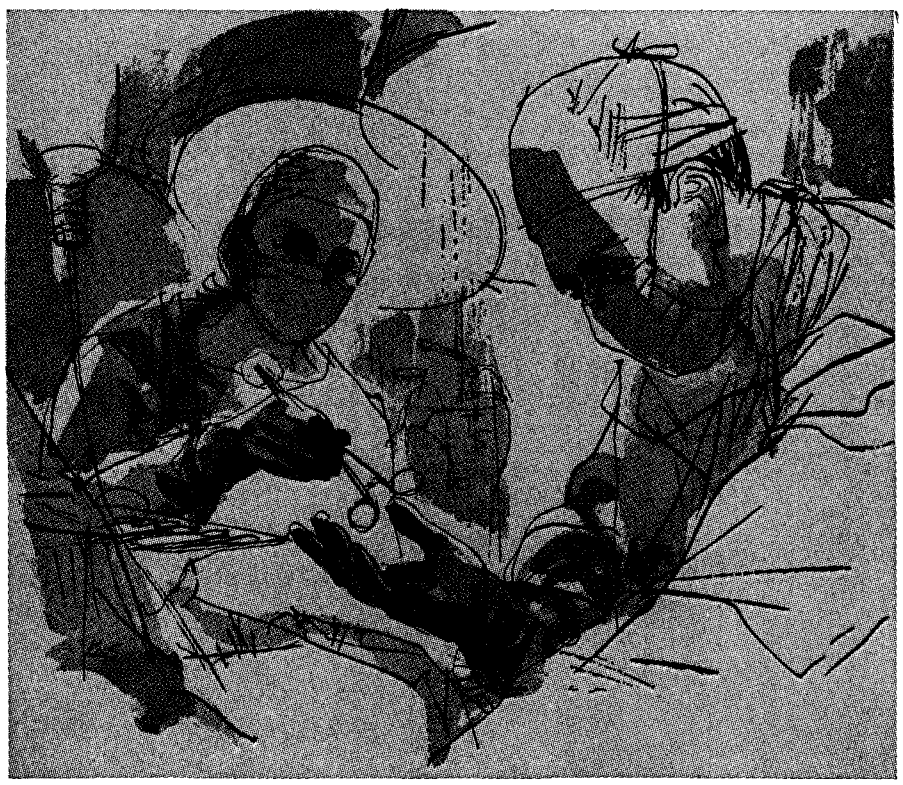

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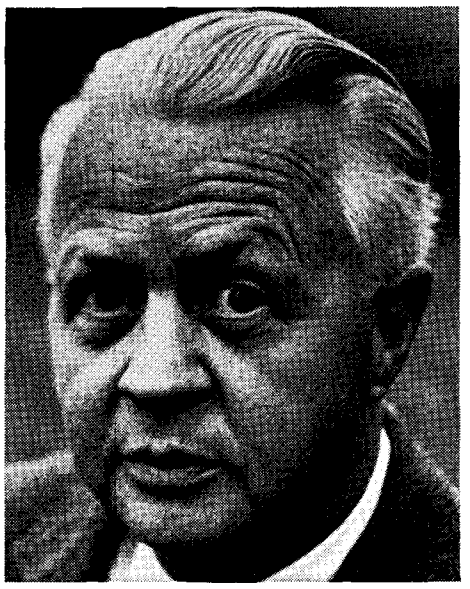
ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

AMERICA'S SECOND REVOLUTION

BY GERALD SYKES



Gerald Sykes, a former U. S. State Department public-affairs officer for North Africa, has lectured at various universities and is the author of three novels and many magazine articles on literature and psychology. The Hidden Remnant, *exploring the psychological aspect of government and the function of the superior citizen, has recently been published by Harper and Brothers.*

If any single anxiety may be said to unite the best thinkers of our time, it is anxiety about man himself. Scientists, historians, poets, theologians, novelists and philosophers all have warned that man gives little evidence as yet that he will be able to master his new responsibilities, which are most dramatically represented by his new weapons. Anthropologist Loren Eiseley reflected a consensus of learned opinion when he said, "We have not really conquered nature because we have not conquered ourselves."

It was through failures of statecraft that the dark side of modern man first became publicly evident. After 1914 and 1939 even the most sanguine could no longer regard our century as an age of wisdom. A dangerous primitive had been revealed under the surface of civilized man. A new kind of scientist announced that this primitive was responsible for our world wars and was constantly urging upon us other acts of moral abdication. The scientific discoverers of this reckless savage said, furthermore, that he existed in everyone, that all of us might, under pressure, give in to him. He was most destructive when we remained unaware of him. Our best hope of exorcising him lay in intensive and painful reeducation.

These new scientists were called depth psychologists. Under the leadership of Sigmund Freud they studied the buried hates and loves they found to exist in everyone. The psychologists disagreed with one another and failed to reach unanimous conclusions, but nevertheless they did more than any other group of thinkers of our time to illuminate our central anxiety.

Despite the popularity of books by depth psychologists, there is still no widespread awareness of the group's contributions to the problem of man as a social being. Many are acquainted with what the psychologists have said about dreams and emotions, but few of us realize that they have written at length about the causes of war and the trials of democracy, about man as a political being and about his collective ability to survive.

As thinking citizens we must repair this gap in our knowledge. The continuance of our species may depend upon it. If depth psychologists can help us avoid future failures in statecraft—failures which could prove even more disastrous than those of the past—we must give them our closest attention. What have these students of man said about statecraft? Since they are men discussing the nature of men, scientists whose work is influenced more by their personalities than is the work of physicists, for example, it would be a tactical error to restrict ourselves to a single spokesman. It is as a group, creating a valuable cross fire of personal disagreements, that these men have most to say.

Political scientists tell us that the political psychology of most people is traditional and emotional. On the whole they vote as their fathers did, and they take considerable satisfaction in doing so. Rather than choosing the candidate who will do most for them—or, preferentially, the most for the community—they indulge the reexpression of old passions. Political scientists hold that such behavior constitutes a serious threat to democracy, which depends for its survival upon the intelligence of the electorate. If burdened with too many emotionally directed citizens, democracy cannot compete with dictatorship, which can mobilize its people without regard to their prejudices or their feelings. The hope of democracy is obviously education in terms of enlightened self-interest.

As the depth psychologists point out, that kind of education is the hardest of all to achieve. It is far easier to teach people to read than to think about what they read. The real obstacle to education is emotion. People prefer to be guided by instinct and feeling, rather than by reason. Education of the kind needed by democracy requires that each individual explore patiently and critically the emotional sources of his errors. The depth psychologists have found that such individual exploration seldom occurs. It is, in short, difficult for any man to behave rationally.

All this suggests that political science has been far too optimistic about man. The modern concept of democracy was formed in the eighteenth century, in the so-called Age of Enlightenment, when it was assumed that large numbers of men would someday behave rationally. According to the depth psychologists, the evidence does not bear this out and, unless democracy pays heed to the evidence, there is little chance that its citizens will ever receive the kind of education which will contribute to their survival.

The warning of the depth psychologists may be illustrated by the story of a well-educated man

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who, though he was not susceptible to popular emotions, made a fatal political error. The German industrialist Fritz Thyssen was both able and cultured; he had acquired a great fortune in the steel industry and one of the finest collections of art in Europe. His political conditioning was not traditional or emotional, but shrewdly economic. No one could accuse him of lacking intelligent self-interest. And yet Thyssen was so confident of the power of reason to dominate unreason that he gave Adolf Hitler generous financial support during his early struggles. Privately Thyssen considered Hitler quite irrational, but subject to rational control. So he gave money to Hitler, when the fledgling dictator needed it most, believing that he was *buying* him. Thyssen was mistaken and paid dearly for his mistake. If he had understood the true forces at work in Hitler and the German people, Thyssen would not have made his mistake and some ugly pages in modern history might not have been written.

Swiss depth psychologist C. G. Jung saw the true forces of Hitlerian Fascism at work in Germany as early as 1936. He said that the *Reich* was in the grip of "a primeval Germanic factor" that refused to submit to rational control. But before attempting to understand what Jung meant, it will be best to review some of the earlier political findings of his teacher, Freud, who analyzed another form of totalitarianism.

In *Civilization and Its Discontents*, published in 1929, Freud examined Marxism from a new point of view and reached the conclusion that it was psychologically untenable. Freud's suspicions were aroused by the very pretension which had attracted many others to Marxism—the claim of the Communists to have delivered man from his traditional evils.

Freud wrote, of the Communists, "Man is wholeheartedly good and friendly to his neighbor, they say, but the system of private property has corrupted his nature. The possession of private property gives power to the private individual, and thence the temptation arises to ill-treat his neighbor. . . . If private property were abolished . . . ill will and enmity would disappear from among men. . . . By abolishing private property one deprives the human love of aggression of one of its instruments, a strong one undoubtedly, but assuredly not the strongest. It in no way alters the individual differences in power and influence which are turned by aggressiveness to its own use, nor does it change the nature of the instinct."

In short, aggressiveness is fundamental to man, and it is precisely when we try to ignore it that it takes its most murderous forms. Freud continued, "It is quite intelligible that the attempt to establish a new communistic type of culture in Russia should find psychological support in the persecution of the bourgeois. One only wonders, with some concern however, how the Soviets will manage when they have exterminated their bourgeois entirely." Freud's 1929 book reads at times almost like a preview of the Moscow Trials of 1936; he anticipated the tortures and massacres that accompanied those trials, as well as their disillusioning effect on foreign fellow travelers, some years before they took place.

This kind of insight is still not permitted in the Soviet Union, where the existence of the unconscious, which Freud discovered scientifically, is not recognized. Clearly the recognition of man's inner compulsions would soon destroy the Marxist doctrine that evil is sure to disappear in a classless society. Freud saw man as tragically at the mercy of desire and aggression, with hatred clearly discernible even in his rare moments of love. Marxists believe that man is inherently good and all his evil comes from bad institutions. Marxism claims that when the institutions have been corrected, under the dictatorship of the proletariat, evil will disappear. Freud says that when we romanticize man in this manner we cause him to become more destructive than ever. Furthermore, we practice self-deception.

If Thyssen had read Jung's essay *Wotan* when it was published, he might have foreseen the inevitable. Jung called the Nazis by name and said that they behaved as if they were "possessed " by an "irrational psychic factor, which acts like a cyclone on the high pressure of civilization and blows it away." Through his experiences with German patients who came to him for psychotherapy, Jung reached the conclusion that a great many Germans were emotionally in the grip of the ancient Teutonic god, Wotan.

In using the emotionally charged Wotan myth to explain the frenzied state of the German people during the Nazi period, Jung was suggesting that the Germans suffered less from their military defeat in 1918 and from their subsequent economic troubles than from their unconscious will to go berserk and to revel in the excitement of ancient rites and shibboleths.

ACCORDING TO MR. SYKES

"The hope of democracy is, obviously, education in terms of enlightened self-interest."

"From a psychological standpoint, Americans are seen to be in the midst of the most advanced and the most extensive moral revolution the world has known."

"Our objective political problem remains the same: We may be destroyed by ignorance or emotion, or by the two working together in some calamitous way."

Jung, however, did not share Freud's pessimism about all men. He saw the unconscious as not only a repository of repressed desires and aggressions but also as a possible source of personal re-education. If we availed ourselves of the curative powers of the unconscious, he believed, we might transcend even our most painful tragedies. Such a constructive use of the unconscious, however, was not accessible to everyone. "The masses," he said, "are blind brutes." Only a few individuals, who take the trouble to free themselves of mass illusions, are capable of real education or self-fulfillment.

Jung's emphasis on the self-fulfillment of the few did not please the Austrian, Alfred Adler, the most democratic and the most hopeful of the psychologists. Against the background of social upheaval which characterized the early decades of this century, Adler regarded the quest for self-fulfillment as dilettantism. He also regarded Freud's gloomy pessimism as mere self-indulgence. Freud, he said, avoided political commitment, found fault brilliantly with those who did attempt to improve the social condition of man, and retreated into an empty preoccupation with unconquerable instincts which prevented any useful social action at all.

Adler, who worked as an educational administrator in Vienna, believed in mass education and social progress. He agreed with Marx that man was innately good and was corrupted by bad institutions. Man suffers, however, from an "inferiority complex," a sense of failure. The way to cure it is to get involved in useful social action. "All failures," Adler wrote, "are failures because they are lacking in fellow-feeling and social interest." If Adler's therapy of useful social action were generally adopted, the world would have less to fear from demagogues and dictators. The enlightened electorates required by democracy would be in control.

The reason they are not, said Erich Fromm, is that many people are not prepared for the responsibilities of freedom—at least, not yet. In *Escape From Freedom*, written in the United States after the Nazis had compelled him to leave Germany, Fromm analyzed the general reaction against reason and enlightenment which made Hitler's rule possible. He found a widespread fear of freedom that amounted to an invitation to dictatorship, not only in Germans but in all modern men. Since the Middle Ages, Fromm observed, there has been a steady increase in individualism, with a growing mastery over nature and a growing power to reason. This has also meant a sense of isolation and insecurity in most of us. In our day, under mounting social pressures, many people have reacted to their fear of private moral responsibility by adopting the herd mentality or by feigning indifference to the issues.

People in the mass are always susceptible to one form of hysteria or another, Fromm points out. That is why democracy can always be seriously challenged by dictatorship, which invariably establishes itself through emotional appeal. Someday, however, through psychoanalytic education, even the masses will achieve maturity because man is innately good and capable of intelligent self-fulfillment. All he needs, continued Fromm, is an adequate education, which begins with his emotional life. Evil will be conquered by consciousness. The hopeful and popular Fromm has tried to unite the therapy—but not the pessimism—of Freud with the optimism of Marx.

Even this brief glance at a few of the political postulations of the depth psychologists suggests that these men raise fundamental issues about our central anxiety. It is true that the personal equation sometimes transforms their conclusions into speculations, rather than scientific discoveries. The nature of the subject makes this inevitable, and, indeed, preferable, since human behavior does not lend itself to formal, systematic explanation. The personalities of the depth psychologists have not prevented them from making an important objective contribution to the investigation. They tell us *why* we are anxious about man and *what man must do* if he is to acquire the kind of education he so desperately needs.

Whether we incline personally toward the more popular optimisms of Adler and Fromm or the less popular pessimisms of Freud and Jung, our objective political problem remains the same: We may be destroyed by ignorance or emotion, or by the two working together in some calamitous way. The first step toward self-preservation, then, is to become aware of one's own ignorance and one's own capacities for serious emotional error.

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REVOLUTION

Later, perhaps, one may help others to take these first steps toward maturity, but the initial movement concerns oneself alone.

The evidence from depth psychology suggests it is unlikely that more than a relatively small number of us will become mature in the foreseeable future. Upon those few will rest the major burdens of wise democratic leadership, while the great majority struggle to defend the freedom that has been given them. This freedom, which is a birthright, is political and should not be confused with psychological or philosophical freedom, which each individual must earn for himself.

The eighteenth-century founding fathers of our republic seem to have hoped that the first freedom would lead inevitably to the others. We now see that this was expecting too much. Emerson corrected the fathers on this point in 1841, in *Self-Reliance*, and now Emerson has been still more drastically corrected by the depth psychologists, who have uncovered more destructiveness in man than the great transcendentalist was willing to contemplate. The successful execution of our democratic task demands an end to illusions about ourselves. We must face the worst in ourselves before we can legitimately consider the possibility of transcending it.

From a psychological standpoint, Americans are thus seen to be in the midst of the most advanced and the most extensive *moral revolution* the world has known. We are committed to the proposition that man will prove worthy of freedom. Such a revolution makes infinitely greater demands on the individual citizen than, for instance, the Russian reconstruction of society, which demands only obedience. Our revolution now gives less reassurance to its supporters than it once did, when it achieved unparalleled prosperity and met with no challenge that caused it real anxiety. Our hopeful picture of man is now being put to the test.

Our political experience abroad suggests that our revolution is not easy to dramatize, precisely because of its atypical nature. It makes little impression on other peoples, especially those in "backward" areas, because they have no conception of the complexities and the pressures involved. Indeed, they cannot even imagine our situation. Marx's facile optimism can still make an impression on them because it is directed against feudal or colonial conditions—conditions which have lost all meaning for us but which are still very real to them. Our modest and sober hopes, tempered by much disillusioning experience—such as the sharp rise in psychiatric disorders which has accompanied our technological success—cannot compete with boisterous totalitarian claims in a propaganda war. *We* do not even feel romantic about machinery any more; we have lived with it long enough to be aware of its *dis*advantages as well as its marvels. Being engaged in the prefatory steps of matching an illusion to a hypothesized society, the Russians can indulge themselves—and their captured neighbors—in describing a never-never land of the future; Americans, absorbed in the operational phase of an experiment combining individual freedom and modern technology, must work with the world as it is.

Unornamented realism is a harsh burden for a dynamic young people to have to impose on itself. Yet it may be the beginning of national maturity. Surely it is healthier to face the world as it is, in all its heartbreaking complexity, than to pretend it is as simple as certain theoreticians decided it was long ago. Honesty may continue to place us at a disadvantage in the propaganda war for a time, but meanwhile it clarifies our national purpose, both at home and abroad. And democratic clarity is the only adequate response to totalitarian obedience. Freud doubted our ability to achieve it. "America," he said, "is the most grandiose experiment the world has seen, but I am afraid it is not going to be a success."

Let us imagine a President of the United States who wished to avail himself of the political lessons of the depth psychologists, however disconcerting they may be. Let us assume he became interested in their kind of insight and decided to put one of their recommendations to a pragmatic test. Let us further assume that test would involve the value of absolute truthfulness in a realistic appraisal of our present situation.

If such a spokesman were to tell the truth in a way acceptable to the depth psychologists, what would he say and how would it be received by the rest of the world? Though the answer must be purely hypothetical, I believe the statement which follows is in the spirit of the general conclusions of depth psychology and illustrates how they could contribute, in a most practical way, to the survival of our national ideals.

We are known as a nation of pioneers. Even today, generations after we settled our land, we continue to be pioneers—but pioneers of a new kind. Our present pioneering involves both the benefits and the price of technology. Our technical skills have not only made us powerful, they have confronted us with entirely new problems concerning the relationship of man and the machine. Even our public posture as a people—a mixture of brashness, complacence and extreme sensitivity to criticism—reveals the stresses of a continuing interior or moral revolution which often strains our national fiber to the utmost. Despite our comparative youth, the spiritual and emotional demands of this revolution sometimes make us feel like the oldest nation on earth.

We have been exposed more fully than any other people to the effects of technology. We have experienced its advantages and its disadvantages. We know that large-scale industrialization cannot only make a land powerful, it can also bring it trouble. We have learned that man is not the simple economic unit that Marx describes—that he does not conform to any given set of ideological descriptives. Man is more complex than we have imagined; he has awesome capacities for evil, but he also has tremendous capacities for good. These we should

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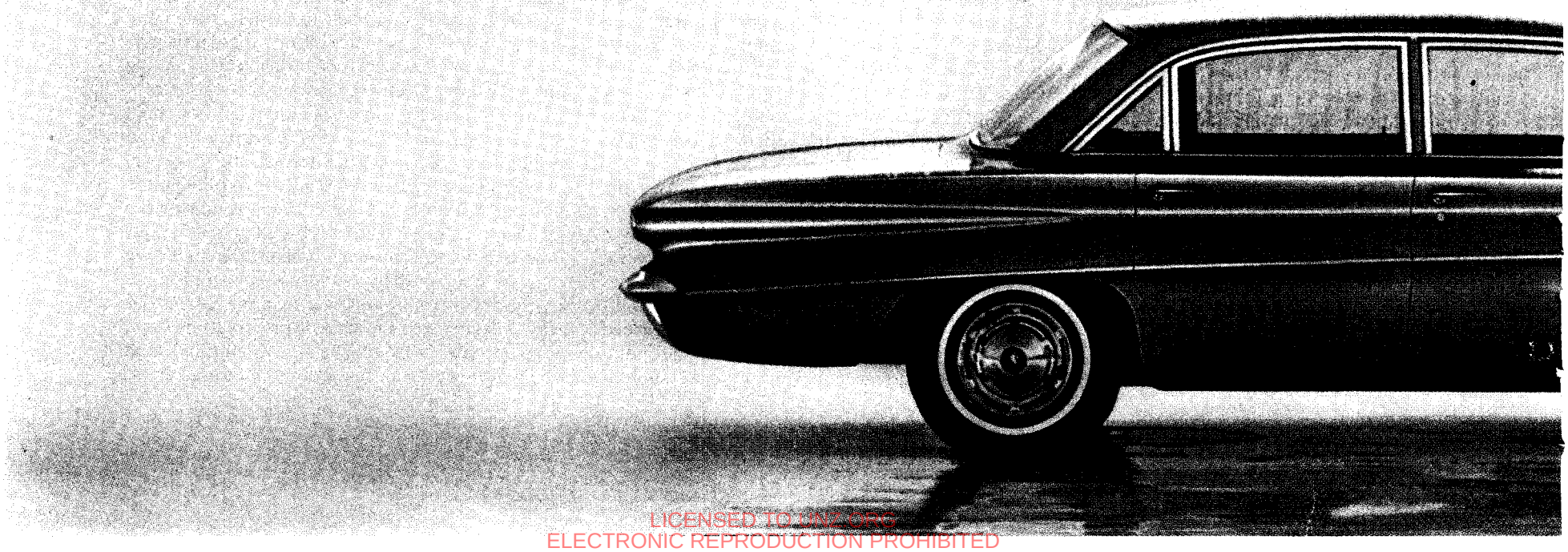

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never overlook. We are exploring the true character of this man by testing whether he can, of his own volition, retain his birthright of freedom. We are also testing our people to see how many can acquire freedom in its more personal forms—psychological or philosophical freedom.

We know that man is more apt to become a fearful robot than a courageous individual. But we have also discovered that the courageous individual, even in a mass-dominated society, finally wins the most respect—though he must struggle, he ultimately wields the most influence.

In consequence of this, the land of "the lonely crowd" is producing a Remnant, a self-reliant minority such as that which saved ancient Israel and that which created Greek philosophy. The growth of a Remnant among us, though slow and unpublicized, is one of the most important developments of our second revolution. The determined struggle of a few individuals to achieve clarity amid prevailing confusion has both a cultural and a political significance. It means that a new kind of American leadership is being produced. The present form of that leadership is cultural, but in time it will no doubt assume a political complexion.

In America the individual has fewer traditional aids than in any other culture. He is on his own. If he survives as an individual, it is because he has found the wellsprings of survival in his own mind. America is the most nakedly psychological country in the world, in the sense that our pragmatic break with past methods has left us with fewer preconceptions and fewer ancestral habits than any other people. We started with an empty land, and each day we obliterate more of the few landmarks we have erected there. Critics say that our literature is the most abstract of all. We are still contending with some of the unexpected problems of making the New World livable, both physically and spiritually. If America fails, as Freud predicted, it will be because the mind of man has failed.

The Soviet Union insists that technology will not have the injurious effects on Communism that it has had on democracy. Time lag has permitted the dissemination of this untruth. The Soviet has also decreed the retention of nineteenth-century socialist slogans, nineteenth-century socialist art and even nineteenth-century socialist women's fashions, in an effort to suggest that in Russia an old-fashioned wholesomeness prevails, rather than the decadence to be found in the modern free world.

The Soviet Union is saddled with a theory of man that makes this kind of transparent lie unavoidable. The Communist Party cannot afford to admit that Russia is fast becoming a bourgeois country and subject to all the familiar bourgeois corruptions, as well as those that Communism invented. Such an admission would necessitate a change in official philosophy and might lead to a change in administration, or even in the form of government. The leaders of the party prefer, therefore, to pretend that such a specter—completely contradictory to Marx but repeatedly verified by honest observers—does not exist. They divert attention from it with diplomatic crises and exercises in terror. They curtail the production of consumer goods and concentrate on armament and astronautical wonders. They hope to keep their people, once famous for a highly introspective literature, so busy that they will not have time to ask questions or to create scandals. Criticism must accommodate itself to the functional demands of a political program which justifies itself with a complete and omniscient plan for the future reconstruction of man and society. Man *is* simple, because the Kremlin says he is. Complex, self-reliant individuals are not desired in Russia.

Naturally the Soviet Union persists in ignoring depth psychology. The Marxist dialectic is too vulnerable to risk such an exposure. There can be no dark unknowns in Communist thought. The truth has been discovered. Truth is a weapon of conquest, not a mystery that must be pursued with humble devotion. No mysteries exist for the Marxist.

Mysteries do exist for all of us who live in political freedom. We are surrounded by dark unknowns. More than any other country, we Americans have welcomed depth psychology, because it offers a useful means of coping with new problems that have accompanied our new power. The great privileges of political freedom exact a great price. We are now engaged in paying that price. In time the world will understand, through experience, what we are saying.

The evidence from abroad indicates that sooner or later some such statement will have to be made by the United States. The facts of our situation require it. On the day that such a statement is made, I believe, the tide of the propaganda war will begin to change. We shall gain the strength that comes from telling the truth in humility. Democracy will retake the moral initiative. The rest of the world will begin to appreciate the heroic travail from which we now suffer so awkwardly and so inarticulately.

More important, we shall begin to face our common anxiety.

For readers who wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Sykes, Gerald
The Hidden Remnant
Harper & Brothers
$4.00

Freud, Sigmund
Civilization and Its Discontents
Doubleday & Company
$.95

Jung, C. G.
Psychological Reflections
Pantheon
$4.50

Adler, Alfred
Individual Psychology
Littlefield, Adams, & Company
$1.95

Fromm, Erich
Escape From Freedom
Holt, Rinehart & Winston
$3.75

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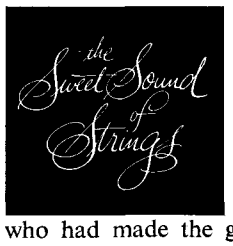

continued from page 29

who had made the greatest impression upon him, the courses he'd liked best. He told her of the interest he once had in architecture, how there seemed to be a time when he was thinking about switching to the school of architecture, and how, after a talk with his father, the whole idea had seemed childish and ill-conceived.

And Karen lifted her eyes and said in quiet tones, "Your father must be a very strong man." He felt suddenly weary and depressed, his mood lowering like a shade being drawn against the day.

"It's getting late; let's go," he said almost angrily, and he picked up her cello case and walked outside.

In the street the girl looked at him questioningly and then smiled. "You look so grim—even in the dark I can see the grimness in your eyes."

He tried to relax and noted again how really small she was and how gracefully she moved beside him.

"Let's go down this street," he said. "There are benches near the water."

It wasn't particularly foggy at the bay. And sitting there, staring across at the lights of Berkeley, and Oakland, and Alameda off in the hills, he tried to put aside his sense of loss, of personal displacement.

The girl shifted beside him. "You get a brimming, wonderful kind of silence in a place like this," she said, "as though a thousand things were happening under the cover of silence." And she watched the moving waters and the headlights of the cars snaking their way along the highway going east. "Once," she said, "when Leonard Rose came back from abroad, my parents took me to hear him—took me all the way to Chicago to hear him. It was like that. When he finished playing—when he finished almost saying a prayer to God on his cello—there was a devastating silence in the audience. It was as though, numbed by the shock of such exhilarating beauty, no one could utter a sound. And I was afraid they could hear my own sobbing, my own secret crying-out inside, because I knew if I didn't come to play a cello like that, come somewhere within view of that kind of playing, I'd just as soon be dead."

Her intensity unnerved him. She was so young, so small to have such fires smoldering inside her.

"You play beautifully," he said.

"It's not enough," she answered. And this time when she looked up he reached out and pulled her toward him and buried his face in her hair.

Allen saw her every possible moment after that. He wrote a letter to his father saying that he needed more time. He was not quite ready to come back yet—but soon. He hoped his father would be patient. His time was spent with Karen. He walked with her to the conservatory. He waited for her outside of theaters and concert halls. He went with her to the small suburban musicales. He spent long afternoons in her aunt's apartment listening to Karen practice. Her aunt would often be sitting near a window in the dining room sewing or reading, the blanched light from the fading afternoon filtering like shafts of smoke through the curtains. Or she'd be moving among the utensils in the kitchen preparing the inevitable tea and cakes. Allen would stretch out on the couch and stare as though in a dream at the bright red chairs near the window on which stacks of records were piled, at the bookshelves crammed with music, at the huge portrait of Casals above the fireplace, at the letters on the wall from Rose, Piatigorsky, Schuster, in their neat black frames. And all the while Karen's music would drain deeply through him until often he would rise, and taking the bow from her hands he would hold her to him so tightly that he could hear her heart throbbing against his chest. And he would listen to the whisperings of her voice: what if he hadn't stopped her that night; what if he had let her walk out with her cello, had let her disappear?

Once after he'd known her just a few weeks he said, "You're going back to St. Paul with me."

They had walked to a little park at the top of Russian Hill and were looking out at the harbor traffic.

She turned and, holding his hand tightly, placed it against her cheek and said in a tight, agonized voice, "But the conservatory is here, and a whole world of music. I'd be so completely lost without it."

In a way he understood. She practiced her cello each day in a frenzy of absorption, waiting for the moment when Piatigorsky would come, preparing herself as though for a sacrificial rite in which a just but implacable god must be appeased. Once when Allen visited her apartment and sat in the dining room having tea with her aunt, while from the living room the clear, liquid tones of the cello seeped like honey through the walls and doors, her aunt remarked, "It's almost a pity that she managed to get herself an audition with Piatigorsky. She expects him to recognize more than reality will allow, some God-given, miraculous quality in her playing. It will break her heart if he finds her merely accomplished, nothing more. She is too young, too young, to be so feverishly involved in a dream."

Allen shivered slightly, feeling his own frustration tingling beneath his skin. "I want to take her back to St. Paul with me," he said uncertainly. "I'd like her to meet my father, to see where I live."

Her aunt looked at him and smiled, her features softening to kindness and good nature. "You know, her parents and I could hardly approve. She's only a child, and for the moment she belongs here, at work at the conservatory, settling the score between her cello and herself."

"There's music in St. Paul too," he said inadequately. But her aunt had already raised the porcelain teapot and tilted it toward his cup.

And then one night when Karen was buying a pair of sandals in a Chinese bazaar she suddenly moved toward him and, holding the slippers dangling in one hand, she said, "Have you thought about the university over at Berkeley? They must have a school of architecture there." Her suggestion came as a shock.

"My plan is to return to St. Paul in the near future," he answered coldly.

Later on in the evening when they were eating abalone sandwiches at a stall on the wharf she pursued the theme.

"It's all wrong," she said. "If there's any creative impulse in a person, it's all wrong to let it die, to rationalize it to dust and ashes until eventually it turns up as a nasty disposition, or a crashing headache, or perhaps an ulcer."

"Why?" he said finally, "Why the university at Berkeley?"

"Surely that's for you to know," she answered. And her eyes had a troubled, searching light.

"Look," he said, "my father called me again this morning. I've already stretched my vacation to the outer limits. They need me at home. There's work for me to do. A job that's waiting." He thought for a moment of his father's heated voice on the phone that morning, the curve of his anger encircling him like a vise. "What are you up to? What is the meaning of this?" his father had demanded.

"Your father again. But where are *you* in all of this?" And then she added in a whisper. "Will you never be free?"

"Free, did you say," he answered almost harshly. "And how free are *you?* You're all tied up to an impossible image of yourself. The great musician!" But then his voice softened as he saw the hurt spread across her face. He trembled at the thought of her hopes turning to dust. What, after all, if Piatigorsky found her cello merely competent?"

a panoramic view of
THE STATE OF IDAHO IN FULL COLOR
Next week in the Post

"Come," he said. "What else is there to say?"

They walked home in silence. They clung together going downhill, barely able to keep their feet from breaking into a little run as the sidewalk sloped sharply beneath them.

In the next week or more Allen saw very little of Karen. She had begun to practice in earnest, withdrawing temporarily from classes at the conservatory, cutting back on all outside engagements. Piatigorsky would arrive within ten days, and it was as though life hung in the balance—her life and, in some inextricable way, his life, too, depended on the outcome. He knew that she longed for overwhelming acclaim from Piatigorsky as the first stage of a development that would lead inevitably to fellowships, foundation awards, foreign grants, concert tours, and that anything short of the ultimate would be a staggering blow.

Once again he wandered through the streets more alone than ever before. Twice he took a bus to the University of California campus at Berkeley, and walking down the paths and lawns, he tried to capture the logic of his life. He stood for a long while in front of the School of Architecture, contemplating the grave exterior, the silence of stone and glass, with the words rocketing through his brain, *Do I belong here? Is it here?*

The question as it crystallized produced a shock, and plunging into the icy waters of speculation, he emerged numbed and overwhelmed. He turned and rushed away, back to his North Beach haunts, back to the world of aimless easygoing freedoms, and rebellions in a wineglass.

He entered a café where a parrot perched on a trapeze above the doorway, shrieked at him, "Pay up, pay up or die." Sitting by himself at a table in the corner of the room, he ordered his wine without looking at the waiter, withdrawn from the current around him; containing himself so tightly that he could barely hear anything except the sound of the bird, screaming as the café door opened and closed, "Pay up, pay up or die."

He ordered a glass of wine and then another, and staring as though spellbound at the amber liquid, he could see his father's face—the sardonic smile, the eyes that searched mercilessly into the hidden corners of his being to ferret out those qualities that might prove weak or purposeless. Allen felt the quiver run along his bones and knew himself to be afraid, afraid to walk independently beyond the glare of his father's image.

He left abruptly, elbowing toward the door while the parrot, a brilliant blur of color in the murky light, shrilled after him, "Come again, we like your face. Pay up or die." He headed back to his hotel, and once inside his room he reached for the phone and called Karen. She was overwrought, exhausted from having practiced all day. She had received a message from Piatigorsky earlier—he would hear her the following afternoon. She was suddenly terrified. Allen urged her to have dinner with him. "I couldn't," she said wildly. "How could I eat?" But in the end she agreed.

They had dinner at a little Hungarian place on Russian Hill with multicolored lanterns drifting overhead and a violinist in a satin blouse moving on tiptoe among the tables; and sitting in the flickering lavender shadows they stared out at the bay, and at each other, and at the food untouched before them. Karen looked at him gaunt-eyed, her pale skin taut over the deeply etched planes of her face. "I'm worried," she murmured, "dry with fear."

"Why is it so important?" he asked, startled by the depth of her distress. "I mean, if you don't meet his measure, is it the end of the world? Is it the end of everything for you?" He reached out and clasped her fingers tightly in his. And she looked at him for a long while, the tears gathering in her eyes, and finally she shook her head and said, "I don't know. I don't know what to think any more."

When he brought her to her door that night, he held her tightly in his arms. "Don't worry," he whispered into the softness of her neck. "Don't worry. It will be all right. Sometimes we forget to see what's real. We get caught up watching a dream, and we miss the reality around us." He lifted her face and said softly, "Get a good night's sleep so that you play brilliantly tomorrow."

After he returned to his hotel room he sat in the darkness for a long while smoking one cigarette after another, and finally he got to his feet, lifted the phone and put through a long-distance call to his father in St. Paul.

He went to Karen's apartment the following afternoon, and her aunt led him down the long hallway and through silent rooms where shadows crouched like animals in the corners. Her aunt said, "She isn't back yet."

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Allen nodded. He sat down in a chair and said, "There's no hurry. I'll wait."

He closed his eyes and thought of Karen's voice on the phone that morning. He had called her early and spoken briefly. "It's done," he said. "I spoke to him last night and told him. I'm going over to the university at once to register." He had heard the swift intake of her breath, the small startled cry. And her words soaring outward like a flight of birds. "Oh, Allen, I'm glad . . . I'm gratefully, deliriously glad."

And then his mind uncoiled, moving backward still, to the conversation of the night before. The long-distance consternation of his father, his threats and finally his absolute rage. His father had started by saying, "I'm coming out to speak to you!" and ended in a thrust of fury, powerless and bitter. "You are a fool and an idler," he'd said. "How long do you think you can manage without me?"

Allen sat quietly in this room, deeply conscious of his surroundings, lightheaded with a new sense of freedom. He was a sponge soaking up the shades and nuances of his immediate environment, an extension of all he could see or perceive. He was part of the chair in which he sat, part of the carpet at his feet, part also of the aunt who came toward him now, her dark silk dress rustling in the silent room, carrying a tray of iced fruit juice and a dish of almond cookies.

"She seemed in good spirits this morning," her aunt commented, "almost gay. She left with her cello, as though nothing in the world troubled her."

"I went over to the university at Berkeley," Allen said. "I applied for registration forms."

Her aunt looked at him with interest. "It must have been a difficult decision, Allen. Your father . . ."

Allen shrugged. "My father adjusts to all things eventually—it's one of his strengths. I don't think I ever fully realized it before." He sipped his fruit juice and nibbled dreamily at an almond cookie. In the waning afternoon light he felt the tension melt. He smiled at her aunt and she returned his smile.

"I wonder how it will go with her," her aunt said in a faraway voice, "when she faces Piatigorsky at last." He wondered, too, he said, but in truth he didn't. His state of being was as burdenless as motes of dust floating skyward.

Karen came in at five in the afternoon. She placed her cello against the living-room wall and moved swiftly toward Allen. She sat on the arm of his chair and leaned down, looking at him, her eyes like polished stones in the shining stillness, her hair falling forward and touching his cheek.

"How did it go?" he asked huskily.

"I don't know," she replied. "I played well. He thought I had good control, excellent tone." She looked at him, a small equivocal smile on her face.

"But the competitions?" he asked, waiting to hear more, the forked thrust of apprehension and good will opening the cleavage inside him. "I mean, did he think you were ready, and all?"

"It isn't really clear," she said, bemused, thoughtful for a while. "Oh, he said I had talent, and with years of hard work I might be worthy of major consideration. And then again I might not."

She was utterly still now, the refracted light cutting shadowy prisms across her face. He saw her sitting there fragmented and uncertain, and for one horrifying moment he thought that she would cry. But instead, tracking her way blindly through speech, she said, "It should have disturbed me more, those reservations of his, but somehow I don't know, I didn't care as much as I thought I would. It was as though the edge had gone out of my ambition. The edge that had cut into me all these years. A cello is to play," she murmured, "not to worship—I suppose." She looked instantly desolate, but somehow more peaceful too. "I realized it all at once," she added and sighed, leaning toward Allen transfixed, absorbing him in a single consuming look, gathering up her divided selves. Her mouth quivered and then slowly broke into a smile, and Allen grasped her hand and pressed it tightly to his chest. He felt exultant but fearful, too, knowing, with a glacial prescience, to what reaches of imagination and longing her fantasies could propel her. The girl with the cello, bowing her instrument on some Arcadian steppe.

Her aunt had got up and moved about the room, turning on the lamps, drawing the blinds. There was the murmurous rush of draperies as she closed out the newly minted night. But they sat there wordless, as creatures stunned by a cataclysm, hermetically sealed in a golden bubble of time.

He drew closer to her, his fingers biting into her wrist, calling her to awareness, transmitting the message: We will be strong together.

"I'm here," he whispered against the rim of her ear.

"I'm here too," she answered with a sigh. THE END

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BY MARGARET CRAVEN

The time of the tadpole was drawing slowly to an end in the small town, as it does periodically in towns big or little everywhere.

All the youngsters had grown up together with little disparity. They'd paddled in the same pools, played hopscotch on the same streets, gone to the same schools and coasted their sleds down the same hills. Then one summer came the change.

As if by a signal the parents began to look ahead and worry a little, suddenly aware that there weren't going to be enough good jobs for all the boys and enough good husbands for all the girls and if they didn't do the very best they could for their children, who would? Who indeed?

Pat Jacoby, who worked at the mill, mentioned to the boss mechanic that he'd like to apprentice his boy Sam. Mr. Hutton, the lawyer, and Doctor Blake, the surgeon, began to put aside money each month to send Peter to Harvard and Jim to Johns Hopkins. Mrs. Turner, mother of three girls, sent an unexpected check to her old sorority at the state university to help the sisters reshingle the roof.

And Mrs. Kenilworth, undisputed social matriarch, decided to give a luncheon—to be followed later by a dance at the country club—for her granddaughter Lucy, thereby initiating a new young set and setting it firmly on the first rung. She wrote the invitations at once, deftly separating wheat from tare. When she came to Judy Drew, she hesitated. Judy belonged on the list, of course, but Mrs. Kenilworth was not at all sure it would be a kindness to put her there. Poor child—no matter how gallant her dear mother might be, Judy would never be able to keep up now with the others. Nevertheless Mrs. Kenilworth did not wish to be the one to leave her out. She wrote the invitation and mailed it with the rest.

Thus the jockeying for position in the serious race to come began in the town and, although the tadpoles did not know it, their common and happy childhood branched here—and for some it stopped.

One afternoon Ellen Drew, a widow, lifted a troubled head from her work and looked into the rear garden, where Judy was washing

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ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT LEVERING

her red bicycle for its last ride. This morning at breakfast Judy had asked if she might sell it, and when Ellen had said yes, if she wished, but didn't Judy want to ride it any more, she had heard those words all parents know are coming—and dread. They came from across the chasm that separates any two generations.

"Oh, mother—girls my age don't ride bicycles."

Since when, Judy? Since Friday? Since you went to the luncheon for Lucy Kenilworth?

Ellen had not asked it. She had not even asked what Judy wanted to buy with the money the bicycle would bring. The bicycle itself had been a symbol, and four years ago any little tad-girl who didn't have one was absolutely sure she might as well be dead.

For a moment Ellen Drew felt a helpless yearning, because she knew what the daughter did not. The symbols were growing more frequent and more expensive. She could not replace the old with the new and, even if Judy sold the bicycle, neither could Judy. Then she remembered suddenly how Judy had behaved the day they bought the bicycle, and she felt an unexpected courage and her first hope.

They had walked to the little shop in Old Town on the last of the wooden streets, built on piles above the tide flats and spongy to the feet. And if prayer is man's deepest desire, they had prayed every foot of the way that Mr. Tully would have a bicycle for fifteen dollars, which was all that Ellen, newly widowed, could afford. When they had reached the shop and entered, there it stood—the beautiful red bicycle—all by itself and beside it on a white placard the gruesome black figures—$60.

Judy had taken one long awed look and turned her back and kept it there. Yes, Mr. Tully had a girl's bike for fourteen dollars, and he had brought it out. It was so old its handle bars were wooden, freshly painted that bilious gray peculiar to back porches and attained by dumping all paint remnants into one pot. Judy had sought desperately for something nice to say about it—and found it.

"It won't show the dirt." And Mr. Tully had said dryly that it certainly wouldn't. Good thing, too, because it didn't have a skirt guard and was bound to spatter mud on its rider.

"I'm sure it will go fast."

And Mr. Tully had said, "Oh, yes, it will go fast enough all right. It will go too fast. Matter of fact, it doesn't have a coaster brake."

Ellen had opened her purse to take out the money, when Mr. Tully had said earnestly, "Mrs. Drew, I knew your husband, the young doc, and I liked him. Mrs. Drew, a little girl doesn't need much in this town. One good doll and, if she's a tomboy, one good bike."

So they had bought the fine red bicycle and, to pay for it, Ellen had become the first lady in the town to work. She had let it be known among her friends that she was not averse to plying a fine needle for hire.

Now in the rear garden Judy was polishing the last few spokes, almost ready to deliver three packages for her mother on her way to sell the bicycle back to Mr. Tully.

Ellen took the last stitch and snipped her thread. Three pink crepe combinations, hand hemstitched and sprinkled with French knots for Sue Gordon, who was going east to finishing school. A blue silk robe for the hope chest of Agnes Drury, who taught fifth grade and evidently was not yet reconciled to her fate. And a beautifully mended rose-point wedding veil, heirloom of the Britton family, richest in the town, which could only mean that Emily Britton had succeeded at last in snaring the only young man with any hope at all of maintaining marriage at a level attained by Emily's parents after a thirty-year pull.

Ellen placed the garments in tissue in their boxes, then carried the boxes to the door. Judy was unrolling the sleeves of her middy blouse, her eyes bright and anxious.

"Mother, how does it look?"

"Splendid, dear. You've taken fine care of it."

"Do you think Mr. Tully will give me $30?"

"I wouldn't be surprised. He's an honest man."

They placed the packages in the basket over the rear wheel and tied them firmly.

"Judy, I haven't asked what you plan to buy with the money, and I'm not going to ask. But remember. The bicycle is your one resource. I'd look before I bought."

"Oh, I will. It's so terribly important."

"Now, be careful, dear, and don't squash the packages." Judy slipped onto the bike, gliding off before she was in the seat. Momentarily the door held her mother as if in a frame, the expression on her face one of deep concern. She rode as if the bike were part of herself. Nothing had ever given her so much joy. Yet so great was her desire to conform that she could not pedal fast enough to deliver the packages and sell the bicycle to Mr. Tully. Already in her mind she was spending the money on those things which, since the luncheon for Lucy Kenilworth, had become the newest symbols.

First, the sweater. Soft blue and a cardigan it must be and buttoned by the second button from the bottom. The blouse must be white and the collar pointed. The sleeves must be long, and around the collar and the cuffs must be a fluting—not a ruffle. The skirt must be beige and box-pleated, and under the skirt must be that mysterious article of which the new young set spoke little, content to squirm under an unaccustomed restraint.

There were other things too. The slippers must be thus and so, the hose this and that, and in the pocket of the sweater must be a small round cardboard box with a French label—HIGGINS'S DRUGSTORE, 75 CENTS—and in the box a tiny feathered puff without which not a nose of the young set could be properly daubed. And all these things were almost as important as life itself.

Judy had come to the driveway of the Britton's gray-stone mansion and, because

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CHANGE OF HEART

it was hard to pedal on the soft gravel, she slid off, stopped and wheeled the bicycle to the portico. There she untied the box with the rose-point veil and walked up the steps and rang the bell.

Now footsteps were coming. The door opened, and there stood Norah, the cook.

"Bless my soul, if it isn't Judy. Mrs. Britton and Miss Emily are gone for the day. Come in. How's your dear mom? Come in, child. I just took a loaf of bread from the oven. We'll have a slice with strawberry jam."

"I can only stay a minute, Norah. I have a terribly important errand." But Judy had two helpings of bread and jam before she prepared to leave.

"Thanks, Norah. It was awfully nice of you," Judy said before Norah let her out. Judy wheeled her bike back to the street.

Now the street began to climb. She had to work harder—standing up, leaning forward. One block, two blocks, three blocks—and she turned up a side street where Agnes Drury had a little apartment in an old house. She leaned the bicycle against a fir and untied the second package.

Agnes Drury was the prettiest teacher in the town and one of the most popular. The kids loved her and were sorry for her too. They knew that each fall the town's mothers turned over their obstreperous offspring to the teachers' care with loud hallelujahs, but they never asked them to parties. The teachers were spinsters all. They had to be. Most of them cared for aged parents, or helped educate younger brothers and sisters. If one should marry, she was promptly dismissed.

Judy rang the bell of the little apartment. The door opened at once, as if Miss Drury had been waiting for her.

"Oh, Judy," she said with relief. "It's you. Your mother promised me the robe this afternoon. Come in. I'll write the check."

On the couch Miss Drury's suitcases were packed and ready to be closed. When she sat down to write the check, she was so nervous that she dropped ink on one and had to tear it out and do another. She handed it to Judy, and then she opened the box and took out the robe. Scarcely looking at it, she placed it in the top of the larger suitcase.

"You're going on a vacation?" Judy asked.

"I'm going to Canada tonight to be married. Judy, don't leave me. Stay with me a minute—I think I'm a little scared."

She laughed shakily.

"Isn't it silly? He's a nice man, Judy. He'll be good to me. He's generous. He's going to look after my sister, the one that's sick. He offered—all by himself. He'll be good to me, but now—at the last minute—I don't know. I guess I ——

The doorbell rang. She went slowly to the door and opened it, and something very strange happened. Miss Drury was nervous no longer. She was all charm and animation—and even coy. She introduced Judy gaily.

"John, this is one of my old pupils. I'm all ready. Only have to close the bags. . . . And thank your mother for me, Judy, and good-by, dear. Everything's going to be lovely," and Judy remembered to wish her happiness and to congratulate the man, and she slipped down the steps and away from there.

She returned to the main street. It was too steep to ride farther. She wheeled the bicycle slowly up the long hill. She stopped to rest once by a door that had always fascinated her. It was in the face of a rocky cliff and was said to lead through a small tunnel to a house in the back.

She now could see over the green firs to the bay, where the freighters rode at anchor. She could see the thread of smoke from the sawdust burner at the mills. Then at last she reached the top and the Gordon house, where she was to deliver the last package.

She untied it and ran up the steps with relief. Sue Gordon was her friend, and the house as familiar as her own. She even knew the attic and the plumed hats in the old trunks.

She rang the bell. She heard Mrs. Gordon coming on her high heels, and the door opened. "Oh, Judy, dear, how nice. Come in. Come in. Mrs. Schubbie's here shortening hems. Do you know the summer's slipping by, and it won't be any time until Sue leaves?"

Coming in the Post

The search for a man long missing in

THE EMPTY DESERT

A story by PAT FRANK

They went up the stairs—Mrs. Gordon chatting every instant—and there in the sewing room on a footstool stood Judy's friend, Sue. On her knees was Mrs. Schubbie, her mouth full of pins.

"Sue—stop wiggling. You can talk to Judy later. Put your arms down. How can Mrs. Schubbie get the hem straight with your arms up? All right, I'll just take Judy in the other room until this skirt's hung."

She led Judy into the guest room and shut the door. The bed was covered with luggage, and the door strung with garments on hangers.

"I want you to see her things. Look, Judy, isn't this a darling? And look at this. And this too—of course, she won't wear it much, but she'll need it for weekends. I do think it's important for a girl to learn to wear her clothes well, especially one who isn't a raving beauty, don't you?"

Judy heard herself saying, "Oh, I do. Oh, I love it. It's just perfect."

They were all there. The soft sweaters that must be buttoned by the second button from the bottom. The fluted blouses. Not just one of each, but several. And other things not yet even imagined. The evening slippers with the heels that looked high, but weren't, and the party dress with the neck that looked too low, but wasn't. And when the new young set saw them all, out would go the old symbols Judy didn't even have yet, and in would come a whole new set—and beyond it another and still another.

"We're going east a little early. I want to show Vassar to Sue. That's where I went, you know. Had you heard that Lucy Kenilworth has put her name in for Stanford, and Peter Hutton for Harvard? Of course, it's some years yet, but you have to plan ahead. Don't you think so?"

And suddenly Judy could hear the words that hadn't been spoken yet, the words that were coming. "I'm going to State." "I'm going to Stanford." "I'm going to Smith." "Judy, where are you going?" "I'm going nowhere." And as if she heard them also, Mrs. Gordon answered.

"Of course, we're very fortunate to have the Normal School here for those who—who won't go away, and especially for those who want to teach."

At last it was over. Judy had explained that she must go. She had an important errand to do. No, don't bother, she'd let herself out.

As she wheeled the bicycle away from the house to the street, she heard Sue's voice come through the open upstairs window. "Oh, mother, how could you?"

She did not think. She only felt. For the first time in her life she felt an emotion bigger than a desire to conform, to be like the others. She felt a terrible rebellion against the smug small town which for some was an open door and for others a trap. And because she didn't care, because the feeling within her clamored so fiercely for action, she slipped onto the bike and over the brim and down the hill—the dreadful hill—the one that in winter the common boys called "the belly buster."

For an instant she saw the scene as she had seen her mother—hours, oh, years ago—framed, like a picture. The blue of the bay was far below. At the bottom of the hill Mike, the delivery man for the town's leading grocery store, had left his horse and wagon. He had walked up the hill with a box of groceries on his shoulder, stopping to ring the bell at the door in the cliff. He was standing there waiting, and she saw the door open and a man come out. Then it was gone. The bicycle was gathering speed. She saw nothing but the street going down at a perilous angle. She felt exhilaration, the wind in her face and her hair blowing.

Faster, still faster. She was a third of the way down. She was halfway down. Vaguely she was aware that Mike and the man who had come from the door in the cliff were yelling loudly and waving.

Then exhilaration was gone, and in its place was fear. She was afraid to put on the brake, and she was afraid not to. She pressed against the pedal—gently, then stronger—and the bicycle veered, lurched, skidded sickeningly toward the curb and hit it. She felt herself fly over the handlebars and land on the grass of the parking strip, and she heard the air knocked out of her.

Then the two men were on their knees beside her, and she heard Mike say, "It's Judy Drew. It's the widow's girl. Oh, she's hurt bad."

"Nonsense," the other man answered. "Stunned—that's all. Skinned a knee. Hasn't even broken an arm or a leg. Deserved to kill herself, but she didn't. Darn fool kid. Why, not even the tough boys come down this hill except on their sleds. Now easy, Mike. You take her feet—up we go—slowly, slowly. Here's the door."

They carried her through the door in the cliff, through a little tunnel into a garden and onto a porch, and they laid her on a couch.

"Agatha," the man yelled loudly. "Come a-running, come instanter. . . . Now don't talk—don't try to get up."

Then the man's wife came and bandaged her knee, propped some pillows under her head and brought her a cup of tea. Mike said good-by and went away. The husband carried the bicycle in from the street and surveyed it critically.

"The chain's off, but I can fix it. Lost a little paint too. Otherwise it's in pretty good shape. Agatha, where's my pipe?"

"In your pocket, dear, and your tobacco's on the magazine stand in the corner."

The wife was a nice-looking woman, no longer young. She sat by the couch, knitting quietly. The husband stood tamping his pipe slowly, a wiry, slender, gray-haired man, his eyes behind the glasses direct and questioning.

"How did you happen to come down our hill on your bike?" he asked. "No sensible girl would do a thing like that, and you look like a sensible girl."

Judy didn't answer, and the wife said to him, "Stand still a minute, dear. I want to see if I have the shoulder wide enough," and she held her knitting against his back.

"I'll write an editorial about kids with bikes. That's what I'll do, Agatha. I'll call it HEEDLESS YOUTH."

"I just don't think this is a case of heedless youth, dear. I think Judy had a reason and a good one. I know Judy's mother. She's a splendid woman."

"I was on my way to sell my bicycle," Judy said. "I had delivered some packages for my mother, and I was going to sell the bicycle back to Mr. Tully because there were some things I wanted to buy."

"I suppose it would be impolite to ask what you wanted so much that you risked your neck?"

"Of course it would," his wife said quickly, "and anybody but a man could guess. I can remember exactly what I wanted at Judy's age. I wanted a hat with bird wings on it."

"Revolting."

"It was a divine hat. I remember my grandmother bought it for me. She bought it because when she was young she wanted a shoo-fly."

"A what?"

"A shoo-fly, dear. It's a kind of a bustle that sticks out behind. Her older sister had a splendid shoo-fly, but hers was skimpy and made of remnants. And you know something, even at ninety my grandmother had never forgiven it. When you were Judy's age, what did you want?"

"Well—let me see. My first long trousers? No, I had those. A twenty-two? No, I had that. Oh—I know. A double-breasted suit. All the boys in my crowd had new double-breasted suits, and all I had was my old blue serge. I remember my mother sponged and pressed it every week, but it was still single-breasted, and it shone."

He walked up and down the porch vigorously.

"Agatha, remind me to write an editorial on the pains of youth. This whole country's in love with youth, but most of us wouldn't go through it again for anything in the world. Agatha, where is my tool box? I must fix the bike."

And now Judy had to speak. Even if she didn't understand it, she had to explain somehow, and she heard the words coming out of her.

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Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so. And most amazing of all, this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months.

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All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the remarkable new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

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CHANGE OF HEART

"I wanted a sweater. A certain kind of sweater. And a blouse with fluting on it. And other things too. And I wanted a little cardboard powder box with a French label on it and a feather puff that you get at Higgins's Drugstore. But it doesn't matter now."

"Why of course it matters."

"No, it doesn't. It doesn't matter because, when I delivered the last package at the Gordon House at the top of the hill, I knew I couldn't keep up with the others. It's the strangest thing. Last week all the kids were alike, and all of a sudden everything's different. Already the others know what they're going to do—even years from now. They're going to Stanford, and Vassar and State. I'm going to be the one who's supposed to go to the Normal School and teach—and I won't do it, I simply won't do it."

"Good for you," he said. "In this town it's a life sentence. So you came down the hill because you didn't care. *Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky!* That's what you felt. The first rebellion. How well Shakespeare put it."

"It's not Shakespeare, dear. I don't know who it is, but it's not Shakespeare."

"Nonsense, Agatha," and he ducked into the house and came out with a book. "Here, Judy, look it up in *Bartlett*," and she did, and it was Tennyson.

"Remind me to remind you to write an editorial on WIVES ARE SMARTER THAN HUSBANDS," said Agatha gently. "And now, if you'll excuse me, I have some errands to do. Dear, why don't you ask Judy to read to you while you tinker with the bike? By the time I return you'll have it fixed and all the materials for your editorials gathered," and the husband said it was a good idea, and he'd do it.

It was so natural, Judy was not even apprehensive. The man tinkered with the chain of the red bike, his long sensitive fingers sure and deft. The wife brought her a pile of newspapers that had come in the day's mail—*The New York Times*, the Manchester *Guardian* and others. She read the headlines, and the articles he chose. Sometimes he would say, "Skip it—just give me the gist" and, since in the Northwest, where there are so many rainy days, most youngsters could read well, this was easy. She was an old expert at skipping the dull descriptions and landing on the juicy bits. He'd had an accident long ago, he said. Mistook a celluloid eyeshade for his pipe. Got along fine. Couldn't read easily. That's all.

"And don't get that horrible poor-pussy look on your face. I don't permit it. It's the one thing that can make me swear. I'm not totally blind by a long shot."

When the papers were all scanned, Agatha was back from her errands, the bicycle fixed, and from his pocket the man took a dollar and handed it to Judy solemnly. "I always pay my readers, and you've earned it. The last girl I had up and married, and Agatha's been pinch-hitting for her. Hard on her too. Takes two hours every afternoon, and she has enough to do without that."

Judy sat very still, struck by an enormous, a fabulous idea. The nicest thing that can happen to youth was happening now. From no other motive than pure goodness of heart someone was opening a door in her life and so gently that she would feel no strings of obligation and think she had opened it herself.

"Do you suppose—" she said slowly "—do you think I'm old enough to apply for the job of reader?"

"Why, yes—yes, I do. Of course, I'm a hard man to work for. I'll correct your pronunciation. I'll make you learn to spell. . . . What do you think, Agatha?"

"I think Judy's a bright girl to think of it. If she saves her money she'll have almost enough for the first year of college. It's the first year that's the hardest, but there are more scholarships now than ever before. Yes, I believe it might work out. And if she learns to type, you can dictate your editorials to her directly on the machine, and then she'll learn more."

"I can type forty words a minute," Judy said. "That's not fast enough. I'll have to practice."

"You talk it over with your mother," the man said. "Tell her I'll call her in the morning and, if she agrees, you can come to work tomorrow at three."

He stood up, and Judy also.

"Now wheel the bicycle to the foot of the hill," he said. "I don't want you to arrive tomorrow in splints."

"Oh, yes, I will," and she shook hands with both very formally, and they walked with her through the little tunnel to the street. Only when the door in the cliff was shut did she remember that she did not know their name.

She went down the hill carefully, but as fast as she dared. At the foot she slipped onto the bike, pedaling swiftly down the street. When she reached the cross street that led to Old Town, she went right by. She had forgotten Mr. Tully and the musty bicycle shop. Head up, she sped homeward.

Her mother would be waiting and watching for her, careful not to pull against the fine lace curtains that would not stand another washing or drying on the wooden frames. She remembered the look of concern on her mother's face framed in the door, and she knew that all the time her mother had understood everything. It was the words unspoken she heard now. "I would sacrifice anything to give you the advantages the others will have."

She would answer in kind. She would not go leaping up the front steps three at a time, like some silly kid. She would go quietly as befit a wage earner. She would say with dignity, "I have a job. I have a wonderful job, and I got it all by myself. I'm going to work hard and save my money. I'm going to college. I didn't sell the bicycle because I'll need it. And I've brought you a present." And she would put it in her mother's hand—the first, the big, the most beautiful silver dollar.

Faster and faster. Down the last street. Up the home walk, and off the bicycle and into the woodshed. Then she saw in the basket at the rear a small package that hadn't been there before, that Agatha, the wife, must have placed there after she returned from her errands. She picked it up and opened it.

It was the little cardboard box with the French label and, when she broke the seal and removed the cover, there was the little feather puff without which no member of the new young set could daub a nose. She held it as if it were a pearl. But something had changed. It was a sweet and precious thing. That's all it was. Not a symbol. Only a thing.

Then she walked along the path to the front door. The sun was low in the sky, the shadows lengthening on the grass. And the small town and all the world, even the shabby white paint on the front door, were touched by the tantalizing challenge and the promise that are known only to those who are both young and brave.

THE END

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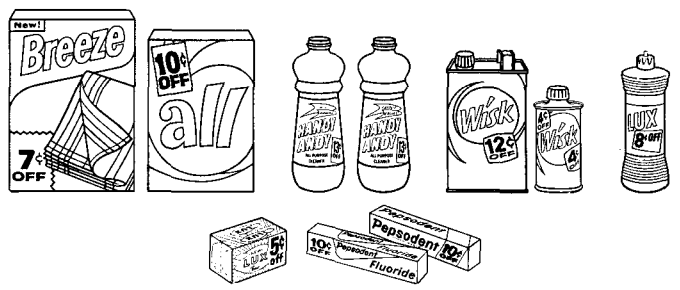
Enclose proof of purchase from any 2 products below



OFFICIAL "MAID OF MONEY" RULES

1. Estimate the total amount of money required to make the dress and accessories shown in the picture. Write your estimate on either a printed entry blank or a plain sheet of paper. Print your name and address plainly. The estimate closest to the actual amount of money used in making the dress and accessories will win first prize, the next closest will win second prize, etc. (See Rule 5 for contest provisions in the event of ties.)

2. Mail your completed entry with appropriate proof of purchase (See Rule 3) to Lever "Maid of Money," P.O. Box 22-L, Mount Vernon 10, New York. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, May 1, 1962, and received no later than May 10, 1962. You may submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must comply with all the rules and be mailed in a separate envelope.

3. To be eligible for any prize, you must submit proper proof of purchase from any two of the following brands: **Breeze, "all"** (box top with *price mark*); **Lux Toilet Soap** (*2 wrappers any size*); **Wisk** (code number on can bottom); **Pepsodent White or Fluoride** (2 carton end flaps with price marks); **Handy Andy** (label or copy of code from bottom of bottle); **Lux Liquid** (tip of cap or copy of code number on container bottom).

SPECIAL $15,000 BONUS — If you submit proof of purchase from at least four of the brands listed above, you will receive a $15,000 bonus if you are the 1st Prize winner.

4. The prizes are as follows:

1st Prize — All of the money used in making the dress ($35,000)!
2nd Prize — All of the money used in making the parasol ($17,000)!
10 3rd Prizes — $1,000 cash each
200 4th Prizes — $100 cash each
2,000 5th Prizes — $10 cash each

Our designers used a total of 1,535 yards of U.S. currency (including every value from $1 to $10,000 — with a total value not exceeding $125,000) — and the dress alone used 1,228 yards! Moreover, the pair of gloves and hat each contain the same number of yards, and each accessory (the pair of gloves being one accessory) is made entirely of a different currency.

5. In the event of ties, which are probable, tying contestants will be required to complete a statement dealing with a Lever product listed in Rule 3 of their own choice. No proof of purchase will be required with a tie-breaking entry.

Tie-breaking statements will be judged by the independent judging staff of the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of further ties.

6. Any resident of Continental United States (including Alaska) and Hawaii may compete, except the employees of Lever Brothers Company, its advertising agencies and their families. Subject to governmental regulations.

7. Judges decisions will be final. Except for incidental help from family and friends, entries must be wholly the work of the person in whose name the entry is submitted, and will be disqualified for outside, professional, or compensated help. The purpose of this rule is to disqualify entries prepared in whole or in part by professional or compensated contest writers, schools or services. Only one prize will be awarded to any person or household. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to Lever Brothers for any and all purposes. Contents of winning entries will not be disclosed. The winners or tying contestants will be notified by mail about two months after the close of the contest. A complete winners' list will be available upon request (send stamped pre-addressed envelope) approximately three months after the close of the contest.

Mail to: LEVER "MAID OF MONEY," Box 22-L, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y.
My estimate is $_____. I enclose proper proof of purchase from these 2 Lever brands:_____
and_____plus, for Bonus Prize, an additional proof of purchase from each of these 2 products:_____
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(If you win, your dealer wins, too!) **CONTEST CLOSES MAY 1, 1962**

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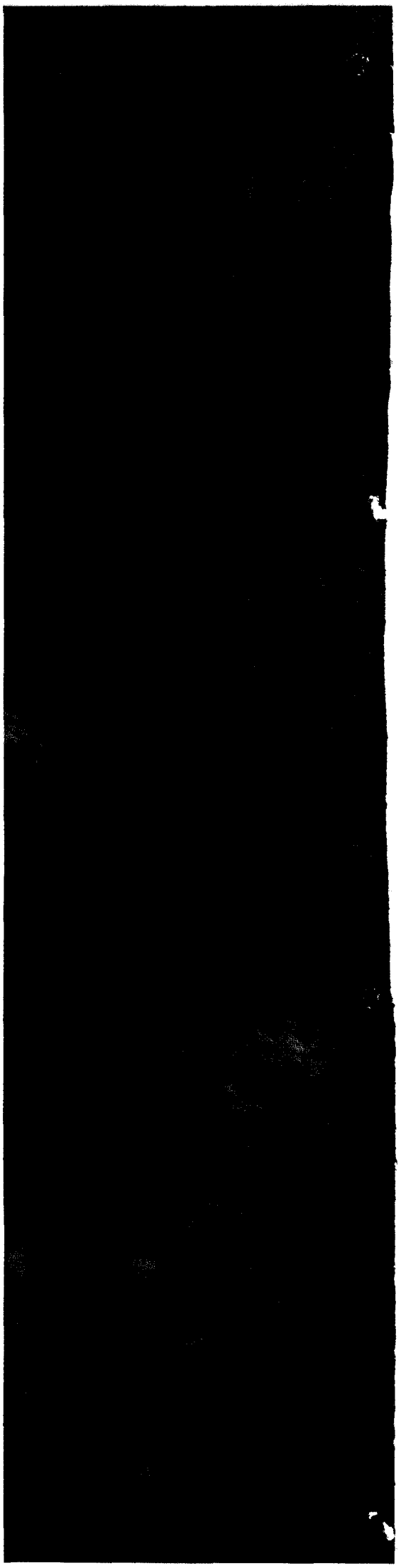
Concluding an exciting self-portrait by a celebrated treasure diver: Close calls with sharks, dangerous recoveries of forgotten galleons, trade secrets in the art of finding sunken wealth, and a fascinating preview of his plans for future exploration.

ADVENTURE IS MY LIFE

BY TEDDY TUCKER
as told to Don A. Schanche

Tucker (left), the world's most successful underwater treasure hunter, with his diving mask and a coral-encrusted sword from the Spanish galleon San Antonio, which sank off Bermuda in 1621.

Right: Tucker, assisted by maritime historian Mendel Peterson, uses an "air lift"—a suction pipe which clears away sand—to probe a 350-year-old wreck that has yielded him his richest treasure.



Photographs by Peter Stackpole

Not long after I discovered and salvaged a $130,000 treasure in gold and jewels from the wreck of a Spanish galleon off Bermuda, a wealthy American woman accosted me at a cocktail party to congratulate me. She had seen the treasure and had talked to an expert from the Smithsonian Institution who authenticated it.

"You were terribly lucky, Teddy," she said, "but the chances are a million to one that you will ever find another piece of gold underwater."

I smiled and let her take what comfort she could from the assertion. If she had been less positive about my dismal prospects, I would gladly have pulled from my pocket the six pieces of gold which I had uncovered that very day while diving on another old Spanish shipwreck.

Although my first treasure find was a lucky one, it was not unique. I have made a science of treasure hunting since that time, and it has paid off. Since 1955, when I found the big treasure, I have not gone a single summer without searching underwater and discovering precious metals and stones, as well as less gaudy historical artifacts.

In a way I can compare the reefs of Bermuda to a semiprivate Fort Knox. I know the locations of 112 shipwrecks scattered among the thousands of sand holes which dot the Bermuda reefs. Of that number, at least seven are Spanish galleons, lost in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, when almost every homeward-bound Spanish ship carried a cargo of gold from the New World. Little by little I am uncovering these galleons, working patiently over one wreck at a time until I am satisfied that I have picked it clean.

Last summer I took time off from pure-and-simple treasure hunting to lead an underwater expedition for *The Saturday Evening Post*. Our primary goals were to examine a variety of shipwrecks and develop new scientific methods of searching them out and surveying their sites. But we found gold and pearls anyway. In addition, we turned up hundreds of less spectacular historical items, pioneered a new method of searching for shipwrecks by balloon, and probed an assortment of shipwrecks, including an ancient mystery ship which I believe may hold more treasure than all I have found to date.

I had located the old ship two years ago while salvaging treasure from a known Spanish hulk nearby. After a cursory dive to examine ballast stones and a few pieces of broken pottery lying exposed on the site of the wreck, I guessed she might be Spanish. But she was buried deep in the sand, and her grave lay only a stone's throw from the southwest barrier reef of Bermuda, where strong winds frequently churn the sea so high that diving is impossible. I decided then to save her for another day.

I returned to her with the *Post* expedition. With us was Mendel Peterson, a veteran underwater explorer who joined our group on leave from his post as curator of armed forces history at the Smithsonian Institution. Peterson, whose interest in the science of underwater archaeology equals my interest in sunken treasure, wanted to experiment with a new system of submarine surveying he had developed at Smithsonian last winter. To do so, he needed an unblemished wreck site, one which had not been picked over for salvage. My unexplored old shipwreck, only twenty-five feet underwater and untouched by any modern salvor, was the perfect example.

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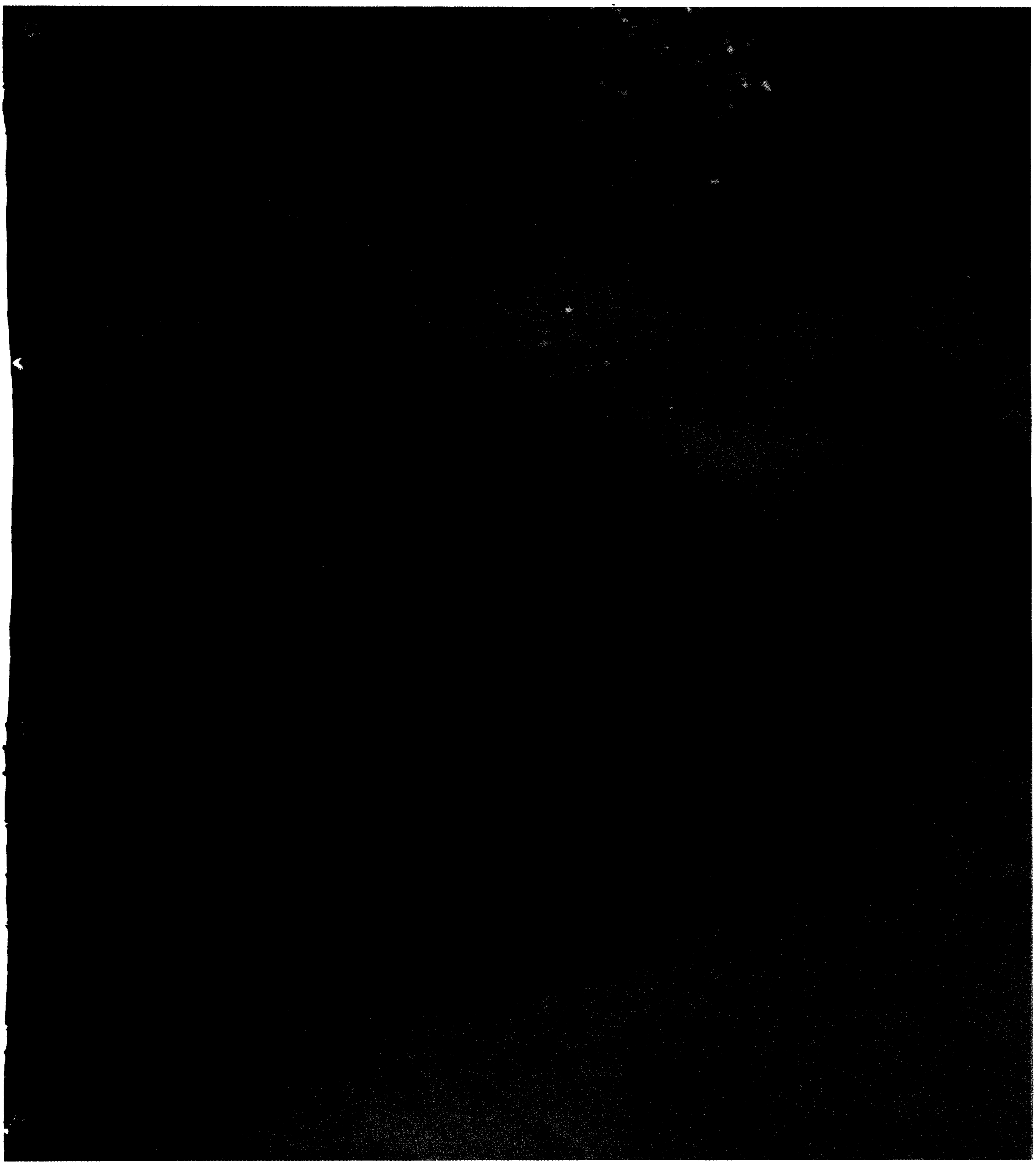

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ADVENTURE

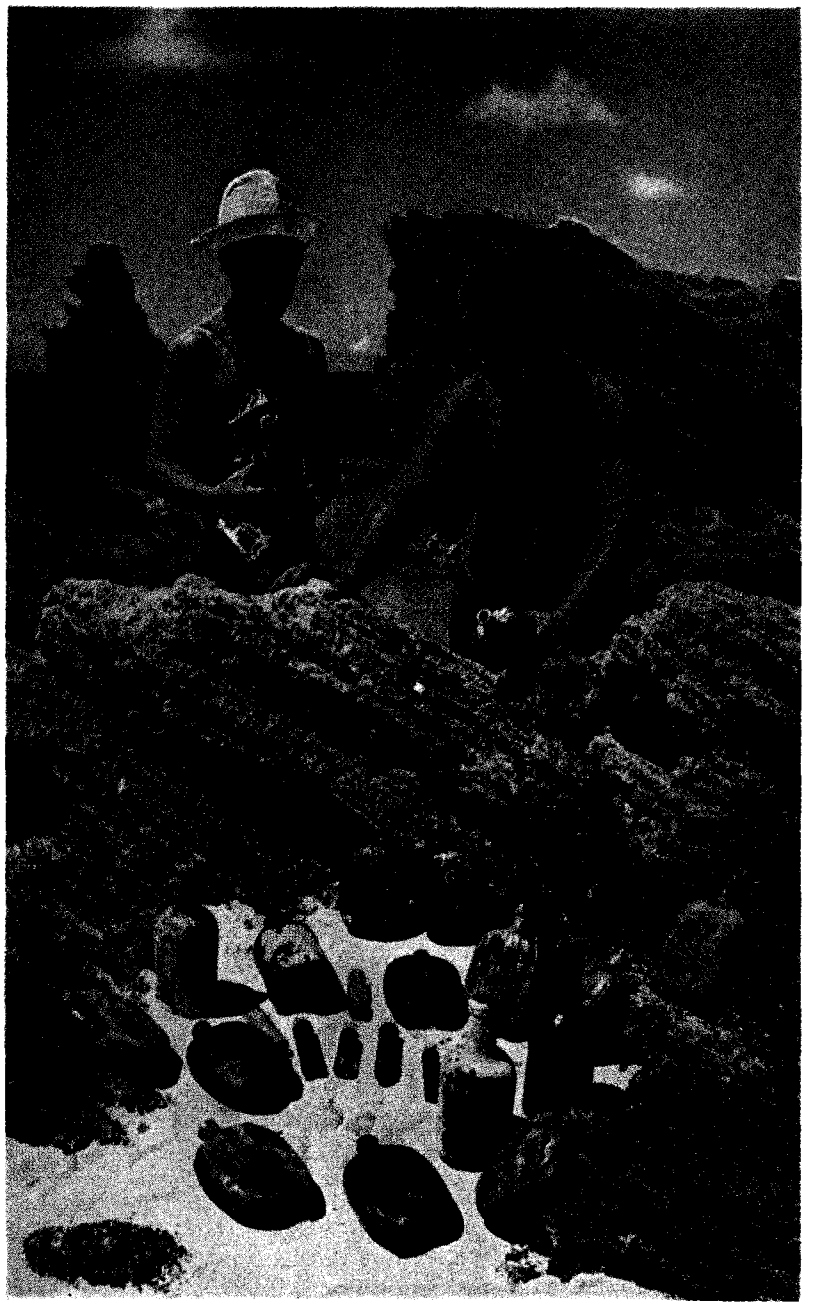
On the first calm day we sailed to the wreck site and anchored my old diving boat, a battered wooden vessel which, although superbly equipped for diving, looks as if it is ready to take a dive itself. Peterson, *Post* editor Don Schanche and photographer Peter Stackpole dropped overboard with a battery-powered underwater metal detector and painstakingly swept the entire area for traces of buried metal. On the surface of the clear white sand they could see nothing but occasional piles of ballast stone which had spewed out of the ship's hull when she broke open. But buried in the sand were dozens of metallic deposits. Carefully Peterson marked each spot with a brightly colored submerged buoy. Then he took bearings on each of them to chart the entire wreck for systematic archaeological exploration. With the bearings recorded he could draw a picture showing the extent of the old ship's wreckage, then use the drawing as a master map for excavating the wreck. As each artifact was brought to the surface he could note its original position on the chart and thereby dispel the confusion which often results when divers gather underwater artifacts but forget where they found them.

With the surveying experiment completed, I descended on the wreck, more to satisfy my curiosity than in hope of finding treasure. To be truthful, I was not altogether certain the ship was Spanish. I had guessed that she might be, from fragments of earthenware water jars I had found scattered among her ballast stones. But that was scant evidence.

As I reached the bottom, I looked around to determine just where the major part of her wreckage was buried. Sizing up the position of a shipwreck which you cannot even see is an art in itself. But when nothing else is visible, the ballast stones will tell you. I looked for a pattern in the clumps of stone which lay about on the bottom and soon noted that they formed an uncertain line, leading from a V-shaped cut in the outer coral bank, where the ship probably struck, to a heavy concentration of stones near the center of the sand valley over which we had anchored. I picked a spot near the concentration of stones and began digging.

Excavating beneath the surface of the sea is another art. The loose sand which abounds around the Bermuda reefs is feathery stuff in an almost weightless environment. If you try to attack it with a shovel, it will cave in as fast as you dig. You can do better by simply waving your hands. Eddies set up in the water by the motion of your hand will wash the sand away from the spot. But for deep digging I use a mechanical device, an air-powered suction pipe called an air lift, which pulls the sand up and spews it out several yards away.

Grasping the air lift, I began carving a sizable excavation. But two feet beneath the sand I struck a deep layer of ballast stones, some of them as big as tombstones. With Peterson's help I lifted the heaviest stones from the hole and began a painstaking search among the smaller ones. Almost at once I uncovered a leather shoe sole, thoroughly soaked but perfectly intact after more than three centuries underwater. It was almost identical to several I had found on other old Spanish wrecks.



Edna Tucker and her amphibious husband with bottles, including rare "melon" flasks, from an eighteenth-century wreck.

Another sign of the ship's possible Spanish origin lay nearby. It was the lid of a wooden cask, crudely formed but still solid. On its top was the symbol ⋈ standing for *Ave Maria*. In the days of the treasure fleets, one fifth of everything the Spaniards found was given to the church, which shipped its goods back to Spain in cartons and casks burned with the *Ave Maria* monogram.

Just a few feet from the barrel top, jutting out of the ballast rock like Excalibur, was the handle of a Spanish rapier, thoroughly encrusted with deposits of rock-hard coral. Within minutes the same rock pile yielded some Spanish reals. Electrolytic action in the salt water had blackened the coins almost to the point of illegibility, but the top piece clearly showed the markings M and O flanking a Spanish coat of arms. Peterson deciphered the marks. The letters identified the coin as originating in the Spaniards' Mexico City mint during the mid-sixteenth century.

This was flimsy evidence to go on, but if the indications were correct, we had a truly ancient Spaniard on our hands, one which perhaps had foundered in the mid-1500's, long before Bermuda was colonized, and thereby had escaped discovery and plunder at the hands of the early colonists. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Bermudians were notorious for the haste with which they stripped the luckless ships that wrecked on the island's reefs.

If my Bermudian ancestors had not already had a crack at the old ship, there was every reason to believe she contained a rich cargo of gold and heavy wedges of silver which, despite electrolytic action, would probably retain most of their weight in the original state. But instead of burrowing deeper into the site, as all of us were eager to do, we left. Strong winds from the southeast drove such high seas into the barrier reef that my anchor would not hold fast.

It was days before the wind eased long enough to permit our return, but when it did, I immediately set about looking for evidence to disprove my theory that she was an old treasure ship. Such a negative approach, I have found, is the best way to avoid jumping to erroneous conclusions on the slim evidence of first-day finds. So far the few items found on the wreck indicated she was an ancient Spaniard, but they proved nothing. Although probably Spanish in origin, all of the items could have been lost in the wreck of an English, French or Dutch ship. Moreover, the ship was not necessarily as old as the artifacts indicated. The shoe sole and the church-marked barrel top probably were a common sight for a hundred years or more. And the dated coin, although easily 375 years old, could have been a half century old at the time of the shipwreck. If I mistakenly persuaded myself of her Spanish identity, I would be wasting time and fooling myself in a fruitless search for treasure. By remaining skeptical I could, in effect, make the ship convince me of whatever secret wealth she held. If she couldn't convince me in a reasonable time, I could assume that she wasn't worth uncovering.

Clearing the ballast rocks, I resumed the excavation I had begun days before. Soon I hit solid timbers, massive old oak ribs still fastened tightly by trunnels to huge wooden planks which served as the inner sheathing of the wreck's hull. Between the timbers ran heavy sixteen-by-twenty-four-inch longitudinal beams, all of them broken in one spot as if they had been snapped like toothpicks. Some of them were charred, evidencing fire. The condition of the ship's wood was tremendously exciting. The fact that her great timbers had been snapped in two showed that the old ship either hit the reef with tremendous force, probably in a violent hurricane, or else that she blew up. In either case, she apparently had been set afire. The Spaniards frequently set their wrecked ships afire before abandoning them, particularly if there was something aboard they wanted to hide. They would rather lose a treasure than have it fall into the hands of the English or French. By burning a wreck they could obliterate all traces of her rigging and decks above the surface of the water. Frequently, when the wrecks burned, the powder store exploded and blew the whole ship apart, tumbling cannons, cargo and hulk alike into the sand on the bottom.

Burrowing deeper still into my excavation, I examined the wood sheathing which in better days had enclosed the old ship's bilge. Only a few small scars marred the sheathing planks scraped by loadings and unloadings of ballast stones for her bilge. This evidence of newness was encouraging. The common-sense Spaniards shipped their most valuable treasures in their newest, best ships.

Not far below I struck the ship's keel and found the first positive proof that she was a Spanish galleon. In the early days each nation had its own special way of building a ship. The Spaniards, alone among the Europeans, invariably carved a four-by-four-inch water trough down the length of their ship keels. This ship had such a trough. She was undeniably Spanish.

At the end of that day I was completely exhausted. Altogether engrossed in the business of studying the old Spanish wreck, I had spent seven hours underwater without a break. Most divers find two hours underwater tiring. Usually I spend three or four hours at a time on the bottom. But the seven-hour stretch was necessary. I feared that the weather would close in on us. I had to use the time I had to best advantage, trying to identify the ship before going further with the exploration.

My fears were well founded. The southwest wind rose again, and it became impossible to anchor over the wreck. Three times the wind eased off, and we returned, but each time it drove us away again

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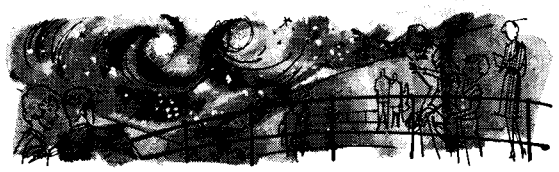

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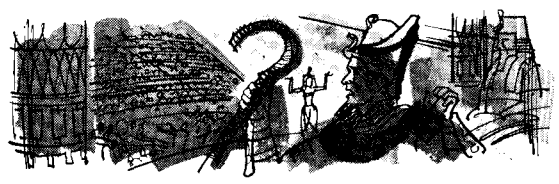

such companies as The Old Vic from London, the Royal Dramatic Theatre of Sweden, the Greek National Theatre, top-notch American talent, including Benny Goodman, Nat King Cole, Hal Holbrook, Arthur Godfrey, and Ella Fitzgerald . . . and of course, Roy Rogers, who is bringing his show to enchant the young at heart. Ballet . . . the world of dance, including the New York City Center Ballet, the Bayanihan Dance Company of the Philippines, and Mexico's Ballet Folklorico, will appear during the six-month-long program assembled from the best the world has ever seen . . . or heard!

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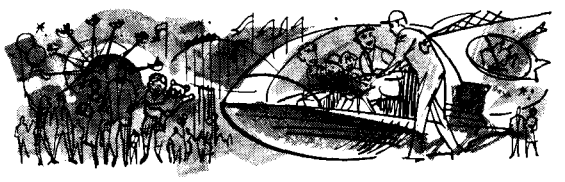

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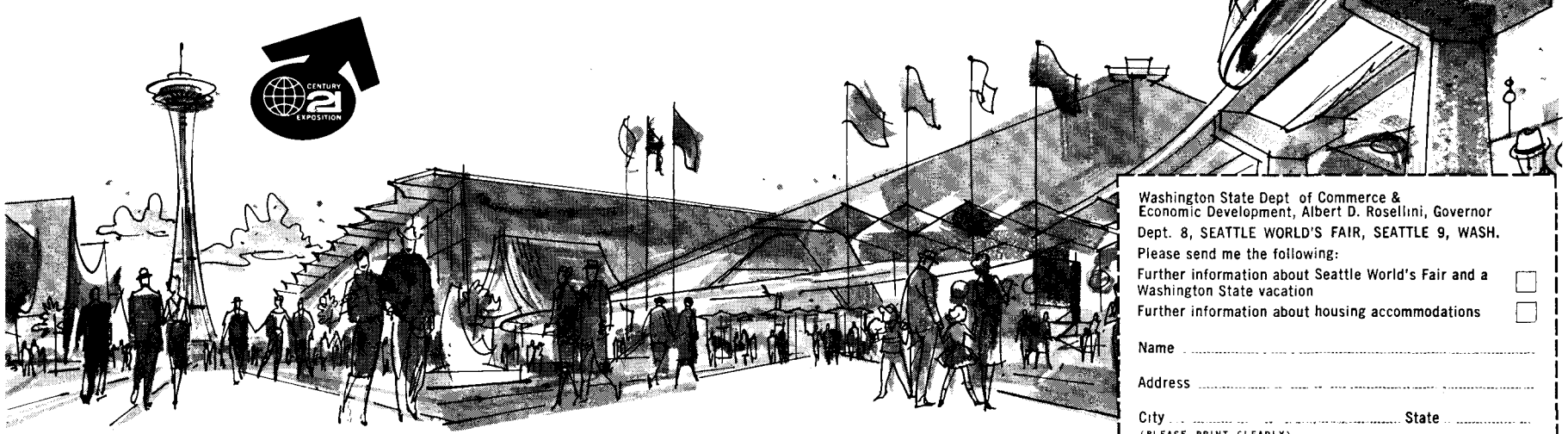

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MARCH LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

ADVENTURE

before we could get much done. We brought up a little pack of crumpled gold leaf, a few scraps of trade beads, buttons and musket balls. Her treasure, which I believe lies buried beneath the sand, remains undisturbed. However, it will not remain undisturbed for long. In summers to come I will continue the excavation. Wherever the treasure lies, I will find it.

Even if the early Bermuda colonists have beaten me to the old wreck, which remains a distinct possibility, I know from studying their primitive salvage methods that they probably overlooked almost as much as they found. I convinced myself of that just two years ago by extracting a sizable treasure from another old Spanish wreck, which I know the early Bermudians had picked over first.

I found her by chance while cruising along the southwest barrier reef with Peter Stackpole. She was in twenty-five feet of water on a clear sand bottom with nothing of her wreckage showing except a few scraps of coral-encrusted iron and a spattering of ballast stones. We started the air compressor, slipped on our weight belts, flippers and face masks, and went over the side.

Skimming lazily along the surface of the sand, we turned up scraps of pottery and square fragments of old glass that had been underwater so long they flaked like isinglass when I touched them. I fanned away a bit of sand and caught a glimpse of something bright—a few links of gold chain. In the distance I could see Stackpole turn to grasp an object which looked like a knife handle stuck to a heavy clump of metal.

He swam excitedly to my side and pointed to the handle. It was the hilt of a dagger. Embedded in a crust of coral on its pommel were some shiny bits of glass which Peter thought might be jewels. I recognized them as glass trade beads of no particular value. But I was far more interested in the odd-looking mass of metal which had welded itself to the dagger's blade. It contained forty-eight perfect Spanish pieces of eight. By grounding themselves against the dagger's steel blade they had escaped the harmful effects of electrolysis in the salt water.

For a time we thought we had stumbled upon an untouched Spanish galleon. Soon, however, enough evidence piled up to prove otherwise. From such things as her cargo of tobacco and indigo, and from the known dates of coins, guns, swords, pewter utensils and other artifacts, we identified her as the famed *San Antonio*, a well-documented wreck which became the center of a violent controversy between England and Spain after she hit the reefs in 1621. Her crew made it ashore safely and pleaded with the governor, Capt. Nathanial Butler, to keep scavenging Bermudians away from the wreck. Butler quite happily complied and graciously sheltered the Spaniards until a London-bound ship came through.

No sooner had the trusting Spaniards left for London than Butler organized a diving party and plundered the Spanish wreck himself. Soon after his salvage effort, Butler slipped quietly away from Bermuda in his own boat. A few years later he turned up as governor of the Rhode Island colony, enriched by his last shrewd act in Bermuda. The unfortunate Spaniards protested to no avail.

Although aware that Butler had beaten me to the *San Antonio*'s treasure by more than three centuries, I went ahead with my exploration. For two years I dug around and under her ancient timbers. Like the Spaniard which the *Post* expedition uncovered last summer, all of *San Antonio*'s keel and a large part of one side were buried in the sand and thus had escaped digestion by wood-boring worms. As a result, when I uncovered her, she looked almost like a Disneyland version of a shipwreck, with bared ribs jutting out of her sandy grave. Working carefully to avoid harming any of the water-rotted artifacts, I brought up every salvageable piece I could find. There were hundreds of examples of the baubles and utensils used in everyday shipboard life—pottery, china, silverware, shoe soles, buckles, buttons, pewter plates and porringers—along with swords, daggers, guns and ammunition. I found stores filled with water-soaked gunpowder, wicker baskets packed with twisted tobacco leaves, and balls of claylike indigo dye which was still usable when brought to the surface. On one of the indigo balls I could still see the finger and palm prints of the man who rolled it, patted it and tossed it into its shipping carton 341 years ago.

Although there were no heavy gold bars or jewel-studded crosses such as I found on my first big treasure ship, the *San Antonio* was endowed with dozens of valuable jewels and small gold artifacts which more than repaid me for the time spent salvaging her. All together I picked up $20,000 worth of treasure which her original salvors had overlooked.

In one day alone I found a massive emerald set in a heavy gold ring; then discovered a pair of centuries-old gold earrings which I have been told represent one of the finest examples of Spanish-colonial gold artwork in the world. But I had to work carefully and patiently. The earrings, for example, were buried forty feet apart in the sand. Some forty-four inches of heavy gold chain—which the Spanish once clipped for commercial transactions as if it were a chain of money—came up in small sections, most of it link by link.

Not all of the *San Antonio* treasures were obvious when I found them. Just a few months ago a beautiful gold ring set with an emerald, a garnet and a rock crystal was discovered hidden in the coral crust of a *San Antonio* cannon ball which I had lent to the Smithsonian Institution for an experiment in preservation. Experts at Smithsonian discovered the ring when they X-rayed the cannon ball before removing the coral crust. Legibly engraved in archaic Spanish inside the band was an inscription, "I am yours and will be." Mendel Peterson, who recently returned the ring to my museum in Bermuda, believes it may have been the symbolic wedding ring of a nun expressing her devotion to the Savior. He says it could also have been a love or marriage ring similar to a few British Museum specimens which bear equally sentimental inscriptions.

Attached to the same cannon ball was a slightly bent gold religious medal. On one side is the figure of the Virgin Mary, and on the other is the Virgin of Guadalupe, a favorite among Spaniards in the New World.

Both finds illustrate the importance of caution and patience in the business of hauling treasures up from beneath the

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sea. Most amateurs, upon finding the coral-encrusted cannon ball on an old shipwreck, would have chipped away the coral to get at the iron ball. In this case a priceless ring and a historically valuable gold medal would have been lost by such impatience.

The *Post* expedition returned to the same wreck last summer, and still she wasn't picked clean. In a few days of diving, we brought up a unique weight-and-balance set, a variety of silver and pewter buttons, dozens of cannon balls, and a glistening four-inch length of gold trade chain. Digging patiently into the older Spanish galleon from which I salvaged the brightest prizes of my treasure collection, we uncovered a mass of artifacts overlooked in my earlier work on her. As an extra reward for our painstaking labor, we found eleven pearls, all as solid and lustrous as they were when the ship went down.

Although patience is the most important quality a treasure hunter can have, the trade demands a certain amount of courage too. I have my share of guts, but make no boast about ignoring the hazards of diving. As all good divers know, the business of plunging into an alien world with an artificial air supply as your only link to the world above can be as dangerous as stepping into a den of lions. Most of the danger rests within the diver himself.

The devil-may-care diver who shows great bravado underwater is the worst risk of all. He may lose his bearings in the glimmering dim light which penetrates the sea and become separated from his diving companions. He may dive too deep, too long and suffer painful, and sometimes fatal, bends.

He may surface too quickly and force his lungs to squeeze their supply of high-pressure air into his blood stream, causing an embolism—a bubble of air in the blood—which often kills. He may become trapped in a submarine rockslide, get lost in an underwater cave, or be chopped to bits by a marauding shark. These are not occasional dangers such as the hazard of crossing a street in busy traffic. They are always with you underwater. At one time or another I have faced all of them except bends and embolism, which can be avoided by common sense and understanding of man's physical limits beneath the surface.

Once, while salvaging brass from the sunken hulk of an old steel ship, I brushed lightly against a huge engine cylinder which looked as if it were as solid as it was on the day the ship was launched. Although the pressure of my touch was hardly enough to topple a toy soldier, the heavy mass of cast iron collapsed, causing a chain reaction in which the rest of the old engine crumbled. Tons of iron dropped all around me. Sheer luck saved me from being crushed. I have been wary of swimming around steel shipwrecks ever since.

Sharks are a common hazard, particularly in the late afternoon when they almost invariably swim in among the Bermuda reefs to feed on the small fish which abound there. Let no man tell you they are harmless or timorous beasts. I have been chased too many times by massive creatures with but one thought in their peanut-sized brains—eating me.

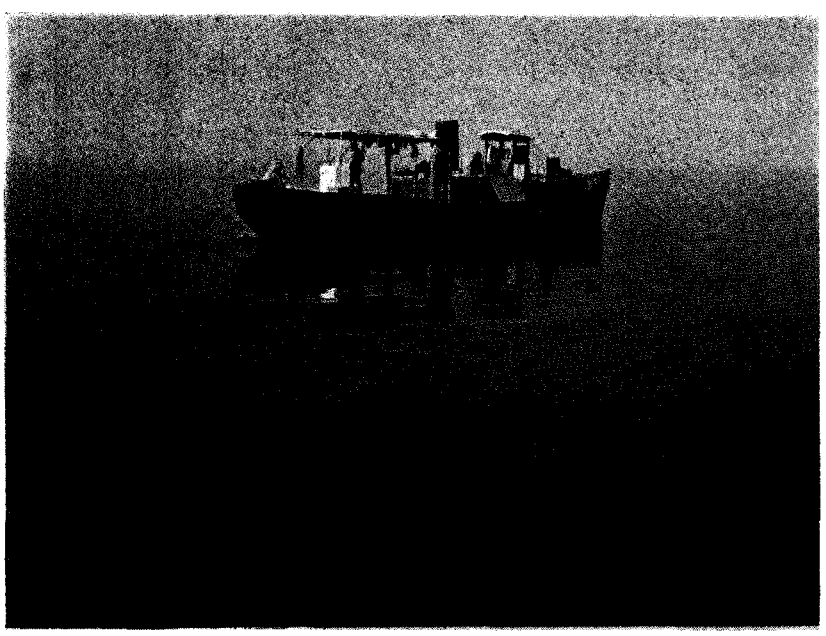
Not long ago I was having lunch at my widowed mother's house on Hamilton harbor, swapping shark stories with two old friends while my mother listened attentively. I told of a twelve-foot tiger shark that recently had tried to make a meal of me. I was working on the bottom, digging sand away from an old shipwreck, when I suddenly felt the presence of a visitor. Turning, I saw the shark lying motionless on the bottom about fifteen feet from me. I'm still not sure whether he had already sized me up or was merely killing time there, but he twitched as if the thought of eating me had just occurred to him. Fortunately I decided to move before he did. Swimming quickly to the surface, I grabbed the boarding ladder and heaved myself into the boat. The shark was right behind me, happily too late to get a bite.

"One of them is going to get you one of these days," said one of my friends. "You've used up your odds."

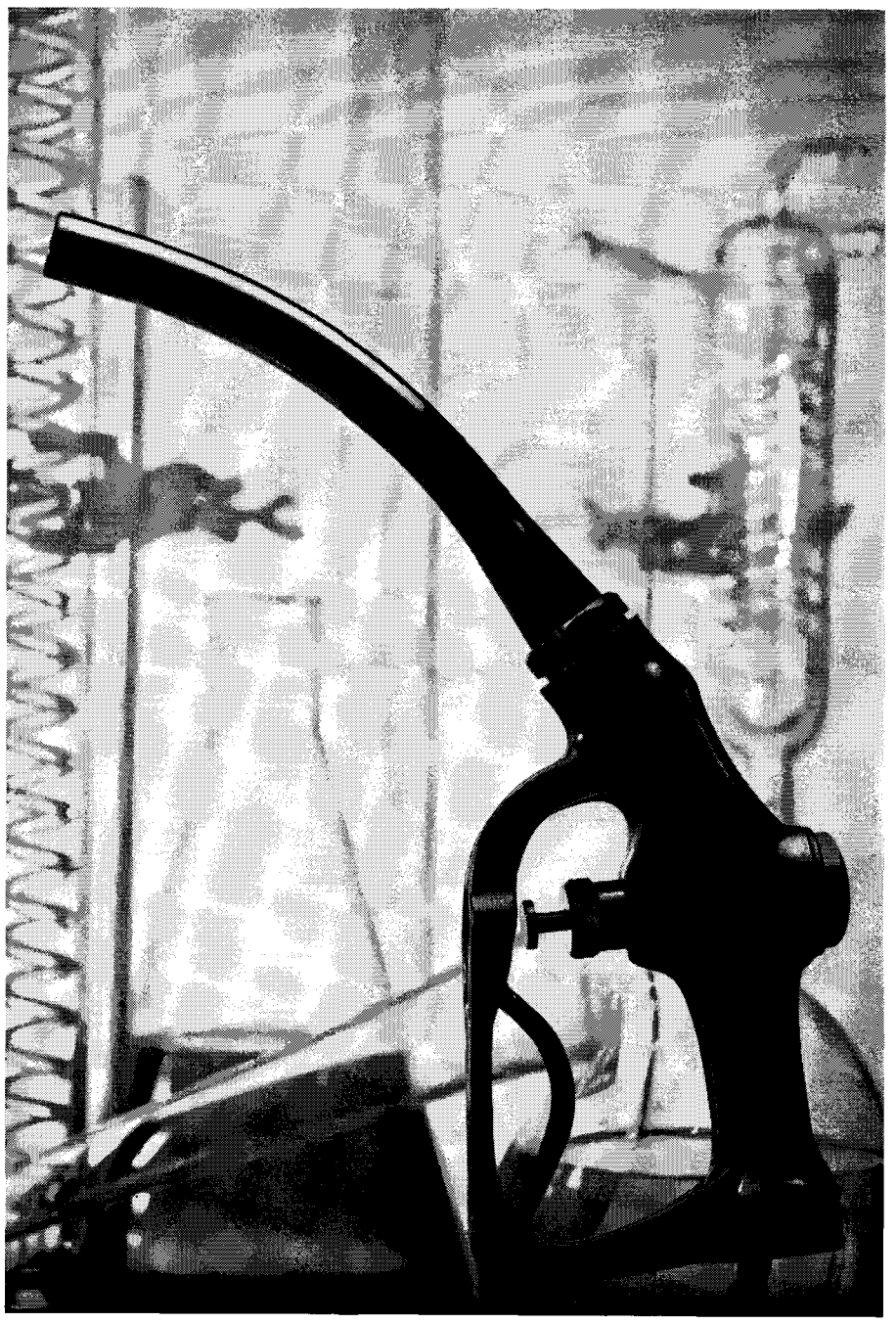
Mother sighed resignedly. "Your Guardian Angel must be getting tired, Teddy," she said.

"I just hope he doesn't wear out before I do, mamma," I said. "I still have a lot of things to do. If that angel sticks with me, we're both in for a helluva good time."

THE END



Tucker's boat, a battered wooden pinnace without a name, moored for diving in the glassy Bermuda sea.



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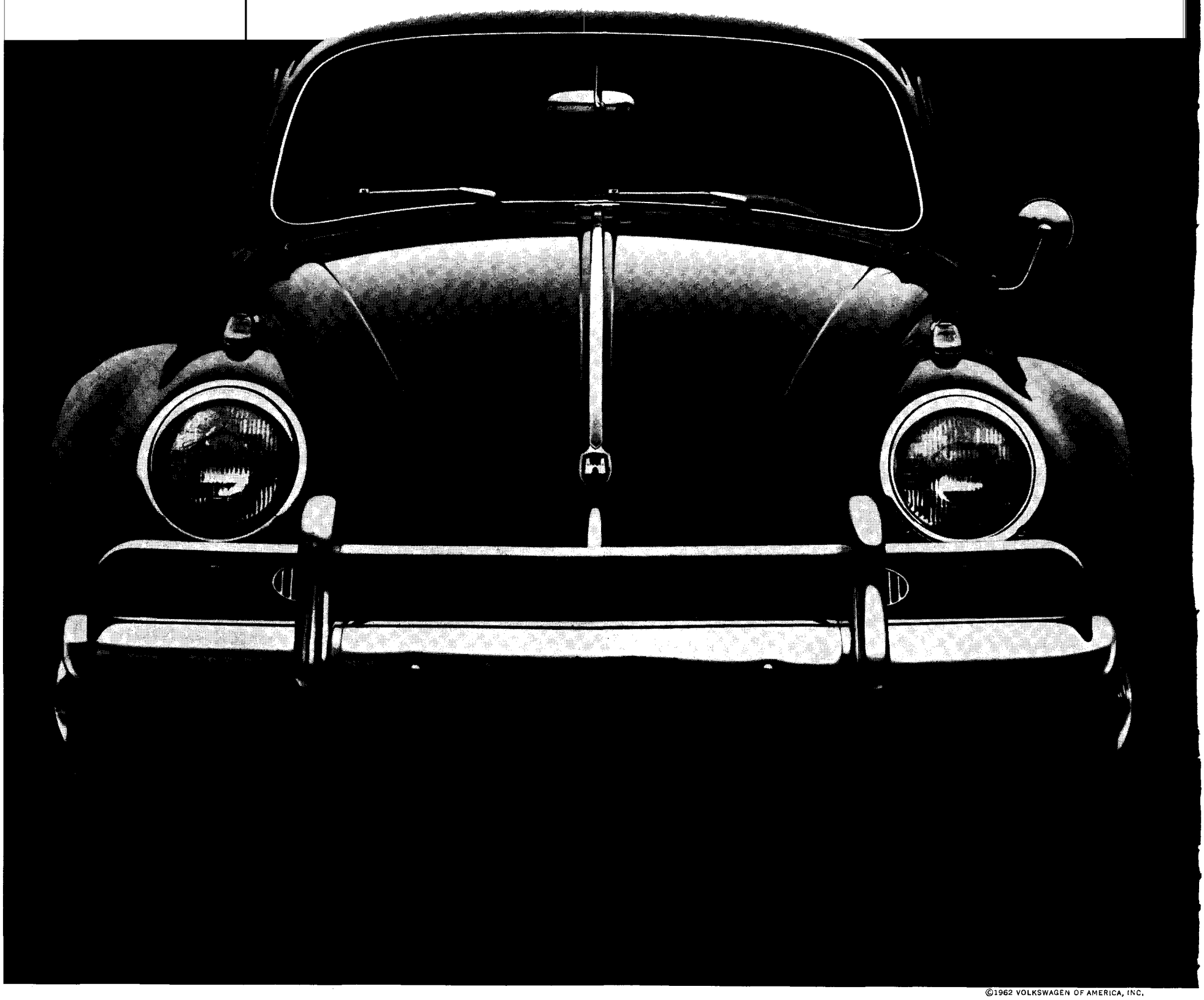

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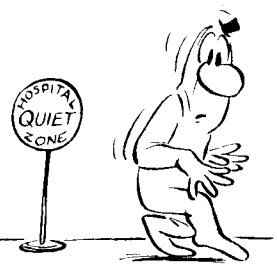
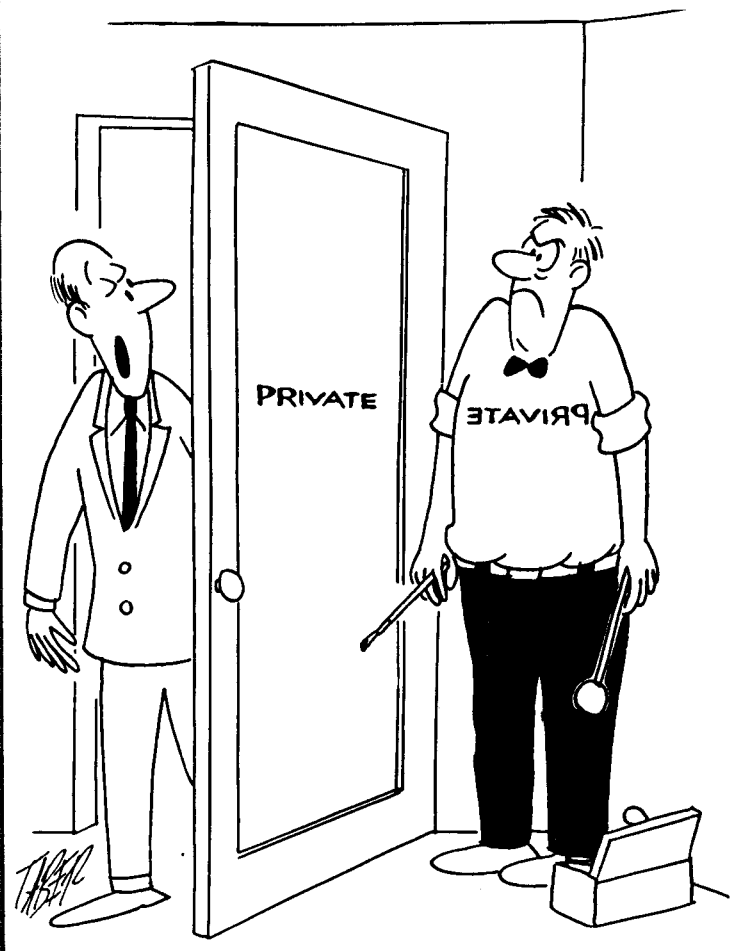
post scripts



"I've told you before, Devaney, a good man doesn't let himself get involved with the patients."



"How you doing?"

"You're probably thinking, 'A burglar—and I have no insurance!'"

MOVED AND SECONDED

The minutes of this meeting
  Are more like hours, I swear.
The long debates aren't heated;
  Just swollen with hot air.

And numb of haunch and wilted
  By this exhausting bore,
I rise to make a motion . . .
  On tiptoe to the door!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

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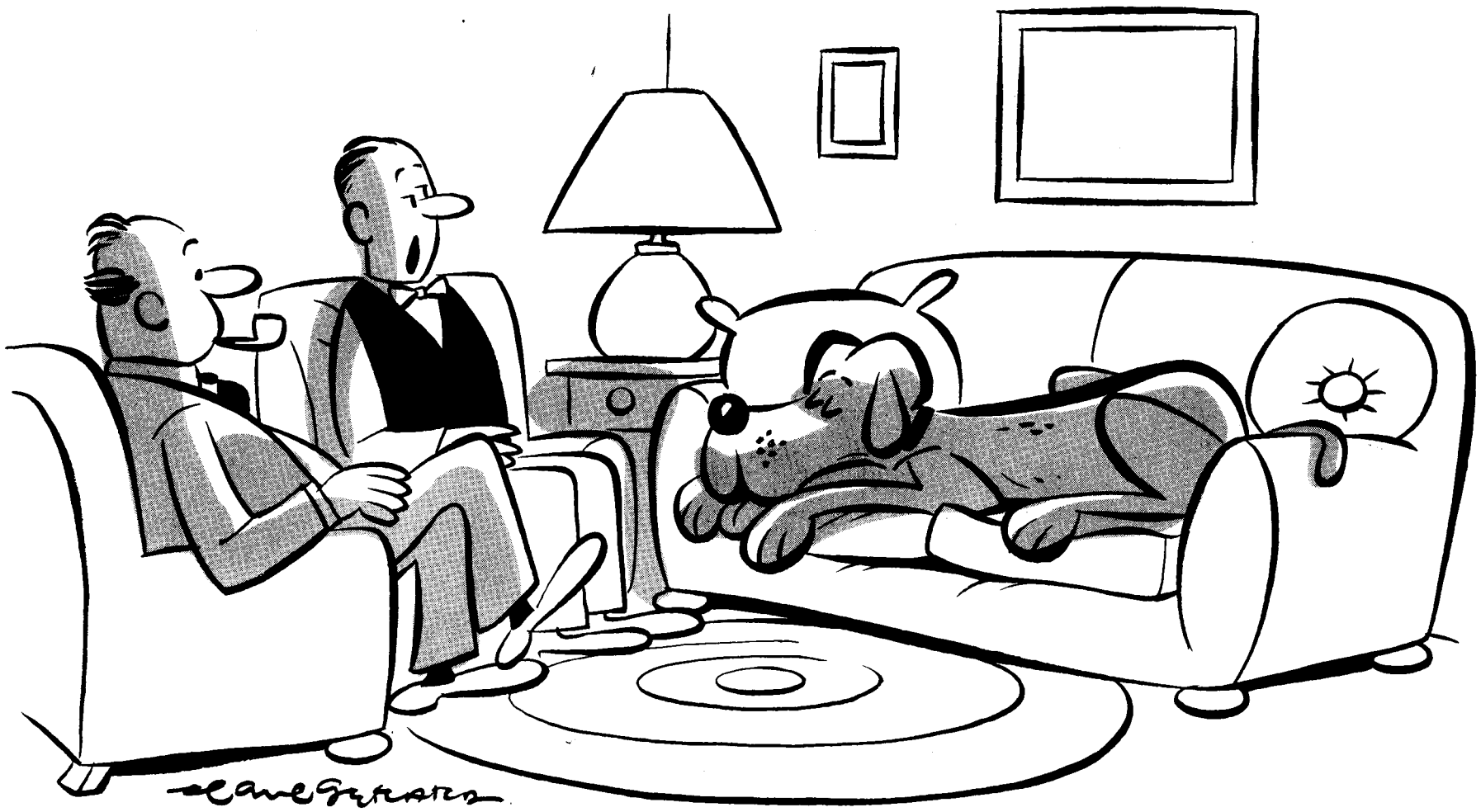
"Now, then. What seems to be your trouble?"



"He's just like one of the family—my wife's brother, to be exact."

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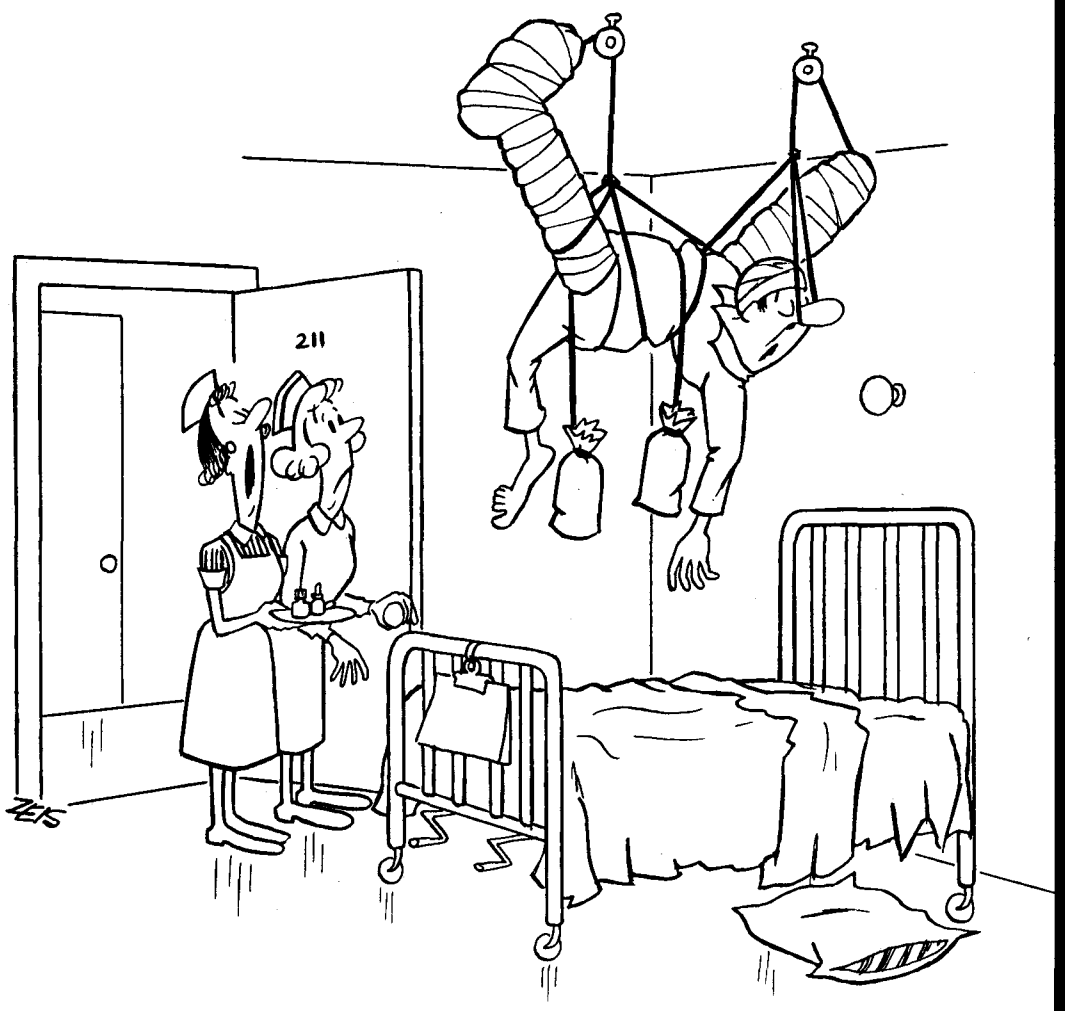

"I hate to wake him—he had a rather restless night."

"Do you have the same size in something a bit larger?"

Tales Mein Grossfader Told

DER PRINCESS UND DAS SMOKENSTACKENSWEEPER

Ein uglisch smokenstackensweeper ben sneaken insiden ein kastle und proposen ein wedden mit der Princess. Ach! Der lovelischer Princess, und also der King und Queen, ben uptilten der snooters mit scornen das donderhead!

Suddenisch ein oldisch frau ist appearen. Himmel! Der frau ben hooknosen mit gleamisch eyeballen! Der cloaken ben blackisch und oberdotten mit mysticker painten. "Das wedden ist goot!" der frau ist declaren. "Das wedden ist bringen der gooten luck."

Der Princess und der King und der Queen und der courtenfolkers ben exclaimen, "Das ist ein magicker forecasten! Das wedden ist goot!"

Mitout waiten, der Princess und das smokenstackensweeper ben wedden. Der grandisch outmarchen ben proceeden, und der oldisch frau ist uprushen mit greeten der newisch Prince. "Ist das wedden ben bringen der gooten luck?" der frau ben asken.

"Ja, grossmamma," der newisch Prince ben answeren. "Get der grossfader und mamma und papa und all der kinfolkers mit moven insiden der kastle."

DAVE MORRAH

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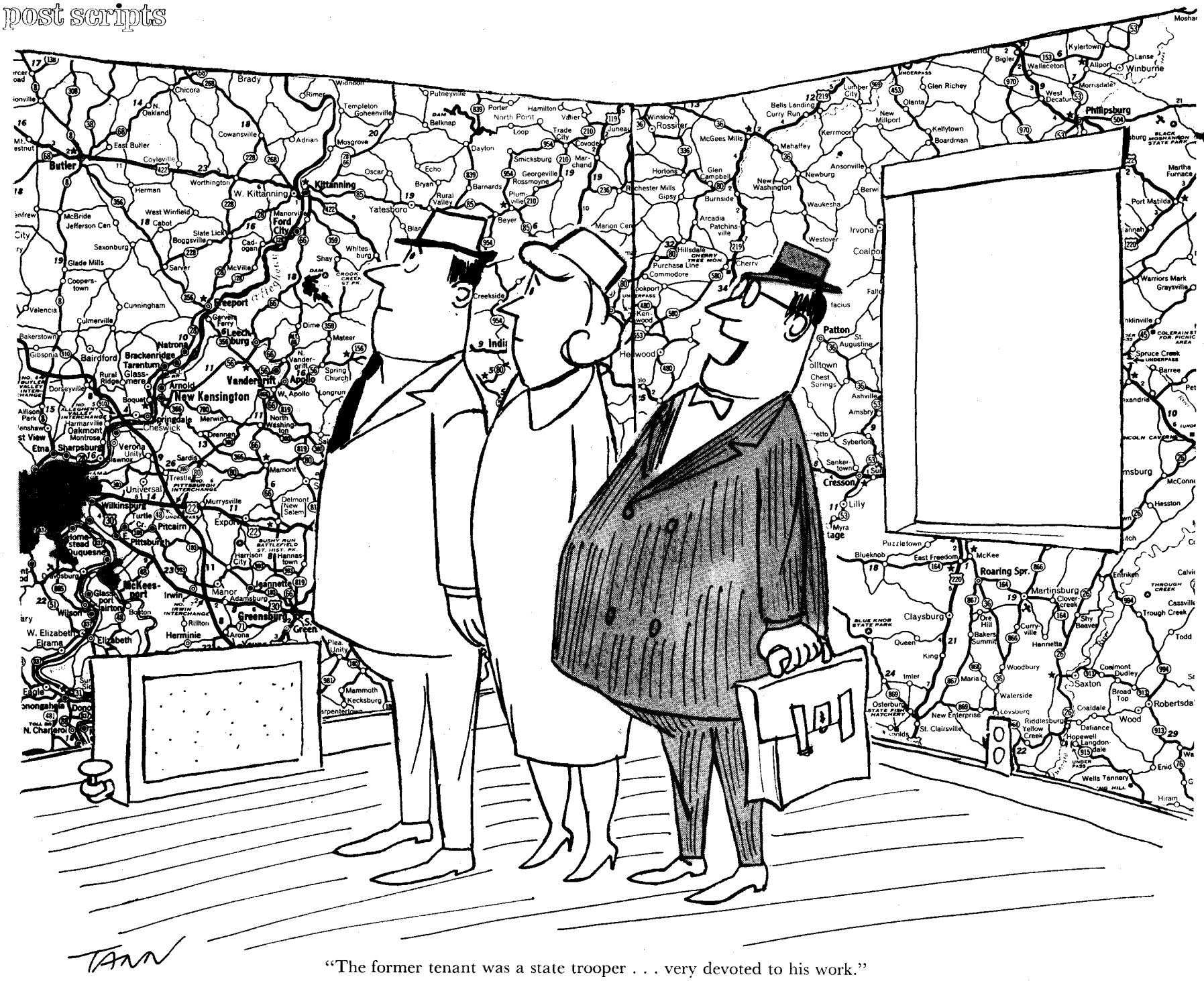
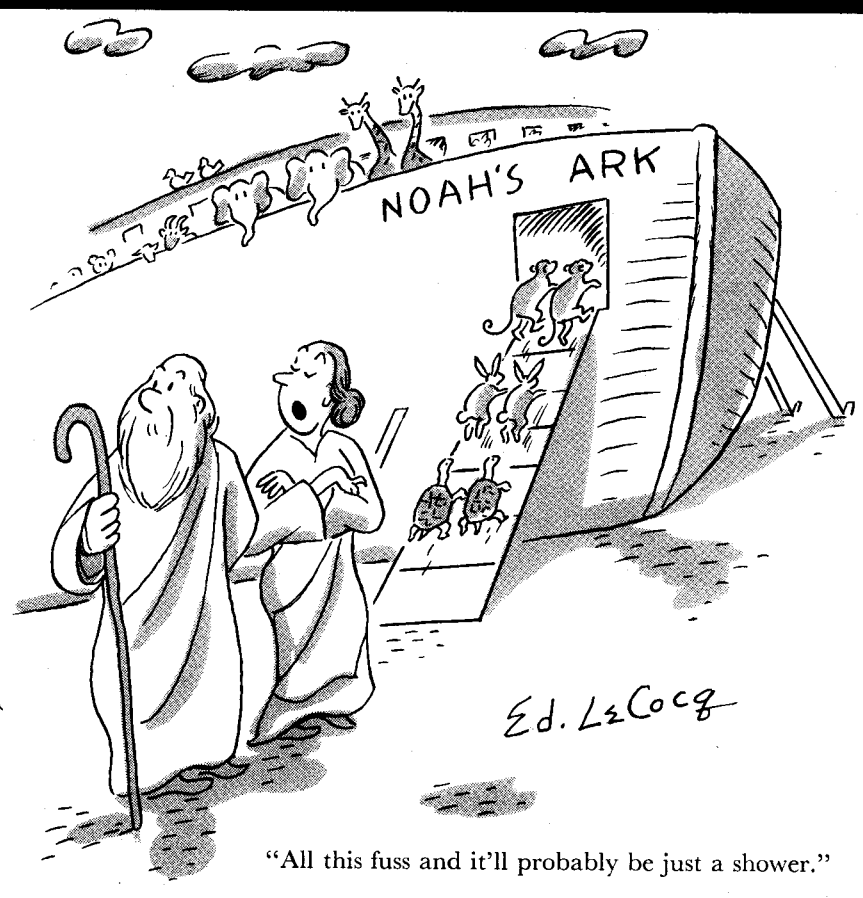
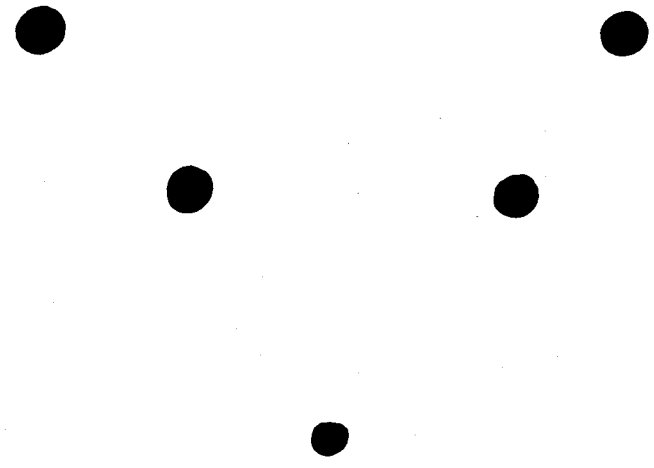


"The former tenant was a state trooper . . . very devoted to his work."



"All this fuss and it'll probably be just a shower."

BILL SHELLY



"This is the first time I've ever performed a wedding on Pogo sticks."

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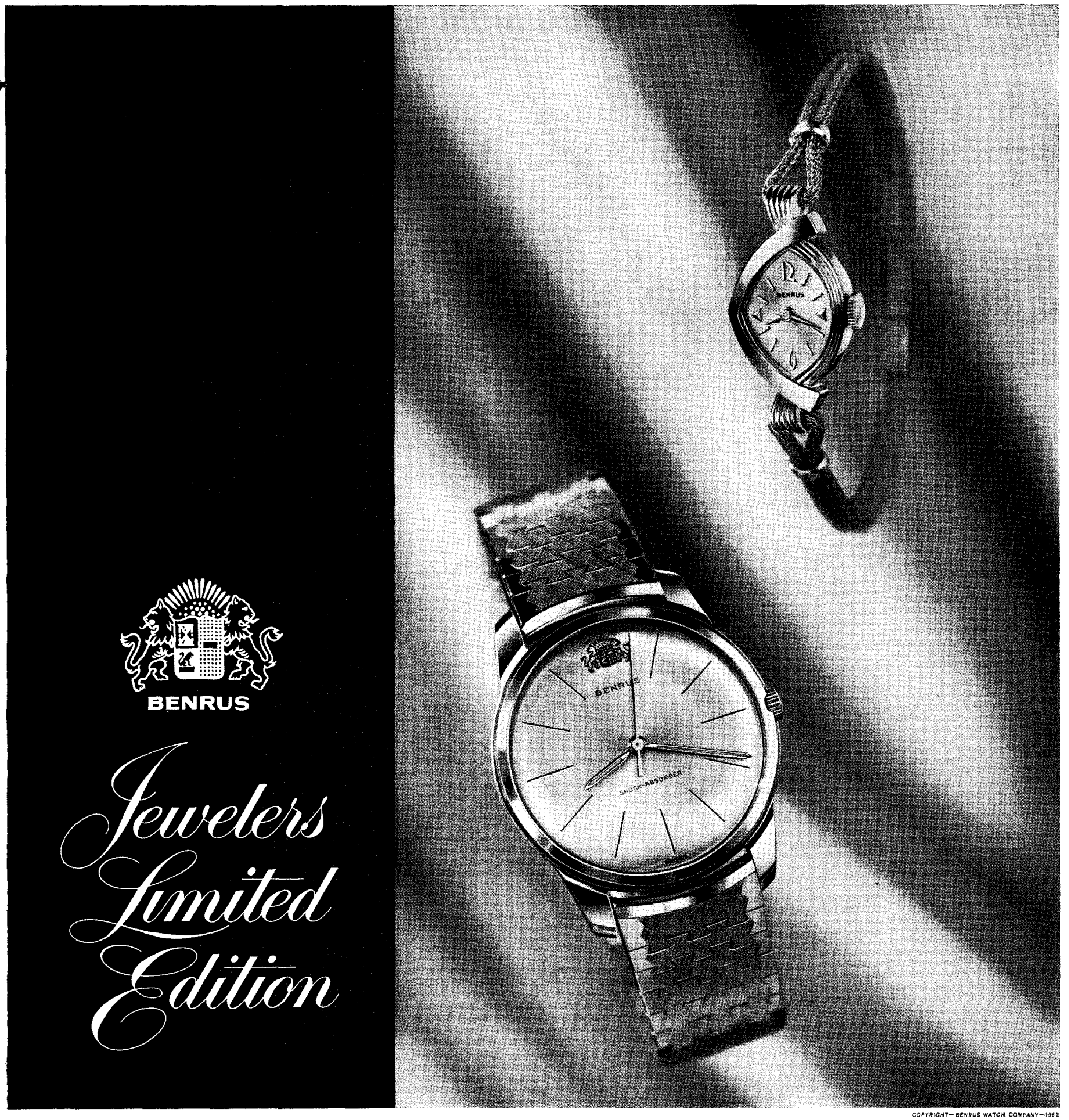

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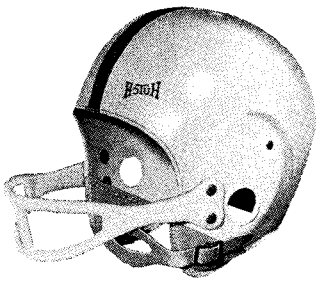

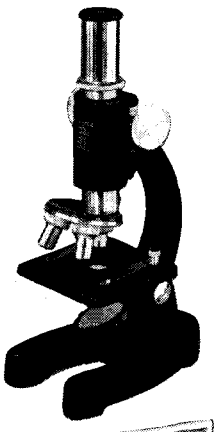

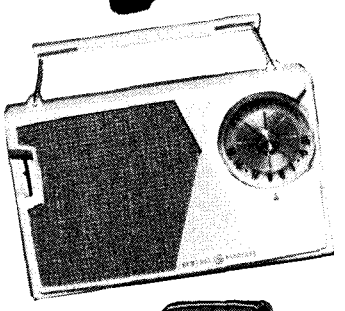

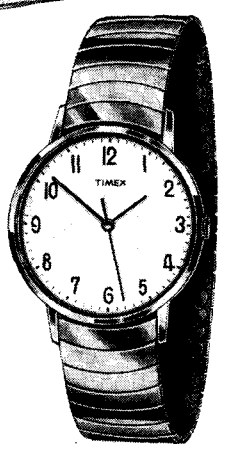

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THE OUTCAST

continued from page 25

she could lay hands on, at least a book a day, and was the most intelligently misinformed person the judge had ever known. Brown of skin, gray of hair, green about nothing on earth and direly black in outlook, Pearl lived by the rules of a moody *mystique* composed of equal parts of Caribbean voodoo and paperback Freudian psychology. She was a fine housekeeper, an artistic cook and an undissuadable tyrant who had promised the judge's wife, on her deathbed twenty-two years ago, to look after him.

"You're not making it any easier, Pearl," the judge said impatiently.

"I don't mean to make it easier," Pearl replied. "That girl always had things too easy. . . . Henry, you take that melon in and put it in the refrigerator."

Pearl and Henry went into the house. The judge sat down in one of the old rockers on the porch.

Henry returned and hurled himself into another of the rockers. "You've got a fine place here, your honor," he said. "A place like this must cost a lot to own and keep up."

The judge, following his train of thought, did not mind. "It cost me $10,000 to build, twenty-six years ago. I could probably get five times that for it today. What an environment to produce a Communist, eh?"

Henry's strong face contorted. "I can't believe it, your honor! I'm a liberal myself, but Johanna must have flipped her lid! Why would she do such a thing?"

"One never knows why people do things."

"Maybe there aren't any reasons for anything. I took a course in Greek drama once, and I wish now I hadn't. I feel like one of those characters in Aeschylus—you know, like I was being pushed by the gods into something I hate to do, yet unable to fight back."

"Very often in life we must just surrender as gracefully as we can, Mr. Brown," said the judge. "Free will is largely an illusion. The Greeks, who invented democracy, knew this."

"I thought a man had the right to choose in these United States of America," said Henry J. Brown.

"To choose, but not necessarily to get what he chooses," the judge said wearily. "Events may overrule him—events being other people exercising a prior or stronger choice."

"I don't agree," said Henry. "Rights can't violate rights. Only wrongs can."

"What if it's your rights against Johanna's, head on?"

"Then Johanna is wrong!" Henry J. Brown said sternly. "There aren't two sides to every question. That's a sophistry! Some questions have only one side."

The judge jumped in his rocker as a raucous shriek rang out, almost in his ear. No matter how often he heard that sound, it always startled him. He looked around. There on the railing of the porch sat a big, crested Sierra blue jay, staring at him with beady dark eyes.

"Ah there, Sir Absurdo! Late, aren't you?" said the judge. "No, I didn't forget you. Here—catch!"

He took some raisins from his pocket and flipped one to the bird, which ingested it in mid-air with a lightning snap of its strong beak. Other jays, a whole flock of them, came coursing down from the ponderosa pines above the house. They lined up on the porch railing and begged for raisins.

From the kitchen came Pearl's outraged cry. "Oh, hear that, will you? Next time we come up here, J'hanna, I going to bring a gun and thin them jays out! They the noisiest, nosiest, nastiest birds on earth!"

"Don't let grandpa hear you say that," came Johanna's voice. "The blue jays are his pets, you know."

The judge smiled at Henry J. Brown. "They're nuisances, but I do like them."

"Blue jays," Henry said morosely, "are no worse than people, your honor."

"Exactly! Pearl detests the jay for the same reason that I like him—because his worst characteristics are vulgar, human ones. The jay is as offensively friendly as a man peddling something, say, on television. Besides, he is a thief, a snoop, a snitch and a bully, but you'll never get the evidence to disbar him."

"Can you really tell them apart?" Henry said curiously.

"A few. The big boss bird who got here first—the one I call Sir Absurdo—I'd recognize him anywhere. His mate there, who isn't as meek as she looks, I call Poor Mouth Pauline."

But Henry had lost interest in the blue jays. He was listening to the voice of his lost love in the kitchen, not knowing that at his age there would be other loves. The judge caught himself frowning. He put his hand on the lad's knee.

"Go change into your hunting duds and let Johanna take you for a hike, to say good-by forever to all the places she loved as a little girl," he said gently. "And remember, son—Johanna is a good, kind and very troubled woman who is being pressed hard by her own gods. When you fail at everything else—at logic and polemics, at tears and prayer—be kind to her. Events are sometimes cruel, but we should try to be kind."

The youth gave him a look of such abject gratitude that the judge felt annoyed again. He flipped a few more raisins to the blue jays and went up to his room for his late-morning nap. That was one of the advantages of his age and position. When a seventy-four-year-old judge napped, he was not trying to evade a problem. He was merely treating himself to an Olympian withdrawal to refresh his infallibility.

He was awakened an hour later by the hysterical screaming of the blue jays. He got up and looked out of his window, which overlooked the slope that rose behind the house.

Johanna and Henry were returning from their hike. Johanna still wore her chaste proletarian habit, but Henry had on a red-blooded plaid shirt, jeans and boots. They had stopped about level with the judge's window, and there the jays had found them. Not content merely to snoop, they were telling the world that the young people were kissing.

Johanna drew away from Henry and put her face against his chest. She cried her heart out in a few visible, wrenching sobs. She lifted her wet face again, and their lips met and parted.

Henry looked up at the sky, to cry out incoherently against the gods. He turned his back on Johanna and ran down the slope—toward the house—and out of sight. A door slammed. Heavy boots shook the stairs. Henry rushed into his room and out again, banging his suitcase against the walls in his frenzy to be free of the cause of his pain.

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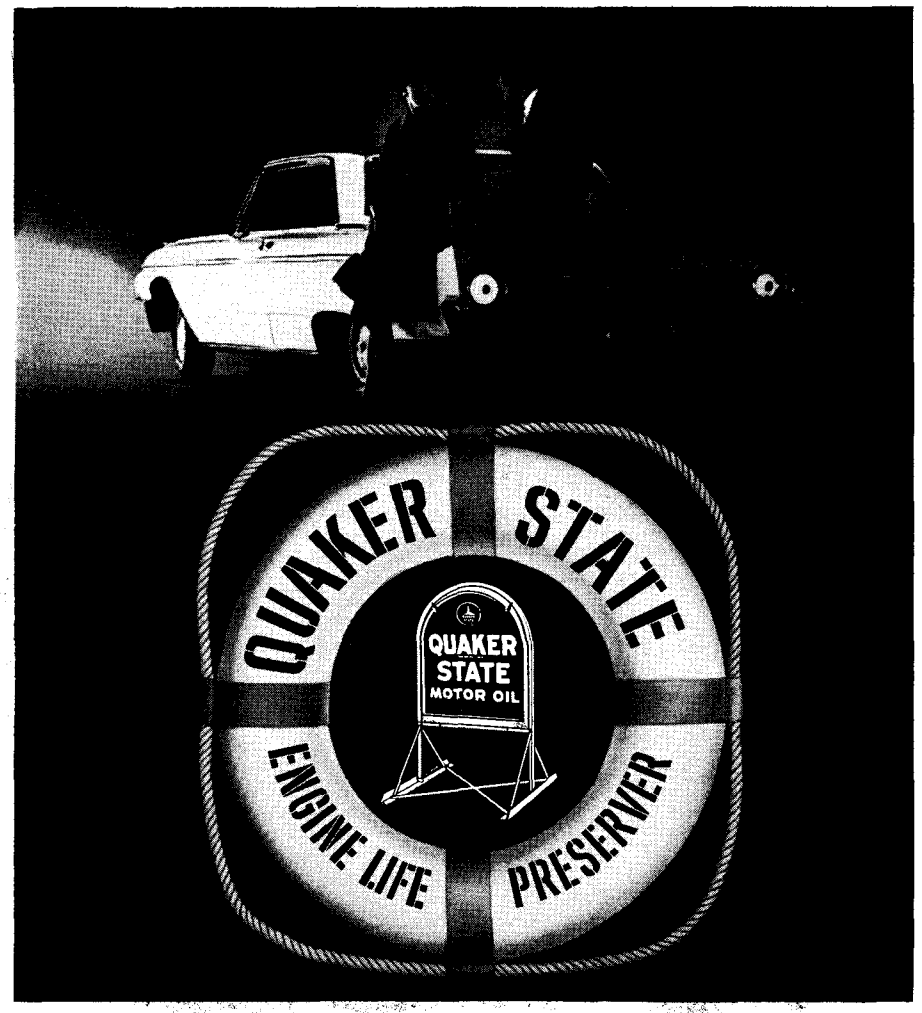

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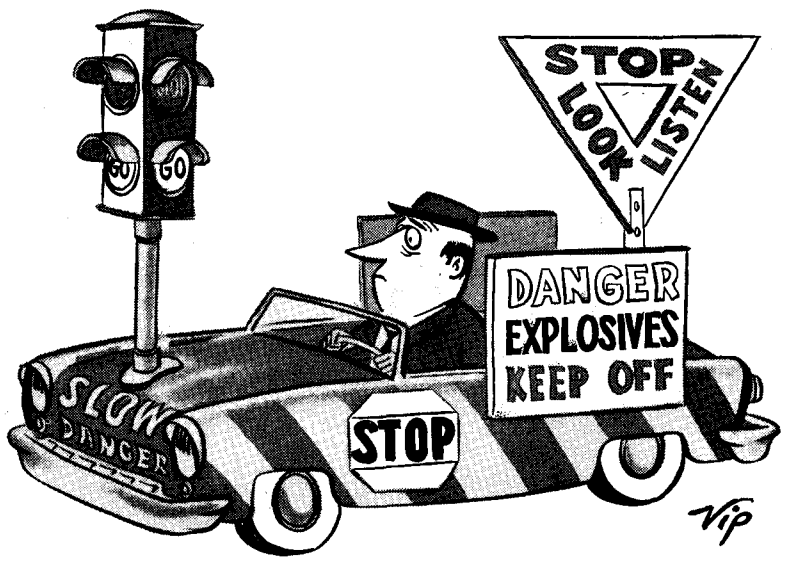

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OUTCAST

He can run from it, the judge thought. *I can't.*

When Pearl called him down to lunch, he found Johanna seated at the table in the den. She looked more raptly self-contained than ever, as though she had just withstood a test. "Henry is gone, grandpa," she said. "He went down to the village to try to catch a ride home. He asked me to make his apologies."

The judge sat down and said, "Too bad! I believe I liked Henry."

Johanna was very pale and more beautiful than he had ever seen her. "I really do love him, grandpa," she said, "and if I thought I could make him happy, I would stay. But this is the first important decision I ever made for myself, and it would be cowardly to give up now. I would only ruin Henry's life as well as my own."

Pearl came in and put the hot casserole on a pad on the table. "What wrong with you," she said, "is you got a guilt complex from a childhood trauma. The way you brought up, I wonder you didn't turn out worse than you did!"

Johanna grew paler still. Her eyes snapped. "All right, Pearl—I said I'm not going to argue with you!"

"If I your mother, you sure wouldn't!" Pearl said stridently. "If that Fleur had any gumption, she'd whup some manners into you, big as you are. J'hanna, I know you since you was born. Where the bright, pretty child you used to be? What happen to you, baby?"

Johanna did not answer. Pearl went out, shaking her head angrily. "That one glass of wine there is all your grandpa get," she said over her shoulder. "Watch him, J'hanna. You can't trust that man!"

In a moment Johanna said, "She could be right about childhood trauma at that. I remember some hideous quarrels between mom and dad when I was very small. They used to just tear me to pieces! Maybe that's why I can't be just another nice Archer girl—because I know we're really not very nice people at all."

Her mother, Fleur, was a dark, exotic temperamental woman who had once been a concert pianist. Her father, Will, the judge's son, was a strong-minded man, a corporation lawyer who from the start had wanted a big family, at least six children. Fleur had not wanted any. They had compromised on three, of whom Johanna was the eldest. And like most human compromises, this one had worked from day to day. Eventually days had become years, as they always did, and now Will and Fleur could share this sorrow together. He drank his wine.

"All married people quarrel," the judge said, "and all kids are torn to pieces now and then. I don't feel that the sins of the fathers, be they scriptural or Freudian, are necessarily unbearable. Instead of blaming your parents for the bad times they conquered, why not give them credit for the conquering? It was very hard for your mother to give up the stage and be just a housewife."

"Not as hard as you may think, grandpa," Johanna said coldly. "I know music, and what really decided mom was that she realized in her heart that she was only second-rate. I blamed her for years for making everyone unhappy. It was a long, long time before I realized that dad is only second-rate too."

"Will second-rate?" he cried in astonishment.

"All he knows is one thing—the law. What else can you call that?" she cried fiercely. "Well, I'm not going to be second-rate, and I'm not going to live the kind of second-rate life they live! Henry and I would be just like mom and dad, and I want more out of life than that. And I'm going to have it if it kills me!"

He reached for the bottle to pour himself a forbidden second glass of wine. He slopped wine all over the table as the blue jays suddenly began screaming outside. It was a sound he knew well, a chorus of alarm to alert everything alive that something was terribly wrong. This was the sound that made the blue jays that lived in the ponderosa pines better than any watchdog.

He put down the bottle and ran to the door, with Johanna beside him. The den was at the back of the house, on the lower floor. Just outside the door was a little, low-walled patio, with three steps leading up to the slope that rose behind the house.

"One of them caught his foot in a string," Johanna cried. "The poor thing doesn't know Pearl is trying to help it!"

"She isn't trying to help it! She set a snare under the clothesline and baited it with the seeds from the melon. That damned woman has caught Sir Absurdo!" the judge exploded. He ran out into the patio. "Pearl, let that bird go this instant, do you hear?"

Pearl at the moment was too busy to answer. She was fending off a cloud of irate blue jays with one hand and trying to reel in Sir Absurdo with the other. The big boss bird of the flock was securely caught by one leg, in a string Pearl had probably yanked from the kitchen door. He fought and fluttered and screamed, but in he came.

Pearl closed a hand around him, folding his wings against his body. She locked his beak between her thumb and finger while she broke the string. The moment Sir Absurdo's voice was muffled, the other blue jays went flashing away into the lower branches of the pines. Pearl turned to face the judge and Johanna. She was smiling triumphantly.

"I ain't going hurt him, judge," she said. "I only going to make a pariah out of him."

"A pariah?" said the judge. "Turn him loose. You're not going to practice any of your voodoo on that bird!"

"You call it what you like," said Pearl, "but I know what I know! My mother a pariahmaker, and she hand it down to me like her mother hand it down to her. In the islands it used mostly with rats. When you got a pariah, that one rat is all you got. The other'n's leave and never come back, so long as your pariah live. I don't know if it work with jay birds, but I don't see why not."

Johanna caught her grandfather's arm. "Oh, grandpa, please let her!" she whispered vibrantly. "She promised not to hurt him."

"She already has. No wild bird should be manhandled."

"Please! I was always fascinated by such things!"

The judge let her have her way, partly because her pretty, flushed face was the face of the old Johanna, but partly because he was curious himself. He too had

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David O. Flynn

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OUTCAST

heard of pariah rats. It seemed to be a dying legend, if indeed it had ever been anything more. It would be very strange if there were something in it after all!

Pearl turned her back, cuddling the jay in her hands. The hot breeze that arose here every afternoon whipped her gray hair as she swayed from side to side, singing softly. She fell to her knees, still with her back to them. Her soft song—it was more of a chant, really—came faster and faster. The judge would have given almost anything to hear the words.

In the pines beyond Pearl he could count eleven jays moving restlessly among the lower limbs. They never took their beady eyes off Pearl, but they were strangely silent. One of them left the pines and soared down to the clothesline, to perch between two wet potholders Pearl had hung out to dry. It was a small, dull-colored bird, a female. "Poor Mouth Pauline," the judge murmured. "She henpecks Sir Absurdo terribly, but I suppose she worries about him."

Poor Mouth Pauline darted back into the pines as Pearl suddenly stood up and turned around, holding up her hand, palm outstretched. On her palm stood Sir Absurdo. The big bird made no effort to fly away. He seemed to be rocking on his feet to the same rhythm Pearl had been chanting. His head was drawn back into his ruffled neck feathers. His wings drooped.

Pearl leaned back to throw the bird high into the air. Sir Absurdo fell almost to the ground before catching himself on spread wings. He circled Pearl twice, flying erratically, as though trying to get his bearings. The judge feared he would crash, like a crippled airplane, with every stroke of his wings. He looked clumsy, heavy-bodied, disoriented, as though some vital part had stopped working in him.

He lined out at last for the pines, pumping laboriously to stay aloft. He hit the lowest limb. He got his grip and teetered there, numb-looking, bewildered-looking, and not at all like a sporty knight-errant in too flashy a suit of armor.

As he flew into the tree, the other blue jays flew out. The judge thought Poor Mouth Pauline looked back once, but he could not be sure. They were a hundred yards away, over the place where they had caught Johanna kissing Henry J. Brown, before they began screaming.

Sir Absurdo cried out hoarsely once, but the other birds flew on out of sight. Pearl went to the pine, took the big jay on her finger and brought him down to the house. She pushed him off on the low patio wall, saying softly, "Everything going to be all right, you poor pariah, you! Just make yourself comfortable."

Johanna stared at the bird with the wide, wondering eyes of a child. "Do you mean that the others will never come back while he's here?" she cried.

"That's right. We seen the last of them nasty jays!"

"But won't he fly away and try to find them?"

"Him?" said Pearl. "Why, he think he is people now! He join our side!"

"Our side?"

"Yes, and now we got to take care of him. My mother say it the worst sin you can commit, to neglect a pariah. She never see a pariah jay bird, but she say they's nothing you can hate like a rat—and nothing you can feel sorrier for than a pariah one that thinks it's people."

"Strange, strange!" the judge muttered. He took a raisin from his pocket and walked toward the bird. It moved clumsily, but it did not try to fly away, even when he put his hand within a few inches of its head. Its beak opened sluggishly. He tossed the raisin no more than three inches. The bird reached for it, but the raisin fell to the patio flagstones. The judge looked at his granddaughter.

"It's a little sickening, isn't it?"

She did not even hear him. "But Pearl, won't it die when we leave it here?"

"Leave it? Why, we can't leave it! We got to take care of him now. He come over to our side."

"It would be better off dead," Johanna whispered.

Pearl said harshly, "I glad you realize that, because you and that bird is two of a kind now. There you is from now on, J'hanna Archer—an outcast like him! All the rest of your life, you's neither what you was born, nor what you think you has changed to!"

"Oh, don't be ridiculous!" said Johanna. But she had turned pale.

Pearl blazed at her, "Ridiculous? Baby, nobody likes a traitor. We don't and neither do them Soviets, any more than a jay bird—and you seen them fly away and leave him, didn't you? Do you think them Soviets can ever trust you? You been a traitor once. How they know you won't be one again? An outcast is an outcast, everywhere in the world!"

"Pearl, no!" Johanna screamed.

"I mean it, baby. Nobody can change worlds!"

Johanna stared at the abandoned outlaw of a bird, her fingertips at her white cheeks. "It is dead and doesn't know it, and so am I!" she whimpered. "Oh, grandpa, what have I done?"

Somehow he knew what to say—somehow he knew how to separate the tragic from the trivial. What the family felt was not important. They who had given this girl life and a name and a purpose—who were they? To the young, no one counted but the young.

"You have ruined a good man's life," he said.

"I sent him away, didn't I?" she said brokenly. "I guess it's too late to apologize, isn't it?"

"No matter how often I ask you not to leave the keys in the car, that's probably where you left them," the judge said sternly. "Mr. Brown left here without his lunch, and he impressed me as being a good man with a knife and fork. If you look close to the hot-dog stand near the lake in the village, you will probably find the poor hungry devil."

She was all tears and smiles as she ran out. The judge heard his car roar out of the garage. He flinched and covered his ears as its braked wheels skidded, changed direction and flung a shower of gravel over the steps.

"Pearl, I'll go phone Will and Fleur and tell them they can cash in Johanna's airline ticket," he said. "While I'm gone, get rid of that poor pariah bird, will you? Put it out of its misery mercifully."

"Oh, judge, you don't think he's a real pariah, do you?" Pearl exclaimed.

"Well, isn't he?"

She laughed heartily. "Why, I don't know how to make a pariah! Ain't six people in the islands can do that! I just give him a few drops paregoric to tame him down and put a few drops asafetida on his feathers to make him objectionable to the other birds, that's all! He probably be hanging over tomorrow, and he hate himself till the stink wear off. But it take a lot more than that to discourage a thieving, godless jay bird!"

The judge looked at the poor drugged and scented bird on the wall. "Oh, Pearl, what an awful thing to do!" he said. "Still, I suppose it was the only way."

"The onliest," she agreed serenely. "That girl was in a tension state. She been sublimating so long that them Soviets become a sort of father image. Judge, I know kids, and since spankin' gone out of style, shock therapy the next best thing. It just psychology, that's all!"

"Please, Pearl," the judge said, "couldn't we leave it at nice, normal voodoo?"

THE END

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

"If I see another bobolink . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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OUR DESTINY IS IN OUR OWN HANDS

John Paul Jones at the battle between the "Bon Homme Richard" and the "Serapis," 1779. Seascape by Anton Otto Fischer.

From a painting by F. C. Yohn

"They that can give up
essential liberty
to obtain a little temporary safety,
deserve neither liberty nor safety."
—Benjamin Franklin

Compromise of principles, timidity, a backward step here and there are the forces which chip away the foundations of freedom. This is the stern lesson of history —true at the birth of our nation—truer even now.

Our courage and determination to go forward, steadfast in the face of incessant challenge and peril, is the price of untrammeled liberty. For, let us not forget, this is the Age of Cold Wars and nuclear threats!

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Bundy of the White House

This Presidential aide, an ex-Republican, is fast becoming a powerful figure in the Kennedy Administration, and may be destined for even bigger jobs.

By Milton MacKaye

The American electorate took the news that McGeorge Bundy was joining the Kennedy Administration without an accelerated heartbeat. But in the academic community, where Bundy occupied a position of distinction, there was a genteel churning of excitement. Why—and it was a good question—would Harvard's Dean of Arts and Sciences abandon the security and serenity of Cambridge for the stormy weather of national affairs?

He was widely known as one of the most successful campus administrators in the country. He had been offered, and had refused, the presidency of half a dozen major colleges and universities. So far as his future was concerned, it was hardly a vocational handicap that his great-uncle, A. Lawrence Lowell, had served as Harvard's president for almost a quarter century.

Yet, when President Kennedy offered him a public post, Bundy accepted with what some people thought was surprising alacrity. Proper Bostonians perhaps would not have looked askance if the appointment had had cabinet status. But to a few there seemed to be a loss of dignity in Harvard's No. 2 executive taking a job as a staff officer at the White House.

This attitude was nothing new. Soon after President Eisenhower recruited Robert Cutler, president of the Old Colony Trust Company, for somewhat similar duties, two ancient gentlemen were reading their newspapers in Boston's ancient Somerset Club. One, so the story goes, raised his head and said, "I see Bobbie Cutler is in Washington making quite a reputation." The other didn't even look up. "Purely national," he said.

People who know Mac Bundy intimately were not surprised at his decision. To them the pattern of his life from boyhood on—as an undergraduate at Yale, as a soldier and writer, as a professor of government—pointed toward a career in public service. They are surprised only that Washington didn't tap him sooner—and that it was a Democratic President who finally recruited this once-Republican scion of a traditional Republican family.

Today, at forty-two, Bundy is Kennedy's special assistant in charge of national-security affairs and foreign affairs. His responsibilities are hard to define, because there has never before been a White House job quite like it. At a time when foreign policy and economic-military strength are indivisible, he and his deputy, Walt W. Rostow, police for the President the significant activities of three Government departments—State, Defense, Treasury—and other security agencies. In a given situation they employ interdepartmental task forces to research and explore all policy alternatives. They search out the facts; the President makes policy.

Like the President and the others of the President's team, Bundy has undergone an initiation as rugged as a leatherneck's boot training. High hopes, eloquent words and hard work have not prevented national setbacks: the collapse in Laos, and the humiliating failure of the American-supported invasion of Cuba.

Cambridge was never like this, but Bundy seems to be bearing up. No ivory-tower theoretician, he has a tough hide and has needed it during recent months when the going has been rocky. But, according to his closest associates, he never did think the job would be easy. Indeed, it was precisely because he saw grave days ahead for the United States that he accepted without quibbling his present White House post.

Bundy's job is highly important. He is, of course, the President's chief staff adviser on foreign affairs. But his basement office in the west wing of the White House also serves as a vital communications center. Dispatches and cables which may warrant the President's attention go first to Bundy's office; departmental memoranda concerning security and foreign relations—a daily torrent of paper—go there too. It is Bundy's task to filter the inflow and see to it that the President is properly informed, a job that requires judgment and a knowledge of his chief's peculiarities and habits of work. In a real sense Bundy is a custodian of the President's time, which must be strictly rationed. Security issues which can be settled later stay on Bundy's desk.

Early in his administration President Kennedy made sweeping changes in White House machinery. Cumbersome committees, in which no one man had authority, were abolished. A good deal of that authority for coordinating operations and following through rests now in Bundy's hands—as the President's personal agent. He supervises a staff of nine specialists whose assignment it is to keep in daily touch with departments and agencies concerned with national security. Like Bundy, they are more than coordinators; they are also needlers and originators. They speak for Bundy, who speaks for the President.

Bundy's devotion to duty is consonant with his upbringing. His father, Harvey Hollister Bundy, an able, soft-spoken, pacific man, three times left his prosperous Boston law firm for public service. In World War I he was assistant counsel to the United States Food Administration. During President Hoover's administration he was Assistant Secretary of State. His friend Henry L. Stimson was his chief. And when Stimson, then seventy-three, agreed to prepare a nation for war under a Democratic President, Harvey Bundy again signed up. He served from 1941 until 1945 as Secretary of War Stimson's special assistant. Harvey Bundy was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and educated at Yale and at Harvard Law School. In 1915 he married Katharine Lawrence Putnam, member of a patrician but highly individualistic family.

Family friends have on occasion subjected Mac Bundy to a eugenic analysis, tracing his outstanding traits. From his handsome, self-willed mother—they say—he inherits his implacable drive and sometimes disconcerting self-confidence; from his father, his ability to stay calm in crises and his astonishing self-control. Wherever these qualities came from, they now seem peculiarly his own—along with a cold, clear intelligence which in times past made schoolboy friends uneasy. "Nobody doubted Mac would make his mark in the world," one of them told me. "He seemed to have been born older than we were." Classmates at Yale remember him the same way, and an examination of the bound files of the *Yale Daily News* bears them out. Most of his political columns there were surprisingly adult.

I first met Mac Bundy in 1942 when both of us were writers for a war agency, the Office of Facts and Figures. He was twenty-three, rosy-cheeked, and wore steel-rimmed spectacles. His draft board had rejected him because of his poor eyesight. I still remember our collaboration on a Government report. Two obstinate men met, quarreled, cooperated, became friends.

Not long after, Bundy succeeded—as I suspected he would—in flimflamming the Army. A grizzled master sergeant helped him memorize the eye chart, and Bundy was accepted by the Signal Corps. He went in as an enlisted man and then made officers' training school. When I saw him again, in London in 1944, he was an Army aide to Vice Adm. Alan G. Kirk, commander of Atlantic amphibious forces. Bundy had already taken part in the landings in Sicily and the Normandy invasion. Later he moved on to Paris with Admiral Kirk, and there his fluent French came in handy. For a start, it enabled him to hire the house servants when the admiral set up his headquarters.

Bundy found the shift from invasion planner to gilt-edged Parisian housekeeper not to his liking. Reversing usual military procedure, he bucked for a transfer from staff to the infantry, saying he would be willing to take a demotion from captain to lieutenant. This sacrifice was not required of him, and he soon found himself dustily training the troops of the newly arrived 97th Division. After European victory, the 97th went to the Pacific. It saw no combat—atomic bombs brought surrender. Bundy served with occupation forces in Korea and Japan and came home in 1946.

The next two years were to have real impact on his future. Secretary of War Stimson had retired at seventy-eight and wanted help in writing his memoirs. As his collaborator he chose the son of his old friend, Harvey Bundy. Stimson's long, rich lifetime was, in effect, the personalized story of a nation's rise from provincialism to world power. While the research and writing were in progress, Mac Bundy lived in a guesthouse at Highhold, Stimson's estate on Long Island. The result of the collaboration was publication in 1948 of the autobiography *On Active Service in Peace and War*.

In those earlier years there was an intensity about Bundy which made him stand out. The fact that after two invasions he had sought service in the

As the President's top aide for foreign affairs, Bundy sits in as an official at meetings of the National Security Council. Background: Defense Secretary McNamara and Vice President Johnson.

The former Harvard dean, once keyed to a less hectic schedule, has become an agile juggler of his demanding tasks.

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infantry did not surprise friends. "He was carrying the war on his shoulders long before we were in," said a Yale classmate, "but we slobs couldn't get excited." Just after his graduation in 1940, Bundy contributed a chapter to a book called *Zero Hour* in which a number of writers discussed the Nazi threat to America. Bundy wrote, "Let me put my whole proposition in one sentence. I believe in the dignity of the individual, in government by law, in respect for the truth and in a good God; those beliefs are worth my life, and more; they are not shared by Adolf Hitler."

Yet in Bundy's upbringing there was none of that Puritan sternness which put iron in the soul of the pioneer New Englander. His was a completely happy childhood. There were four brothers and sisters. Harvey Jr., the eldest, today is treasurer of the Gorton-Pew Fisheries at Gloucester, Massachusetts. Katharine, the youngest, wife of New York surgeon Dr. Hugh Auchincloss and mother of four children, was graduated last June from Columbia University at the head of her class—par for Bundys. Winters the Bundy family lived in an enormous, cold, drafty mansion on Beacon Street. Summers everyone blossomed on the beach at Manchester, Massachusetts. Manchester was Grandmother Putnam's queenly domain. Her own cottage had nineteen bedrooms, and relatives and friends occupied adjoining houses. There were sailing and swimming and on Sundays, a baseball game in which all ages took part.

The Bundys, like the Kennedys, are great believers in physical fitness. The elder Bundy was an intercollegiate tennis doubles champion at Yale and had one of his happiest moments when son McGeorge, then fifteen, trimmed him at his own game. Mac is still an excellent tennis player. Below his lean face and his spectacles there is a barrel chest, a flat belly, and sinewy legs. But contests in muscular prowess were only part of those wild-Indian summers at Manchester.

On rainy days the crowd came to the Bundy house, where there was a minimum of supervision. They gambled at Monopoly and other less childlike diversions. Mac's sister Harriet, now Mrs. d'Andelot Belin, recalls that once she was admitted to the secret precincts of the strip-poker game. She discovered that McGeorge had already insured her against disaster by ransacking his mother's closets. By agreement, before the first hand was dealt, she had been spotted thirty-two pairs of shoes; the boys were down to underwear before she had even shed a petticoat. "Mac," she told me, "was always the cautious *parfait* knight."

The Bundy household was always jumping with conversation and argument. When I visited the senior Harvey Bundy in his State Street law office, he pushed over to me an office memoranda pad which had the family's informal motto at the top: DON'T TALK WHILE I'M INTERRUPTING. Only a determined child could make himself heard in the congenial Beacon Street din, but all of the children were determined. I found evidence of Mac Bundy's eloquence in a long-suffering notation in Yale's 1940 yearbook: "This week passed without Mahatma Bundy making a speech."

The three Bundy boys went to boarding school at Groton, and their scholastic records have since become a legend. Mac Bundy entered Yale with one of the highest marks ever attained in the college-board examinations.

The summer after his sophomore year Bundy and several other students made their own inspection of Hitler's Germany—traveling thriftily in the family station wagon. A Yale classmate back home was half Jewish; his mother was detained in Germany. The students found her, took possession of her hidden diamonds—worth a small fortune—and smuggled them out of Germany. Not long after, the son was able to buy her way out of Germany and bring her to the States.

Bundy had refused as a freshman to "heel" for the *Yale Daily News*—it took too much time. In 1939–40 his brother Bill was vice chairman of the *News*, and his future brother-in-law, Belin, now a Boston lawyer, was chairman, They persuaded Mac to write a column and got what they wanted—controversy. Both the Grand Rapids and Beacon Street sides of Mac Bundy's nature were irked by the average student's satisfaction with small achievements. "Compete, freshmen," Mac wrote irritably to the embryonic heelers, "compete, meet the right people; compete and get on the inside; compete and win. As for your education, forget it; you probably didn't come here for a higher education anyway."

Today it seems a little bizarre that nonconformist Bundy should have become a big man on the campus. He was chosen class orator and—to the surprise of many—accepted a tap to Skull and Bones, usually regarded as pre-eminent among senior honorary societies. He had majored in mathematics, and scholastic prowess brought about his election to Phi Beta Kappa, and to Sigma Xi, the honorary science-research fraternity. But the Political Union was his abiding love.

Soon after his graduation Mac had his only adventure in running for office; he became a candidate for the Boston City Council. Although candidates ran without party label, Bundy was assured that he would be a certain victor in his Republican-entrenched Beacon Hill district. Instead, he was ignominiously defeated by an obscure Democrat. "Up until that time," said an associate, "Mac had never failed at anything. I think the setback was good for him."

The war over, the Stimson book done, Bundy went to Washington and helped set up the Marshall Plan. In 1948–49 he worked in New York as a political analyst for the nongovernmental Council on Foreign Relations, then joined the Harvard faculty to teach a course for undergraduates in American foreign policy. He became associate professor of government, then full professor. In 1950 he married Mary Buckminster Lothrop, who was then assistant director of admissions at Radcliffe College.

A couple of years after settling down in Cambridge, a militant Bundy edited the public papers of Dean Acheson, then President Truman's Secretary of State; the title of the book was *The Pattern of Responsibility*. In the preface he conscientiously noted his personal relationship to the Acheson family—his brother Bill married Acheson's daughter—and his own Republicanism; then entered a strong defense of Acheson's record on foreign policy and the positions he had taken vis-à-vis Russia. Many Republicans, including Sen. Joe McCarthy, were after Acheson's scalp, and Bundy was accused of party treachery. His haughty reply: "I was brought up in a school where the American Secretary of State is not the subject of partisan debate."

President James B. Conant announced his retirement from Harvard in 1953, and the Harvard Corporation sought a successor. Bundy, then thirty-four, had considerable backing for the job, but was thought to be too young. Nathan M. Pusey, forty-six, president of Middle Western Lawrence College, was chosen. One of Pusey's first moves was to appoint Bundy Dean of Arts and Sciences. In effect, Bundy ran Harvard College, while Pusey ran Harvard University. They collaborated in raising $83,000,000 for endowment and expansion.

Nobody questions Bundy's ability as an administrator. A dean must say "no," thus sometimes arousing hostility. One Harvard professor who frequently tangled with Bundy explained why the heat of their arguments never carried over to their social relationship. "I think," he said, "it is Mac's quality of impersonality—that's the best word I can think of. You know, he is talking about policies and programs and what seems to him to be the best thing to do. There isn't any personal animosity there at all."

But Bundy takes on, occasionally, a mannerism of rough kidding that surprises his Washington associates. He does not suffer fools gladly—although he is more patient than when I first knew him. And he can deflate pomposity. A foreign-born professor, able but overbearing, was about to take his sabbatical from Cambridge. He had been, over the years, a tireless advocate of his own academic schemes, and he called at Bundy's office to bid him good-by. "I hope, in spite of our troubles and disagreements," he said unctuously, "that you will not think bad of me while I'm gone."

"When you're gone," said Bundy, "I hardly think of you at all."

There are many men of power and influence on Harvard's Board of Overseers and, almost without exception, they hold Bundy in high regard. One of them, of course, is John F. Kennedy. Bundy's enthusiasm for the Eisenhower Administration waned rapidly in Ike's second term, and it was no surprise to Bundy associates when he declared for Kennedy last fall. He felt there was a lack of vigor in foreign policy, that we were losing ground in the international struggle.

It was no secret to newspapermen that columnist Walter Lippmann, also a Harvard overseer, had suggested to Kennedy that Bundy be appointed Secretary of State. But Kennedy had already decided to offer Bundy a Government post. When Mac went to Washington, he was the victim of a good press. Because he was a stranger to the politicians and the public, he made good copy. Some romanticists presented him in print as "the mystery man," the "other Secretary of State" in the White House.

This, of course, was nonsense. Bundy knew that, practically speaking, he was a novice who had to serve a Washington apprenticeship. He told me he had twitches of conscience because his brother had so much more governmental experience than he had. William P. Bundy, after three years in a top Washington law firm, went into the CIA in 1951. Since then he has served the Government in varied fields; currently he is deputy to Paul Nitze, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs.

The expectations of rivalry between Mac Bundy and Secretary of State Rusk thus far have proved to be illusory. There is no doubt that Bundy likes the exercise of power. When the President was asked on one occasion how Bundy was doing in his new post, he grinned and added another item to the growing store of Bundiana. "Mac has taken over in a great big way," he said. "I only hope he leaves a few residual functions to me."

The White House today is much more informal than it was in the Eisenhower era. Kennedy is almost always available to his assistants. Ted Sorensen, his long-time aide, perhaps sees him more than anyone else, but Harvard's ex-dean, by the nature of his post, runs Sorensen a close second. I happened to be at the White House on two separate days when important world news broke. On the first occasion he rushed to the President's office with the news—from our monitoring of Soviet radio—that the Russians were about to renew nuclear testing. He came back an hour later with the chilling report from our atomic experts that the Soviets had actually exploded the first of a series of nuclear devices.

It was midafternoon, and Kennedy was taking a nap. Bundy at once called to a White House meeting Arthur Dean, John McCloy, Edward R. Murrow and several others. Dean had represented the United States at the nuclear disarmament conference in Geneva, McCloy was then the President's representative on disarmament, and Murrow, director of the U.S. Information Agency, heads our propaganda overseas. What sort of announcement should the President make to the world? When Kennedy awoke, his advisers were ready with their recommendations.

Because of the pressure of events, Mac often concentrated his attention on European crises. Walt Rostow, his deputy, has lived less precariously with India and Southeast Asia. Task forces have been at work at the same time on up-bubbling troubles in such far-removed places as Burma, Iran, Tanganyika, Cyprus, Morocco and Indonesia.

A Government car calls each morning at 7:45 to pick up Mac Bundy at the Partridge Lane House in northwest Washington where he lives with his wife and their four sons—Stephen, Andrew, William and James, step-laddered in age from ten to two. His first task at the office is to examine diplomatic dispatches, take the important ones to the President, route the others to Presidential assistants. Then begin the many telephone calls, interrupted by a 9:30 staff meeting and, later, by a hurried lunch. Bundy rarely gets home before eight P.M.

Not long ago I paid a call on Mrs. Bundy. She is charming, humorous, straightforward, dark-haired, and—in the pleasing words of John Mason Brown—has the face of Lorna Doone. We talked about her husband. When I first met him, I said, I thought him a gifted but austere young man. "Austere?" she said. "Then he must have changed before I met him! How could I call a man austere who took me out twice and then wrote a letter proposing marriage? I call that impulsive."

Mary Bundy has a good case. The older Mac has much more fun than the younger Mac. He likes word games, dancing, argument, large quantities of ice cream, horseplay with his youngsters, cocktails before dinner, good wine and good food—and responsibility. His impatience with slower minds does not always endear him to his colleagues, but it makes the day move. His intelligence is unchallenged, but it is too soon to assay his political intuition and insight.

There are many observers on the Washington scene who regard Bundy as the most promising talent brought into the new administration. He has risen to the challenge of every previous job he has held. And, as was once said of Theodore Roosevelt: "Power steadies him." THE END

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Photographs by Ollie Atkins

Bundy (back to camera) participates in vital, but informal, discussions of international problems with Attorney General Robert Kennedy, the President and General Maxwell Taylor, the President's military representative.

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EDITORIAL

OUR FRIENDS ARE OUR COMPETITORS TOO

Recently one of our correspondents went skiing in Switzerland. He had a pair of American ski boots which, although unworn, were eight years old. Since they no longer fitted, he bought a new pair. Unwilling to carry the old ones home, he tried to give them away. There were no takers anywhere, not even among the school kids. "They're not the latest model," explained a Swiss villager. "Everybody who skis these days has the very latest kind!"

As he toured the rest of Europe, the American found that "the very latest kind" appeared to be an apt slogan for the life Europeans are presently enjoying. Our Western allies, fantastically prosperous and up-to-date, often make us look backward by comparison.

It seems hard to find an old factory—and this is not altogether due to American generosity after World War II. The architecture is ultramodern, the equipment up-to-the-minute. Apartments, shops, schools, sports stadiums, office buildings and supermarkets are of the latest design. Passenger and commuter trains are new and attractive, run frequently—and on time. Late-model autos and buses, many of them consuming gas that costs eighty-five cents a gallon, are clogging new highways, which are beautifully landscaped. In short, the American found Europe riding a boom that has continued merrily for more than a decade. During that same period the United States has suffered three setbacks. And in spite of our standard of living, which is still far-and-away the world's highest, we have never been able to solve our chronic unemployment problem. Some areas in the United States have been in a state of depression since World War II.

Except for parts of southern Italy, Greece and possibly the Iberian Peninsula, Western Europe has reported virtually no unemployment. Switzerland, her industries humming profitably, has had to import 400,000 Italians and 50,000 Spaniards, a number equivalent to almost 10 percent of her population. Lately Italy has clamped down on this export of workers. She needs them herself.

As our man packed his new Swiss ski boots and headed for home, he realized he'd heard no talk about five-hour workdays, compulsory retirement at sixty-five or other measures that reduce total production. With little or no unemployment in Europe, no recessions, few depressed areas, little obsolete equipment and a booming economy, he wondered what was wrong with America. If our Allies could do it, why couldn't we? Are they smarter than we are? Are they working harder?

The answer is simple. They do have newer factories, they are working harder and they are competing harder. While we make ourselves less and less competitive through high wages and prices, they are knocking the spots off us in friendly rivalry for the markets of Asia, Africa and Latin America. European nations, prostrate from war not long ago, now export between 15 and 52 percent of their total output. We export 5!

Because of our essential economic and military aid programs and our troops stationed overseas, we spend $3,000,000,000 or $4,000,000,000 more abroad than we take in. The drain on our gold continues. Consequently, we *must* export more goods to correct this imbalance and maintain our position as a first-class nation. That means we must also import more under lowered tariffs, as we pointed out on this page in the February 10 issue. But many people abroad prefer European products to those made in America.

Why? There are various reasons:

1. Foreigners say U.S. goods are often inferior. They insist they don't stand up. Hard-headed Europeans don't want to waste money replacing products which they feel shouldn't wear out, although they will buy an article if it offers something really new and improved. In short, they're still insisting on high standards and value.

2. To an extent Europeans have been able to turn out top-quality goods more cheaply by putting a greater share of their gross national product back into new plants and equipment. This makes production more efficient and therefore more competitive. West Germany is now investing 23 percent of its output per year in modernizing its plants, the Netherlands 24 percent, France 18. We are putting up only 14 percent. The United Kingdom, which lags behind the Continent, is down to 16 percent.

3. European governments have been more favorable to business expansion than ours. They offer faster tax write-offs for new investment, low-interest government loans, no capital-gains taxes, and even preferential rates for utilities.

4. In the matter of personal taxes, Europeans have greater business incentive. No country has income taxes as high as ours. West Germany's top is 53 percent, France's 73, Italy's 58 and Belgium's 65. Ours soars to 91 percent.

5. Perhaps our greatest handicap has been the heady wage-price spiral of the last decade. In general, European wages are still far below ours—an enormous help when you're competing for exports. Shortsighted labor leaders, unable to see beyond the next paycheck, have pushed wages higher and higher. With each boost, prices for products must rise accordingly. This chokes off demand for our goods and helps our foreign competitors even more in the race for markets.

Far from being afraid of high productivity, Europe welcomes it. During the last few years the output per person in the six nations of the Common Market, for example, has gained 4 percent a year. Ours has run less than 1 percent. And while we grant workers shorter and shorter weeks, decreasing the ratio of our production compared to Europe's, raising the cost of our products and pricing ourselves further out of the world market, our alert competitors abroad prepare to widen the Common Market and make their production greater and more efficient.

At the moment, with only six nations joined in the Market, Western Europe has racked up an annual export trade of $50,000,000,000. Ours is only $20,000,000,000! And as more and more nations join the tariff-free Market, let us remember that their competitive position becomes even more favorable.

In the race to beat Russia and Communism, we Americans tend to forget that we are also competing with the 270,000,000 aggressive, well-organized and supremely skillful people who are our own Western allies. Our $20,000,000,000 export trade is nothing to be ashamed of. Nevertheless, we've got to do a lot better if we want to maintain our preeminent position in the Free World. Unless we get cracking—Congress, labor leaders, management, factory workers and the rest of us—the Yankee trader is going to cut a steadily diminishing figure in the world marketplace. And Americans will have to go on using their outmoded ski boots, as well as a lot of other outworn things, for some time to come.

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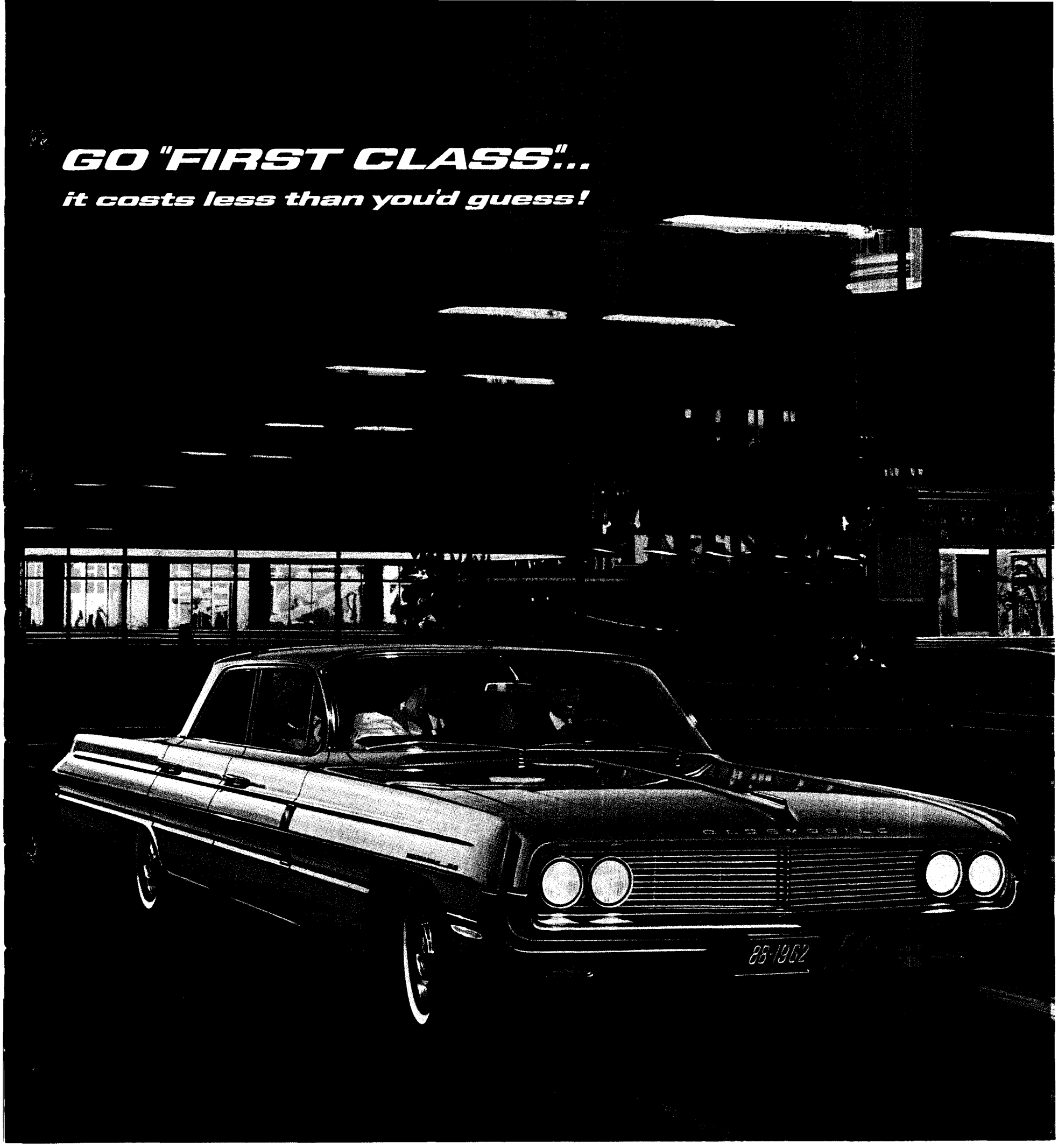

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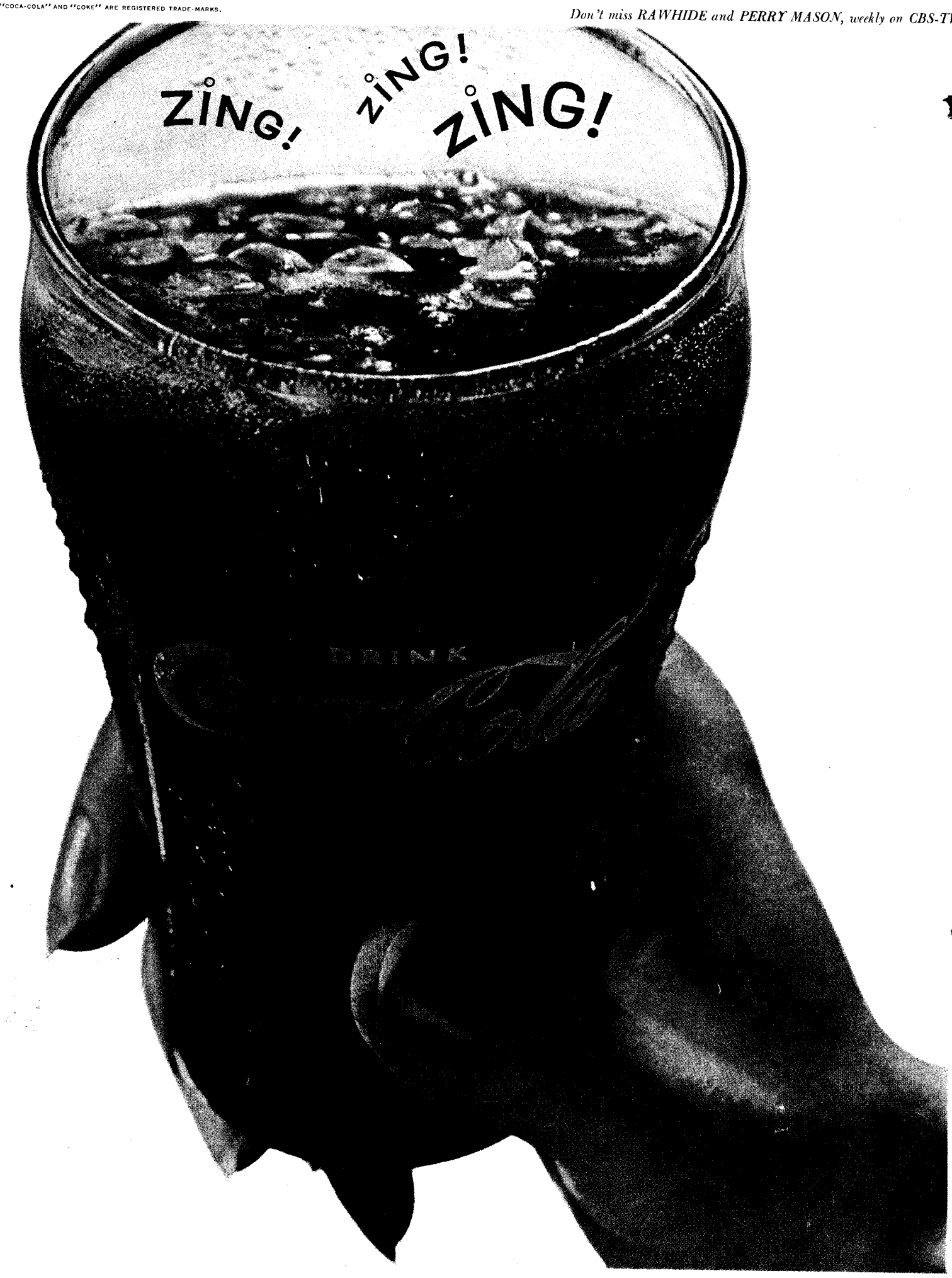

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